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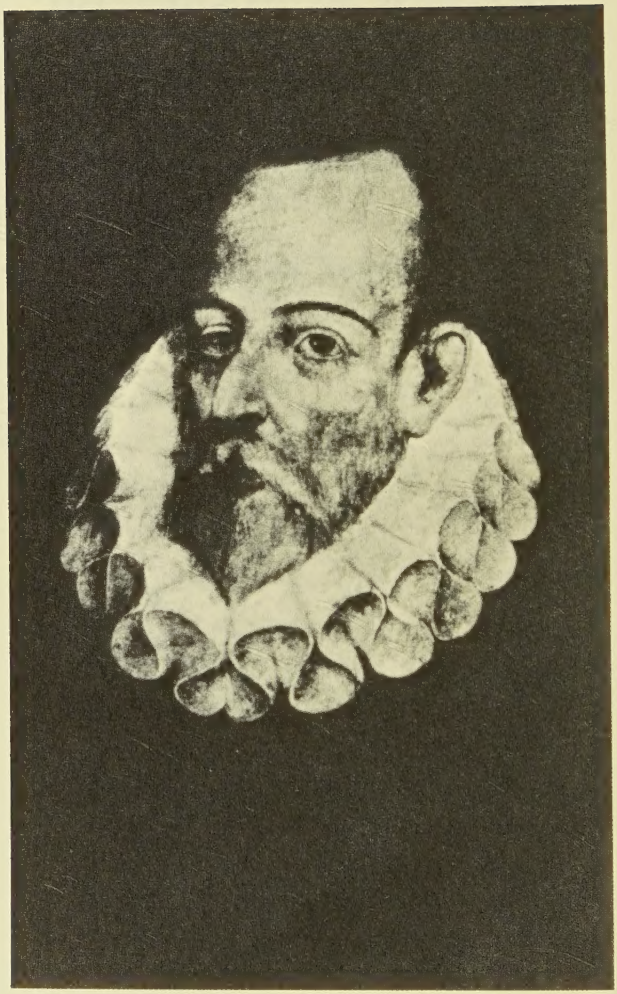
HISPANIC
NOTES & MONOGRAPHS

ESSAYS, STUDIES, AND BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES ISSUED BY THE HISPANIC SOCIETY OF AMERICA

PENINSULAR SERIES

IV



From the "Retrato perdido" in The Royal Academy of Spain

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra

HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY

POEMS TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH BY
ENGLISH AND NORTH AMERICAN POETS

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY

THOMAS WALSH, Ph.D., Litt.D.

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G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK AND LONDON
1920

KRAUS REPRINT CO.
New York
1969

L.C. Catalog Card Number 20-20632.

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KRAUS REPRINT CO.
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To the memory

OF

JOYCE KILMER

POET AND HERO, WHO EARNED A GLORIOUS
GRAVE NEAR THE RIVER OURCQ,
JULY 30, 1918,—

MY FRIEND.

82492

FOREWORD

SPANISH poetry, at first glance, would seem to be an unknown world to readers without a knowledge of Castilian; nevertheless, a study of the contents of this volume will show that some of the greatest poets of England and America have presented in our common English tongue the beauties of this exotic literature. While this achievement of the past may be a matter of legitimate pride to the northern Hispanist, the present would seem to be an opportune moment to strengthen whatever claim he may have upon the regard of his brethren of Hispanic speech by presenting a summary, in chronological order, of the translations, by northern Hispanophiles, of Spanish poems into English verse.

The present work is such a summary, and it is offered as a spontaneous tribute of

affectionate admiration to the contemporaneous Spanish poet—both Peninsular and American—from his English-speaking brethren of the north. It should perhaps be stated that, in the desire that this offering should be recognized as essentially a northern tribute, the editor has with reluctance omitted many able translations by Hispanic-Americans whose work, for the present at least, must be left to the more casual page of the periodical.

The *Hispanic Anthology* is also offered in the belief that it will greatly facilitate the work of the writer or lecturer on Spanish poetry who, hitherto, has been handicapped by the great difficulty in obtaining English versions adequate to illustrate his theme. To him, as to the student and general reader, the chronological arrangement of the material—the amount of which is surprising—and the bibliographical notes, which in many cases are the result of very considerable research, should prove extremely useful. Particularly is this true in the case of the more recent poets concerning whom accurate information is both scarce

and remote. In the matter of selection, a comparison of this work with the best of the Spanish *Parnasos* and Hispanic-American *Antologías* will show that the editor has not differed greatly from the opinions of the original critics.

The writer's thanks are due to all those who have so graciously permitted their versions to be included in this collection—notably, Mr. Peter H. Goldsmith, Mr. William G. Williams, Mr. Alfred Coester, Mr. E. C. Hills, Mr. John Pierrepont Rice, Miss Alice Stone Blackwell, Miss Lilian E. Elliott, and Miss Muna Lee.

THOMAS WALSH.

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IV HISPANIC NOTES

ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

CERVANTES SAAVEDRA, MIGUEL DE (*Photogravure*) . . *Frontispiece*

VEGA, GARCILASSO DE LA . . . 155

SAINT TERESA 167

CAMOËNS, LUIS VAZ DE . . . 179

FRAY LUIS DE LEÓN . . . 189

ALCÁZAR, BALTASAR DEL . . . 213

ERCILLA Y ZÚÑIGA, ALONSO DE . . 220

HERRERA, FERNANDO DE . . . 227

S. JOHN OF THE CROSS . . . 245

ARGOTE Y GÓNGORA, LUIS DE . . 267 (*Photogravure*)

VEGA CARPIO, LOPE FELIX DE . 279

ARGENSOLA, BARTOLOMÉ LEONARDO DE 285

CARO, RODRIGO 298

PAGE

Fray Hortensio: Felis de Paravicino y Arteaga 307

Quevedo Villegas, Francisco de . 311
(*Photogravure*)

Calderón de la Barca, Pedro . 332

Gracián y Morales, Baltasar . 340

Sister Juana Inés de la Cruz . 356

Fernández de Moratín, Leandro . 375

Heredia, José María de . . 404

Espronceda, José de . . . 420

Zorilla, José 438

Campoamor, Ramón de . . . 445

Núñez de Arce, Gaspar Esteban . 485

Castro, Rosalía de . . . 503

Menéndez y Pelayo, Marcelino . 546

Casal, Julián del 565

Darío, Rubén 594

Nervo, Amado 627

HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY

ANONYMOUS

THE LAY OF THE CID

THE *Poema del Cid* was composed about the year 1150. It is a contemporary record of the national peculiarities of Spanish chivalry. It was first published by Sánchez (Madrid, 1779).

I

He turned and looked upon them, and he wept very sore
As he saw the yawning gateway and the hasps wrenched off the door,
And the pegs whereon no mantle nor coat of vair there hung.
There perched no moulting goshawk, and there no falcon swung.
My lord the Cid sighed deeply, such grief was in his heart,

And he spake well and wisely: "Oh Thou in Heaven that art
Our Father and our Master, now I give thanks to Thee.
Of their wickedness my foemen have done this thing to me."

2

Then they shook out the bridle rein further to ride afar.
They had the crow on their right hand as they issued from Bivar,
And as they entered Burgos upon their left it sped.
And the Cid shrugged his shoulders, and the Cid shook his head:
"Good tidings, Alvar Fañez! We are banished from our weal,
But on a day with honor shall we come unto Castile."

3

Roy Diaz entered Burgos with sixty pennons strong,

And forth to look upon him did the men
and women throng.
And with their wives the townsmen at the
windows stood hard by,
And they wept in lamentation, their grief
was risen so high.
As with one mouth together they spake
with one accord:
"God, what a noble vassal, an he had a
worthy lord."

4

Fain had they made him welcome, but
none dared do the thing
For fear of Don Alfonso, and the fury of
the King.
His mandate unto Burgos came ere the
evening fell.
With utmost care they brought it and it
was sealéd well;
"That no man to Roy Diaz give shelter
now, take heed,
And if one give him shelter, let him know,
in very deed,

He shall lose his whole possession, nay! the eyes within his head.
Nor shall his soul and body be found in better stead."
Great sorrow had the Christians, and from his face they hid.
Was none dared aught to utter unto my lord the Cid.
Then the Campeador departed unto his lodging straight.
But when he was come hither, they had locked and barred the gate.
In their fear of Don Alfonso had they done even so.
An the Cid forced not his entrance, neither for weal or woe,
Durst they open it unto him. Loudly his men did call.
Nothing thereto in answer said the folk within the hall.
My lord the Cid spurred onward, to the doorway did he go.
He drew his foot from the stirrup, he smote the door one blow.
Yet the door would not open, for they had barred it fast.

5

But a maiden of nine summers came unto him at last
"Campeador in happy hour thou girdedst on the sword.
'Tis the King's will. Yestereven came the mandate of our lord.
With utmost care they brought it, and it was sealed with care;
None to ope to you or greet you for any cause shall dare.
And if we do, we forfeit houses and lands instead.
Nay, we shall lose moreover, the eyes within the head.
And, Cid, with our misfortunes, naught whatever dost thou gain.
But may God with all his power support thee in thy pain."
So spake the child and turned away. Unto her home went she.
That he lacked the King's favor now well the Cid might see.
He left the door; forth onward he spurred through Burgos town.

When he had reached Saint Mary's, then
he got swiftly down.
He fell upon his knees and prayed with a
true heart indeed:
And when his prayer was over, he mounted
on the steed.
Forth from the gate and over the Arlanzon
he went.
There in the sand by Burgos, the Cid let
pitch his tent.
Roy Diaz, who in happy hour had girded
on the brand,
Since none at home would greet him, en-
camped there on the sand
With a good squadron, camping as if with-
in the wood.
They will not let him in Burgos buy any
kind of food,—
Provender for a single day they dared not
to him sell.

6

Then said the Cid, who in good hour had
girded on the steel:

"Oh Martin Antolinez, thou art a good lance and leal.
And if I live, hereafter I shall pay thee double rent,
But gone is all my silver, and all my gold is spent,
And well enough thou seest that I bring naught with me
And many things are needful for my good company.
Since by favor I win nothing, by might then must I gain.
I desire by thy counsel to get ready coffers twain.
With the sand let us fill them, to lift a burden sore,
And cover them with stamped leather with nails well studded o'er.

7

Ruddy shall be the leather, well gilded every nail.
In my behalf do thou hasten to Vidas and Raquél.

Since in Burgos they forbade me aught to purchase, and the King
Withdraws his favor, unto them my goods I cannot bring.
They are heavy, and I must pawn them for whatso'er is right.
That Christians may not see it, let them come for them by night.
May the Creator judge it and of all the Saints the choir.
I can no more, and I do it against my own desire."

8

Martin stayed not. Through Burgos he hastened forth and came
To the Castle. Vidas and Raquél he demanded them by name.

9

Raquél and Vidas sate to count their goods and profits through
When up came Antolinez the prudent man and true.

"How now Raquél and Vidas, am I dear
unto your heart?
I would speak close." They tarried not.
All three they went apart.
"Give me, Raquél and Vidas, your hands
for promise sure,
That you will not betray me to Christian
or to Moor.
I shall make you rich forever. You shall
ne'er be needy more.
When to gather in the taxes went forth the
Campeador,
Many rich goods he garnered, but he only
kept the best.
Therefore this accusation against him was
addressed.
And now two mighty coffers full of pure
gold hath he.
Why he lost the King's favor a man may
lightly see.
He has left his halls and houses, his meadow
and his field,
And the chests he cannot bring you lest he
should stand revealed.
The Campeador those coffers will deliver
to your trust

And do you lend unto him whatever may be just.
Do you take the chests and keep them but swear a great oath here
That you will not look within them for the space of all this year."
The two took counsel: "Something to our profit must inure
In all barter. He gained something in the country of the Moor
When he marched there, for many goods he brought with him away.
But he sleeps not unsuspected, who brings coinéd gold to pay.
Let the two of us together take now the coffers twain.
In some place let us put them where unseen they shall remain.
"What the lord Cid demanded, we, prithee, let us hear,
And what will be our usury for the space of all this year?"
Said Martin Antolinez like a prudent man and true:
"Whatever you deem right and just the Cid desires of you.

He will ask little since his goods are left in a safe place.
But needy men on all sides beseech the Cid for grace.
For six hundred marks of money the Cid is sore bested."
"We shall give them to him gladly," Raquél and Vidas said.
"'Tis night. The Cid is sorely pressed. So give the marks to us."
Answered Raquél and Vidas: "Men do not traffic thus;
But first they take their surety and thereafter give the fee."
Said Martin Antolinez: "So be it as for me.
Come ye to the great Campeador for 'tis but just and fair
That we should help you with the chests, and put them in your care,
So that neither Moor nor Christian thereof shall hear the tale."
"Therewith are we right well content," said Vidas and Raquél,
"You shall have the marks six hundred when we bring the chests again."

And Martin Antolinez rode swiftly with the twain.
And they were glad exceeding. O'er the bridge he did not go,
But through the stream, that never a Burgalese should know
Through him thereof. And now behold the Campeador his tent.
When they therein had entered to kiss his hands they bent.
My lord the Cid smiled on them and unto them said he;
"Ha, Don Raquél and Vidas, you have forgotten me!
And now must I go hence away who am banished in disgrace,
For the King from me in anger hath turned away his face.
I deem that from my chattels you shall gain somewhat of worth,
And you shall lack for nothing while you dwell upon the earth."

At the loading of the coffers you had seen great joy of heart.

For they could not heave the great chests up though they stark and hale;
Dear was the melted metal to Vidas and Raquél.
And they would be rich forever till their two lives were o'er.

10

The hand of my good lord the Cid, Raquél had kissed once more:
"Ha! Campeador, in happy hour thou girdedst on the brand.
Forth from Castile thou goest to the men of a strange land.
Such is become thy fortune and great thy gain shall be—
Ah, Cid, I kiss thine hands again—but make a gift to me;
Bring me a Moorish mantle splendidly wrought and red."
"So be it. It is granted," the Cid in answer said,—,

"If from abroad I bring it, well doth the
matter stand;
If not, take it from the coffers I leave here
in your hand."

—*R. Seldon Rose and Leonard Bacon.*

RAZÓN DE AMOR

AMONG the *Textes castillans inédits du XIIIe siècle* (Romania, 1887, vol. xvi, pp. 368–373), M. Alfred Morel-Fatio published this poem for the first time. The name of Lope de Moros is signed to the MS, but he is conjectured to be merely the copyist.

For the heart with care o'erflowing,
Here's a story that is showing
An adventure fine and free
All of love and melody.
'Twas a scholar made its rhymes
(He was squire of dames betimes)
Who in Germany and France
Had his training for romance,
But in Lombardy was long
To learn courtesy in song.

. . . . . .

All in the month of April sweet

In an olive grove I made retreat,
My dinner done, where the branches meet;
And a cup of wine mine eyes did greet
In the cooling shade of an apple-tree
Full and ruddy as wine can be.
It had been placed by a lady fair
Who was mistress of the orchards there,
For on him she loved her mind would think,
When he came that way he would stop and drink,
He would quaff it down in a fashion meet
Whenever he loitered there to eat,
And thus refreshed would remain always
Strong and healthy through all his days.
Higher up on the apple bough
Another cup caught my vision now,
Full to the brim of the water clear
That oozed from the dewy branches near.
I would have tasted its liquor pure
But I feared in it enchantment sure,
So I laid my head to the verdant sward
Where a midday rest I might afford,
And the heat of the day was burning so
I stripped my clothing from head to toe,
And slipped in the spring that flowed thereby—

Never the like hath met your eye!—
So fresh it was, and healthful too,
In the chill of its waters through and through.
A step in its depths from off the shore
And you felt the heat of the day no more.
Every herb of odorous air
Was breathing fresh on its margin fair;
The salvia likewise and the rose,
With the lily and the violet close,
And numerous herbs in row on row
Whose very names I do not know;
But such a perfume from all was shed
It was sweet enough to rouse the dead.
I took a sup of the water then
And felt my body cool again;
And in my hand I took a flower,
To wit, the worthiest in that bower,
Prepared to sing of love's fond hour,—
When suddenly a damsel came—
Never in life have you seen the same—
So white, so blushing red was she;
Her short hair round her ears blown free,
Her forehead white and passing fair,
And face as sweet as an apple rare.
Her nose so straight and finely turned,—

Ne'er such another have you discerned!—
Her eyes of midnight shining clear;
Her lovely lips where white teeth appear
'Twixt the ruby smiles so full and free—
Perfection's self, so it seemed to me!—
Her girdle broad and measured well
To a graceful line about her fell,
Her cloak and gown were of nothing less
Than samite white, her form to dress;
The little hat upon her head
'Gainst the midday heats was garlanded;
And you would have known by the gloves she wore
No peasant maid was she who bore.
The flowers bent down before her feet
As she walked along, while her lips repeat
This song of love:

. . . . . .

"O friend of mine,
Would that my arms could always twine
About you here in love, and know
The sweets of loving forever so!
For you are a scholar as you show,
And for this I hold you far more dear.
Never a man did I ever hear

To boast of such love as my heart makes clear
I had rather my love with you to share
Than the diadem of Spain to wear.
There's but one care upon my heart
And dread lest some mischance may start;
For they say that another lady bright
In beauty and goodness claims a right
Upon your love, and with such a call
That despite shall ruin her mind in all;
And for her my fear is very great,
Lest your love for me she may abate.
But now that you behold me well,
Lover and loved, let us faithful dwell!"

. . . . . .

The while the lady reasoned so,
I saw she did not turn to go;
That, though she knew me not for long,
She did not fear my passion strong.
That day I was no peasant boor;
I rose and took her fingers pure,
And arm in arm we settled down
In the shade of the olive branches brown.
And I said to her: "My lady, say,
Have you known no love until today?"—
She answered,—"Truly with love I glow,
And little about my squire I know;

But I should bid his messenger hear,
That I know he's a cleric, not cavalier;
That he reads and writes and sings full clear,
That he follows the troubadour's career.
I know, as well, that his birth is fair
And the first of his youthful beard is there."
"For God's sake, lady, say to me
What gifts hath he sent in courtesy?"—
"These perfumed gloves, this hat, he sent,
This ring, this coral ornament;
And for his love they are the sign
Of the love I bear this sweet friend of mine."
There I, in truth, the trinkets knew
That I had sent! and to her view
The little sash I wore, displayed
With the broideries her hands had made.
She doffed her shoulder mantle bright,
She kissed my mouth and eyelids right,
And such delight she took of me
That I cannot give the history.
"Lord God be praised that here below
My lover dear so well I know!"—
Full long, full long, we tarried there,
When came the thought unto my fair,
And she explained,—"My Master sweet,
If you should deem it more discreet,

'Twill not displease you should I go—"
And I to her—"My heart shall show
That it is faithful evermore,
And prouder than an emperor."—
And so alone my lady went,
Leaving me to my discontent,
For hardly had she passed the gate
When my heart like death grew desolate.
I tried to lay me down to sleep,
But a tiny dove came there to peep;
As white as any snowflake blown
Across the garden it flew alone,
And unto the pool it took its way
Where suddenly it saw me laid,
And it turned away in trouble great
Into the orchard of pomegranate.
Now there was fastened a cup of gold
That its little feet could scarce uphold,
But into the pool it bore its weight
Where I lay in the shade of the pomegranate.
And when the golden cup was filled
And unto its very depths was chilled,
In sign that the feast was at an end
The water and wine it made to blend.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

GONZALO DE BERCEO
(1180–1246)

THE PRAISE OF SPRING

(From *The Miracles of our Lady*)

Gonzalo de Berceo was born at Berceo. Little is known of the events of his life, except that he was a priest of the Benedictine Monastery of San Millán in the diocese of Calahorra. His poems, for the most part devotional, were edited by Florencio Janer (*Biblioteca de autores españoles*, vol. lvii). There is an edition of the *Vida de Santo Domingo* by J. D. Fitzgerald (Paris, 1904).

I, Gonzalo de Berceo, in the gentle summertide,
Wending upon a pilgrimage, came to a meadow's side;
All green was it and beautiful, with flowers far and wide,—
A pleasant spot, I ween, wherein the traveller might abide.

Flowers with the sweetest odors filled all the sunny air,
And not alone refreshed the sense, but stole the mind from care;
On every side a fountain gushed, whose waters pure and fair,
Ice-cold beneath the summer sun, but warm in winter were.

There on the thick and shadowy trees, amid the foliage green,
Were the fig and the pomegranate, the pear and apple seen;
And other fruits of various kinds, the tufted leaves between,
None were unpleasant to the taste and none decayed, I ween.

The verdure of the meadow green, the odor of the flowers
The grateful shadows of the trees, tempered with fragrant showers,
Refreshed me in the burning heat of the sultry noontide hours;
Oh, one might live upon the balm and fragrance of those bowers!

Ne'er had I found on earth a spot that had such power to please,
Such shadows from the summer sun, such odors on the breeze;
I threw my mantle on the ground, that I might rest at ease,
And stretched upon the greensward lay in the shadow of the trees.

There soft reclining in the shade, all cares beside me flung,
I heard the soft and mellow notes that through the woodland rung;
Ear never listened to a strain, for instrument or tongue,
So mellow and harmonious as the songs above me sung.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

CÁNTICA OF THE VIRGIN

Keep watch, keep watch, keep watch,
Keep watch on the Council of the Jew,
Keep watch;
That they steal not God's Son from you,
Keep watch!

To steal Him off they are set upon;
Keep watch,
Andrew, Peter, likewise John,
Keep watch!
Lie not in your trust so long,
Keep watch,
Hearken rather to my song,
Keep watch;
All of them light robbers are,
Keep watch,
Spying you through bolt and bar,
Keep watch;
All are tricksters by the way,
Keep watch,
Ribald thief and cutpurse they,
Keep watch!
Your own words they have employed,
Keep watch,
For your overthrow deployed,
Keep watch!
You know not the deep deceit,
Keep watch,
That is waiting for your feet,
Keep watch;
You know not the reasons wise,
Keep watch,

That from His taking shall arise,
Keep watch;
Thomas and old Matthew too,
Keep watch,
They desire this theft to do,
Keep watch;
The dlsciple Him did sell,
Keep watch;
The Master did not deem it well,
Keep watch.
Don Philip, Simon, and Don Jude,
Keep watch,
For the stealing aids they sued,
Keep watch.
If they have succeeded here,
Keep watch,
On to-day it will appear,
Keep watch.

—*Roderick Gill.*

THE LIFE OF *SAN MILLÁN*

And when the kings were in the field,—
their squadrons in array,—
With lance in rest they onward pressed to
mingle in the fray;

But soon upon the Christians fell a terror of their foes,—
These were a numerous army,—a little handful those.
And while the Christian people stood in this uncertainty,
Upward to heaven they turned their eyes, and fixed their thoughts on high;
And there two figures they beheld, all beautiful and bright,
Even than the pure new-fallen snow their garments were more white.
They rode upon two horses more white than crystal sheen,
And arms they bore such as before no mortal man had seen;
The one, he held a crozier,—a pontiff's mitre wore;
The other held a crucifix,—such man ne'er saw before.
Their faces were angelical, celestial forms had they,—
And downward through the fields of air they urged their rapid way;
They looked upon the Moorish host with fierce and angry look,

And in their hands with dire portent their naked sabres shook.
The Christian host beholding this, straightway take heart again;
They fall upon their bended knees, all resting on the plain,
And each one with his clenchéd fist to smite his breast begins,
And promises to God on high he will forsake his sins.
And when the heavenly knights drew near unto the battle-ground,
They dashed among the Moors and dealt unerring blows around;
Such deadly havoc there they made the foremost ranks among
A panic terror spread unto the hindmost of the throng.
Together with these two good knights, the champions of the sky,
The Christians rallied and began to smite full sore and high;
The Moors raised up their voices and by the Koran swore
That in their lives such deadly fray they ne'er had seen before.

Down went the misbelievers,—fast sped
the bloody fight,—
Some ghastly and dismembered lay, and
some half dead with fright;
Full sorely they repented that to the field
they came,
For they saw that from the battle they
should retreat with shame.
Another thing befell them,—they dreamed
not of such woes,—
The very arrows that the Moors shot from
their twanging bows
Turned back against them in their flight
and wounded them full sore,
And every blow they dealt the foe was paid
in drops of gore.

. . . . . .

Now he that bore the crozier, and the
papal crown had on
Was the glorified Apostle, the brother of
Saint John;
And he that held the crucifix, and wore the
monkish hood,
Was the holy San Millán of Cogolla's
neighborhood.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

SAN MIGUEL DE LA TUMBA

San Miguel de la Tumba is a convent vast and wide;
The sea encircles it around, and groans on every side;
It is a wild and dangerous place, and many woes betide
The monks who in that burial place in penitence abide.
Within those dark monastic walls, amid the ocean flood
Of pious fasting monks there dwelt a holy brotherhood;
To the Madonna's glory there an altar high was placed
And a rich and costly image the sacred altar graced.
Exalted high upon a throne, the Virgin Mother smiled,
And as the custom is, she held within her arms the Child;
The kings and wisemen of the East were kneeling by her side;
Attended was she like a queen whom God had sanctified.

. . . . . .

Descending low before her face a screen of feathers hung,—
A *moscader* or fan for flies, 'tis called in vulgar tongue;
From the feathers of the peacock's wing 'twas fashioned bright and fair,
And glistened like the heaven above when all its stars are there.
It chanced that for the people's sins, fell lightning's blasting stroke;
Forth from all four sacred walls the flames consuming broke;
The sacred robes were all consumed, missal and holy book;
And hardly with their lives the monks their crumbling walls forsook.

. . . . . .

But though the desolating flame raged fearfully and wild,
It did not reach the Virgin Queen, it did not reach the Child;
It did not reach the feathery screen before her face that shone,
Nor injured in a farthing's worth the image or the throne.

The image it did not consume, it did not
burn the screen;
Even in the value of a hair they were not
hurt, I ween;
Not even the smoke did reach them, nor
injure more the shrine
Than the bishop, hight Don Tello, has
been hurt by hand of mine.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

ALFONSO X
(1221–1284)

CANTIGA

ALFONSO X, known as *el sabio* or "The Wise," is in a sense the father of all Spanish literature. He was not a successful ruler, but he is famous for his codes, chronicles, and didactic collections. The principal work for which he is famous is the *Cantigas de Santa María*, in the dialect of the Galician troubadours, which has been edited for the Spanish Academy (Madrid, 1889, 2 vols.), by L. A. de Coeto, the Marqués de Valmar.

Lady, for the love of God,
  Have some pity upon me!
See my eyes, a river-flood
  Day and night, oh, see!
Brothers, cousins, uncles, all,
  Have I lost for thee;
If thou dost not me recall,
  Woe is me!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE TREASURY

The strange intelligence then reached my ears
That in the land of Egypt lived a man,
Who, wise of wit, subjected to his scan
The dark occurrences of uncome years;
He judged the stars, and by the moving spheres
And aspects of the heavens unveiled the dim
Face of futurity, which then to him
Appeared, as clear to us the past appears.
A yearning towards this sage inspired my pen
And tongue, that instant, with humility
Descending from my height of majesty;
Such mastery has a strong desire o'er men;
My earnest prayers I wrote—I sent—with ten
My noblest envoys, loaded each apart
With gold and silver, which with all my heart
I offered him, but the request was vain.
With much politeness the wise man replied,
"You, sire, are a great king, and I should be

Most glad to serve you, but in such a fee
Of gold and silver gems I take no sort of pride;
Deign, then, yourself to use them; I abide
Content in more abundant wealth; and may
Your treasures profit you in every way
That I can wish, your servant." I complied;
But sent the stateliest of my argosies,
Which reached, and from the Alexandrian port
Brought safe this cunning master to my court,
Who greeted me with all kind courtesies;
I knowing well his great abilities,
And learning in the movement of the spheres,
Have highly honored him these many years,
For honor is the birthright of the wise.

—*J. H. Wiffen.*

MOSSÉN JORDI DE SAN JORDI
(About 1250)

SONG OF CONTRARIES

Mossén Jordi de San Jordi, an elusive figure in early Spanish literary history, is confused with another figure called Jordi del Rey. Both are said to have been born either in Valencia or Catalonia about the middle of the thirteenth or fifteenth century, although the style of the present selection would seem to point to the later as the more probable date.

From day to day I learn but to unlearn,
I live to die—my pleasure is my woe;
In dreary darkness I can light discern,
Though blind, I see, and all but knowledge know.
I nothing grasp, and yet the world embrace,
Though bound to earth, o'er highest heaven I fly.
With what's behind I run an untried race

And break from that which holds me mightily.
Evil I find when hurrying after bliss,
Loveless I love, and doubt of all I see;
All seems a dream that most substantial is,
I hate myself—others are dear to me;
Voiceless, I speak—I hear, of hearing void;
My *aye* is *no;* truth becomes falsehood strange;
I eat, not hungry—shift, though unannoyed;
Touch without hands—and sense to folly change.
I seek to soar, and then the deeper fall,
When most I seem to sink, then mount I still;
Laughing I weep,—and waking, dreams I call;
And when most cold, hotter than fire I feel;
Perplexed, I do what I would leave undone;
Losing I gain—time fleetest, slowest flows;
Though free from pain, 'neath pain's attacks I groan;
To craftiest fox the gentlest lambkin grows.

—*Anonymous.*

JUAN LORENZO SEGURA
(Late thirteenth century)

MAY

JUAN LORENZO SEGURA, a native of Astorga, in the latter part of the thirteenth century who became an ecclesiastic—"bon clerigo é onrado"—and who left a long poem on Alexander the Great.

It was the month of May, a glorious time,
When merry music make the birds in boughs,
Dressed are the meads with beauty far and wide,
And sighs the ladye that has not a spouse;
Tide sweet for marriages; flowers and fresh winds
Temper the clime; in every village near

Young girls in bevies sing, and with blythe minds
Make each to each good wishes of the year.
Young maids and old maids, are all out of doors,
Melting with love, to gather flowers at rest
Of noon—they whisper each to each, amours
Are good—and the most tender deem the best.

—*J. H. Wiffen.*

JUAN RUÍZ: Archpriest of Hita
(About 1300)

TO VENUS

JUAN RUÍZ, was the Archpriest of Hita, in the neighborhood of Guadalajara. It is conjectured that he was born in 1283. His ecclesiastical superiors found it necessary to imprison and degrade him. He is a poet of peculiarly personal character, strangely akin in spirit to the French poet François Villon. His *Libro de buen Amor* is to be found in the *Biblioteca de autores castellanos* (vol. lvii); other editions are that of J. Ducamin (Toulouse, 1901), and of Julio Cejador y Frauca (Madrid, 1913). See also *El Arcipreste de Hita* (Madrid, 1906), by Julio Puyol y Alonso.

Of figure very graceful, with amorous look, correct,
Sweet, lovely, full of frolic, mild, with mirth by prudence checked,

Caressing, courteous, lady-like, in wreathèd smiles bedecked,
Whom every lady looks upon with love and with respect,—
Lady Venus, wife of Love, at thy footstool low I kneel,
Thou art the paramount desire of all, thy force all feel.
O Love, thou are the master of all creatures; all with zeal
Worship thee for their creator, or for sorrow or for weal.
Kings, dukes, and noble princes, every living thing that is
Fear and serve thee for their being; oh, take not my vows amiss!
Fulfill my fair desires, give good fortune, give me bliss,
And be not niggard, shy, nor harsh; sweet Venus, grant me this!
I am so lost, so ruined, and so wounded by thy dart,
Which I carry close concealed and buried deep in my sad heart,
As not to dare reveal the wound; I dare not e'er impart

Her name, ere I forget her, may I perish
with the smart!
I have lost my lively color, and my mind
is in decay;
I have neither strength nor spirits, I fall
off both night and day;
My eyes are dim, they serve alone to lead
my steps astray
If thou do not give me comfort, I shall
swoon and pass away.

Replieth Venus:

Tell all thy feelings without fear or being
swayed by shame,
To every amorous-looking miss, to every
gadding dame;
Amongst a thousand, thou wilt scarce find
one that e'er will blame
Thine unembarrassed suit, nor laugh to
scorn thy tender flame.
If the first wave of the rough sea, when it
comes roaring near,
Should frighten the rude mariner, he ne'er
would plough the clear
With his brass-beakéd ship; then ne'er
let the first word sever

The first frown, or the first repulse, affright
thee from thy dear.
By cunning hardest hearts grow soft, walled
cities fall; with care
High trees are felled, grave weights are
raised; by cunning many swear
By cunning many perjured are, and fishes
by the snare
Are taken under the green wave; then why
shouldst thou despair?

—*J. H. Wiffen.*

PRAISE OF LITTLE WOMEN

I wish to make my sermon brief,—to
shorten my oration,—
For a never-ending sermon is my utter
detestation;
I like short women,—suits at law without
procrastination,—
And am always most delighted with things
of short duration.

A babbler is a laughing-stock; he's a fool
who's always grinning
But little women love so much, one falls
in love with sinning.

There are women who are very tall, and yet not worth the winning,
And in the change of short for long repentance finds beginning.

To praise the little women Love besought me in my musing;
To tell their noble qualities is quite beyond refusing;
So I'll praise the little women, and you'll find the thing amusing
They are, I know, as cold as snow, whilst flames around diffusing.

They're cold without, whilst warm within the flame of Love is raging,
They're gay and pleasant in the street,—soft, cheerful, and engaging,
They're thrifty and discreet at home,—the cares of life assuaging;
All this and more;—try and you'll find how true is my presaging.

In a little precious stone what splendor meets the eyes!
In a little lump of sugar how much of sweetness lies!

So in a little woman love grows and multiplies;
You recollect the proverb says,—"A word unto the Wise."

A pepper-corn is very small, but seasons every dinner
More than all other condiments, although 'tis sprinkled thinner;
Just so a little woman is, if Love will let you win her,—
There's not a joy in all the world you will not find within her.

And as within the little rose you find the richest dyes,
And in a little grain of gold much price and values lies,
As from a little balsam much odor doth arise,
So in a little woman there's a taste of paradise.

Even as a little ruby its secret worth betrays,
Color and price and virtue, in the clearness of its rays,—

Just so a little woman much excellence displays,
Beauty and grace and love and fidelity always.

The skylark and the nightingale, though small and light of wing
Yet warble sweeter in the grove than all the birds that sing;
And so a little woman, though a very little thing,
Is sweeter far than sugar and flowers that bloom in spring.

The magpie and the golden thrush have many a thrilling note,
Each as a gay musician doth strain his little throat
A merry little songster in his green and yellow coat;
And such a little woman is, when Love doth make her dote.

There's nought can be compared to her, throughout the wide creation;
She is a paradise on earth,—our greatest consolation,—

IV HISPANIC NOTES

So cheerful, gay and happy, so free from all
vexation;
In fine, she's better in the proot than in
anticipation.

If as her size increases are woman's charms
decreased,
Then surely it is good to be from all the
great released.
Now of two evils choose the less—said a
wise man of the East,
By consequence, of woman-kind be sure
to choose the least.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

PERO LÓPEZ DE AYALA

(1332–1407)

SONG TO THE VIRGIN MARY

PERO LÓPEZ DE AYALA was a Basque courtier in the suite of Pedro the Cruel, Henry of Trastamara, John I, and Henry III. He became Grand Chancellor of Castile in 1398. His principal work is the *Rimado de Palacio* (*Biblioteca de autores españoles*, vol. lvii). It is also to be found in a new edition edited by Albert Kuersteiner in the *Biblioteca hispánica.*

Lady, as I know thy power,
I place my hopes in thee;
Thy shrine in Guadalupe's tower
My pilgrim steps shall see.

Thy welcome ever was most sweet
To those who come in care;
When from this prison I retreat,
I'll seek thine image there.

Lady, as I know thy power,
I place my hopes in thee;
Thy shrine in Guadalupe's tower,
My pilgrim steps shall see.

In all my sorrows would I call
On thee, Sweet Advocate;
My heart adores thee more than all,
And so my sins seem great.
Lady, as I know thy power,
I place my hopes in thee;
Thy shrine in Guadalupe's tower
My pilgrim steps shall see.

Thou art the star that shows the way,
The balm that heals my wrong;
In gentleness be mine today
And lead to heaven along.
Lady, as I know thy power,
I place my hopes in thee;
Thy shrine in Guadalupe's tower
My pilgrim steps shall see.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

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ALVARO DE LUNA

(1388–1453)

CANCIÓN

ALVARO DE LUNA, from a mere page became Grand Constable of Castile through the favor of Juan II. He obtained unbounded power and wealth, but earned the hatred of the nobles, who procured his abandonment and execution by his King in 1453. His poems are characteristic in their frivolous, daring manner of the age in which he flourished. Some of his poetical work is to be found in the *Cancionero de Baena* (edition of P. J. Pidal, Madrid, 1851).

Since to cry
And to sigh
I ne'er cease;
And in vain
I would gain
My release;
Yet I still

Have the will,
Though I see
That the way
Every day
Is less free.
She is light
And the blight
Wrecks my joy;
Better death
Than such breath
I employ!
But perchance
For such glance
I was born;
And my griet
Is relief
For your scorn.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

ÍÑIGO LÓPEZ DE MENDOZA
(1398–1458)

SERRANILLA

Íñigo López de Mendoza, Marqués de Santillana, the son of the Admiral of Castile and nephew of López de Ayala, was born at Carrión de los Condes. He was a skilful politician and bitterly opposed to Alvaro de Luna. He died at Guadalajara on March 25, 1458. He is remarkable for a fine classical knowledge, and for his acquaintance with all the literary forms of the Provençal and Italian schools. He is thought to have been the first to employ the sonnet form in Spain. His *Obras* were published in Madrid, 1852, edited by José Amador de los Ríos, and his poems are to be found in the *Cancionero castellano del siglo XV*, collected by M. R. Foulché-Delbosc in the *Nueva biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xix).

From Calatrava as I took my way
At holy Mary's shrine to kneel and pray,

And sleep upon my eyelids heavy lay,
There where the ground was very rough and wild,
I lost my path and met a peasant child:
From Finojosa, with the herds around her,
There in the fields I found her.

Upon a meadow green with tender grass,
With other rustic cowherds, lad and lass,
So sweet a thing to see I watched her pass:
My eyes could scarce believe her what they found her,
There with the herds around her.

I do not think that roses in the Spring
Are half so lovely in their fashioning:
My heart must needs avow this secret thing,
That had I known her first as then I found her,
From Finojosa, with the herds around her,
I had not strayed so far her face to see
That it might rob me of my liberty.

I questioned her, to know what she might say:
"Has she of Finojosa passed this way?"

She smiled and answered me: "In vain you sue,
Full well my heart discerns the hope in you:
But she of whom you speak, and have not found her.
Her heart is free, no thought of love has bound her,
Here with the herds around her."

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

CANCIÓN

Whether you love me
I cannot tell.
But that I love you,
This I know well.

You and none other
Hold I so dear.
This shall be always,
Year upon year.

When first I saw you,
So it befell.
I gave you all things—
This I know well.

Myself I gave you
Ever in fee.
Doubt then of all things
But doubt not me.

Since first I saw you,
Under your spell,
All my wits wander,
This I know well.

Still have I loved you,
Still shall I love,
Love you and serve you
All things above.

Her I have chosen
None doth excel.
Trust me, I feign not,
This I know well.

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

ANONYMOUS
(Fifteenth century)

VILLANCICO

THIS *Villancico* is a remarkable little poem found in the *Cancionero musical de los siglos XV y XVI*, published by F. Asenjo Barbieri (Madrid, 1890, no. 17, p. 62).

Three dark maids,—I loved them when
In Jaën,—
Axa, Fátima, Marien.

Three dark maids who went together
Picking olives in clear weather,
My, but they were in fine feather
In Jaën,—
Axa, Fátima, Marien!—

There the harvests they collected,
Turning home with hearts dejected,
Haggard where the sun reflected
In Jaën,—
Axa, Fátima, Marien—

Three dark Moors so lovely they—
Three dark Moors so lovely, they
Plucked the apples on that day
Near Jaën,—
Axa, Fátima, Marien.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE BLACK GLOVE

From the *Cancionero general*

Glove of black in white hand bare,
And about her forehead pale
Wound a thin transparent veil
That doth not conceal her hair.
Sovereign attitude and air,
Cheek and neck alike displayed,
With coquettish charms arrayed,
Laughing eyes and fugitive;—
This is killing men that live,
'Tis not mourning for the dead.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

MICER FRANCISCO IMPERIAL
(Early fifteenth century)

DEZIR

MICER FRANCISCO IMPERIAL was the son of a Genoese jeweller settled in Seville. He is important as the first poet in Spanish to imitate the poems of Dante in their allegorical style. Thirteen of his poems are to be found in the *Cancionero de Baena.*

Passing on no vain journey was I upon the day
On Quadalquiver's bridge I went with footsteps free
Unto the fair encounter that thereon came to me,
Where by the River's reaches, as old Triana lay,
The lovely star Diana her beauty did display;
Upon that May day early, hard at the break of morn

The Feast of holy pilgrimages to adorn,—
To Santa Ana, all the praises due, I pay!—

And there my colors for to show, I chose the flower
Of jasmine delicate and rare; the rose in bloom
Fresh from its garden breathing rarest of perfume;
And then the fleur-de-lis from the meadow bower.
Their gracious hues and honest smiled so upon that hour
They brought to mind the messenger of angel face
Who came old time and murmured "Hail, Thou full of Grace,"
Descending out of Paradise to speak its power.

Hushed be the poets all, and authors wise as well,
Homer, Horace, Vergil, Dante, and he too,
That Ovid to whose pen *The Art of Love* is due,
And all who e'er have written the praise of lords to tell;

For she is as the moon in the stars' citadel.
When her with other women one started to
compare,—
A shining flame amid the brightest planets
there—
A rose among the flowers for beauty and
for smell.

Though not to be distinued for beauty or
for grace
The fragile eufrogyne, the flowery pride of
Greece,
The blossom that the Trojan voices never
cease
To praise on high and give the loftiest of
place;
Yet native to our soil, where never furrows
trace,
There sometimes comes to blossom so
beautiful a rose,
So stately and so lovely, it quite outshineth
those—
And that alone is worthy to be put beside
her face.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

FERRANT SÁNCHEZ TALAVERA
(Fifteenth century)

DEZIR

FERRANT SÁNCHEZ TALAVERA was Commander of the Order of Calatrava. Sixteen of his poems are to be found in the *Cancionero de Baena*, which show a real distinction not eclipsed by the resemblance of his works to the *Coplas* of Jorge Manrique and the verses of Rodrigo Cota de Maguaque.

For love of God, let's put aside the veil,
Good Gentlemen, that blurs and blinds
our sight,
And upon Death the conqueror look aright,
Who levels high and low beneath his flail.
And unto God in heaven let our sighs
Go up in prayer, each heart a penitent,
For the offenses everyone has spent,
The old, the child, the youth, against the
skies.

Surely no life at all we live, who here
But measure the assured approach of death—
The cruel, treacherous master of our breath
And when we think to live,—ah, he is near!
We are well certain of our hour of birth,
But when we die, ah, certain we are not;
No certitude of life an hour we've got;
With tears we come, with tears we leave the earth.

And what became of all the emperors,
The popes and kings, and all the prelate lords,
The dukes and counts whom history records,
Their rich and strong and learned servitors?
And all who in the lists of love would wage
In gallant arms throughout the spreading world,—
And all in art's and science's scroll enfurled,
Where doctors, poets, troubadours, engage?

Father and son and brother, parents fond
And friends and sweethearts of our very breast,

With whom we ate and drank and took
our rest,
The gay and gallant throng in friendships
bond,—
Ladies and damsels and brave striplings
fair
Who lay their youthfulness beneath the
ground;
And other gentles that short shift have
found,
Who once were present here and now are
where?

The Duke of Cabra and the Admiral,
And many another Grandee of Castile;
Now Ruy Diaz's sleeve to pluck doth steal
Old Death,—who 'mong his compeers out-
shone all,
So that the people of the farthest East
Dreamt of his prowess and the glory's
shine
He lent this court with all his gracious, fine
Performance graciously and bold increased.

And all we mention now are briefly grown
But dust and ashes, fallen to nothingness;

Others are bones that are of flesh the less,
And, refuse of the trenches, there are thrown.
And others are disjointed limbs, their head
Without a body, without hands or feet;
Others whereon the worms begin to eat;
Others new set for burial with the dead.

Where now the lordships, prelacies, and powers,
The tributes and the rents signorial?
Where now their pomps and courtliness withal,
Where their campaignings and their council hours?
Where all their sciences and learned lore—
Where are their masters of the poet's art,
Where the great rhymers, where the singer's heart,
Where he that struck the lute-strings o'er and o'er?

Where are the treasures, vassals, servitors,
Where are their hangings and their precious stones,
Where are their pearls baroque in costly thrones,

Where are their perfume arks and scented store?
Where are their woofs of gold and shining chains,
Where are their collars and their buckles now,
Where the great gems that glittered row on row,
Where the light bells that tinkled on their reins?

Where are the feasts and suppers gay be-spread,
Where the bright joust and tourney after-noons,
Where are their fashions and new-fangled boons,
Where the new steps with which their dancers tread?
Where the assemblies and the banquet boards,
Where all the shows and splendor of their ways,
Where all the laughter and the pleasant plays,
Where all the minstrel's and the joglar's words;

In faith meseems without a shade of doubt,
The days are now accomplished as foretold
Isaias, prophet son of Amos old,
Who said: "All order shall be blotted out;
Corruption shall be over every worth,
And death o'er all of humankind shall creep,
And every gate shall hear the voices weep,
And all the people be destroyed from earth!"

Such is the end and tribulation seen
By Jeremias prophet of man's woes,
Whose eyes a flood of weepings did disclose
Whose loud lamentings did his grief demean
Mourning his sins and errors of his days,
And this is written, anyone may read,
Within his chapters and clear and full indeed;
These surely are the times of which he says.

Wherefore good sense advises we should arm
Our souls with all the virtues that they lack,
And take earth's empty treasures from our back
Since they are sure to go at first alarm.

And he who looks on this with kindly eyes,
Need not a fear unto his dying give;
Through death he passes, ceasing but to live,
To Life Eternal where he never dies!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

JUAN II OF CASTILE

(1405–1454)

CANCIÓN

KING JUAN II of Castile was a weak character, a futile monarch, but a good critic and a graceful poet. He was lordly patron of a court to which flocked over two hundred troubadours and poets. His story is intimately involved with that of his favorite Alvaro de Luna.

O Love, I never, never thought
  Thy power had been so great,
  That thou couldst change my fate,
By changes in another wrought,
Till now, alas! I know it.

I thought I knew thee well,
  For I had known thee long;
  But though I felt thee strong,
I felt not all thy spell.

Nor ever, ever had I thought
  Thy power had been so great,
  That thou couldst change my fate,
By changes in another wrought,
Till now, alas! I know it.

—*George Ticknor.*

JUAN DE MENA
(1411–1456)

CANCIÓN

JUAN DE MENA was born at Cordoba, where his father was *regidor*. After travelling in Italy he returned to Spain and became Latin Secretary to Juan II. He was a great favorite of this monarch and died at Torrelaguna. He was the leading poet of his time being called "The Spanish Ennius." His principal poem, *El Laberinto*, imitates the scheme of Dante's *Commedia*. *El Laberinto*, also known as *Las Trezientas*, was published by M. R. Foulché-Delbosc (Mâcon, 1904). See also F. Wolf, *Studien*, p. 772, and George Ticknor's *History of Spanish Literature*, i, p. 329.

As I upon my pallet lie,
  The greatest grief I know
Is thinking when I said "Good-bye"
  To the breast I'm loving so.

In spite of all the woes I feel
  Upon that parting thought,
At times my memories reveal
  The mighty joys you brought.
So let the world a-whispering go
  To tell why here I lie;
Because they know I've said "Good-bye"
  To the breast I'm loving so.

I languish but I let none hear
  How deep my sorrows are,
Although my griefs are quite as near
  As your sweet balm is far.
And if it be the end they show
  And death is coming nigh,
While living, let me say "Good-bye"
  To the breast I'm loving so.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

LINES TO MACÍAS *EL ENAMORADO*

(From the *Laberinto*)

We in this radiant circle looked so long
That we found out Macías; in a bower
Of cypress was he weeping still the hour
That ended his dark life and love in wrong.

Nearer I drew for sympathy was strong
In me, when I perceived he was from Spain;
And there I heard him sing the saddest strain
That e'er was tuned in elegiac song.
"Love crowned me with his myrtle crown; my name
Will be pronounced by many, but, alas,
When his pangs caused me bliss, not slighter woe
The mournful suffering that consumed my frame!
His sweet snares conquer the lorn mind they tame,
But do not always then continue sweet;
And since they cause me ruin so complete,
Turn, lovers, turn, and disesteem his fame;
Dangers so passionate be glad to miss;
Learn to be gay; flee from sorrows touch;
Learn to disserve him you have served so much,
Your devoirs pay at any shrine but his:
If the short joy that in his service is,
Were but proportioned to the long, long pain,
Neither would he that once has loved complain,

Nor he that ne'er has loved despair of bliss.
But even as some assassin or night-rover,
Seeing his fellow wound upon the wheel,
Awed by the agony resolves with zeal
His life to 'mend, and character recover;
But when the fearful spectacle is over,
Reacts his crimes with easy unconcern;
So my amours on my despair return,
That I should die, as I have lived, a lover!"

—*J. H. Wiffen*

GÓMEZ MANRIQUE
(1415–1491)

TO A LADY GOING VEILED

GÓMEZ MANRIQUE, Lord of Amusco, was a nephew of the Marqués de Santillana and brother of Rodrigo Manrique, Grand-Master of Santiago, called "the Second Cid." At first a mere courtier, he devoted himself to the poetry fashionable at the court of Juan II. He was called to sterner duties by his warlike brother and supported in battle the claims of the Pretender Alonso and his sister Isabel of Castile. He is distinguished for a pathos similar to that employed by his great nephew, Jorge Manrique, and this, as well as his satirical poetry, may be studied in his *Cancionero* edited by Antonio Paz y Mélia (Madrid, 1885).

The very heart went out of me
  When first I saw your face,
And soon it did appear to me
  Your eyes in mine would trace.

I could no more than scarcely breathe
When you drew on your veil
And hid yourself so well beneath
Your dark cloak's heavy trail.

But under it your gentle grace
And simple air were seen;
The very masque its charm would trace
And show, instead of screen;
So very great became my care
And trouble that I knew
My heart was swift entangled there
With my enraptured view.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

COPLAS ON THE BAD GOVERNMENT OF TOLEDO

When mighty Rome was conqueror,
'Twas Scipio led the van of fighting;
Old Fabius was her counselor;
And Titus Livius did her writing.

And not a maid or wife but came
And stripped the ornaments from off her,
To offer them for warlike fame
And save her country from dishonor.

Where none there be to rule the town
How soon its triumph will be ended!
How soon the roof-tree tumble down
Where not a dweller is attended!

When pigs without the dogs to herd
Will straggle quick to their perdition,
Can troops without a captain's word
Be long maintained in war-condition?

For sheep without a shepherd's rod
Will lay in waste both field and garden;
And monks that know no prior's nod
Will fall to sins beyond a pardon.

The vineyards left unwatched to grow
Unto each passer-by will yield them;
The courts where gallants never show
Are hands that have no gloves to shield them.

The shoe that fares without a sole
Can ill preserve the foot that wears it;
The strings escaped the lute's control
Will make a sound—if you can bear it—

The church that boasts no lettered throng,
  Like palace without walls, must tremble;
Who looks for fish both big and strong
  Save where the firmest nets dissemble?

In faith, that blow me-seemeth light
  Of which a swordless hand is giver;—
But a sword without a hand of might,
  Full little thrust will it deliver!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

JUAN ÁLVAREZ GATO
(1433–1496)

CANTAR TO OUR LADY

JUAN ÁLVAREZ GATO was one of the poets of the court of Juan II. He fell into disgrace under Henry IV. He was highly esteemed by Gómez Manrique. His work is to be found in the *Cancionero castellano del siglo XV* (Nueva biblioteca de autores españoles, vol. xix)

Tell me Lady, tell, prithee,
When from earth I pass away,
Will you then remember me?

When there shall to all be known
How my time away was thrown,
How with sins my days were sown,
And my depths of misery—
Will you then remember me?

Through the realms of the eternal
Of the Judgment Seat diurnal,
Refuge from the doom infernal,
In your prayers alone I see,—
Will you then remember me?

When upon the dreaded scales
All my poor accounting fails
To report the bonds and bails
That your Son has given in fee—
Will you then remember me?

Finale

When my soul in grief astounded
At the judgment bar surrounded
With the charge of guilt is hounded,
And your prayers alone can free,—
Will you then remember me?

—*Garret Strange.*

JORGE MANRIQUE
(1440–1479)

CÁNTICA

JORGE MANRIQUE was the son of Rodrigo, Grand-Master of Santiago, "the Second Cid," and was born at Paredes de Nava. From his birth he was in the midst of wars, and he joined his father in supporting Alfonso and Isabel of Castile in their claims for the throne. He was killed before the walls of Garci-Muñoz in his thirty-ninth year. His famous *Coplas* were written after the death of his father in 1476. Innumerable editions of this great poem have made their appearance; among the best being that of M. R. Foulché-Delbosc (Madrid, 1912). The *Coplas* have had many commentaries in verse and have several times been set to music. H. W. Longfellow began his literary career with the publication of a version of the *Coplas* in English.

Let him whose time hath come to go
Put never faith where he must part;

Forgetfulness and change of heart
Are penalties the absent know.
You would be loved—a lover you.
Then pay your court incessant, thou,
For hardly are you vanished ere
Remembrance goes as lightly too.
Be done with idle hope, and start
Let him whose time hath come to go;
Forgetfulness and change of heart
Are penalties the absent know.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE *COPLAS* ON THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER, THE GRAND-MASTER OF SANTIAGO

The Introit

Let from its dream the soul awaken,
And reason mark with open eyes
The scene unfolding,—
How lightly life away is taken,
How cometh Death in stealthy guise,—
At last beholding;

What swiftness hath the flight of pleasure
That, once attained, seems nothing more
Than respite cold;

How fain is memory to measure
Each latter day inferior
To those of old.

Beholding how each instant flies
So swift, that, as we count, 'tis gone
Beyond recover,
Let us resolve to be more wise
Than stake our future lot upon
What soon is over.

Let none be self-deluding, none,—
Imagining some longer stay
For his own treasure
Than what today he sees undone;
For everything must pass away
In equal measure.

Our lives are fated as the rivers
That gather downward to the sea
We know as Death;
And thither every flood delivers
The pride and pomp of seigniory
That forfeiteth;

Thither, the rivers in their splendor;
Thither, the streams of modest worth,—
The rills beside them;

Till there all equal they surrender;
And so with those who toil on earth,
And those who guide them.

The Invocation

I turn me from the praise and singing
Of panegyrists, and the proud
Old poets' stories;
I would not have them hither bringing
Their artful potions that but cloud
His honest glories;

On Him Alone I lay my burden—
Him only do I now implore
In my distress,—
Who came on earth and had for guerdon
The scorn of man that did ignore
His Godliness.

This world is but a highway going
Unto that other, the abode
Without a sorrow;
The wise are they who gird them, knowing
The guideposts set along that road
Unto tomorrow.

We start with birth upon that questing;
We journey all the while we live,
Our goal attaining
The day alone that brings us resting,
When Death shall last quiétus give
To all complaining.

This were a hallowed world indeed,
Did we but give it the employ
That was intended;
For by the precepts of our Creed
We earn hereby a life of joy
When this is ended.

The Son of God Himself on earth
Came down to raise our lowly race
Unto the sky;
Here took upon Him human birth;
Here lived among us for a space;
And here did die.

Behold what miserable prize—
What futile task we set upon,
Whilst greed awakes us!
And what a traitor world of lies
Is this, whose very gifts are gone
Ere Death o'ertakes us!

Some through increasing age deprived,
Some by unhappy turn of fate
Destroyed and banished,
Some, as with blight inherent rived
At topmost of their branching state,
Have failed and vanished.

Yea, tell me shall the lovely blason,
The gentle freshness and contour
Of smiling faces,—
The blush and pallor's sweet occasion,—
Of all—shall one a truce secure
From Time's grim traces?

The flowing tress, the stature slender,
The corporal litheness, and the strength
Of gallant youth,—
All, all,—to weariness surrender
As o'er them falls the shadow's length
Of age in truth.

The Visigoths whose lineage kingly
Whose feats of war and mighty reign
Were so exalted,—
What divers ways did all and singly
Drop down to the obscure again
And were defaulted!

Some through their worthlessness (How lowly
And base among the rabble came
Their estimation!)
Whilst others as a refuge solely
In offices they only shame
Maintain their station.

Estate and luxury's providing
Can leave us pauper—who may doubt?—
Within an hour;
Let us not count on their abiding,
Since there is nothing sure about
Dame Fortune's dower.

Hers are the gifts of one unstable
Upon her globe as swift as light
Revolving ever;
Who to be constant is unable,
Who cannot stay nor rest from flight
On aughtsoever.

And though, say I, her highest favor
Should follow to the tomb and heap
With wreaths her master;

Let not our solid judgment waver
Since life is like a dream and sleep
Flies nothing faster.

The soft occasions of today
Wherein we find our joy and ease
Are but diurnal;
Whilst the dread torments that must pay
The cost of our iniquities
Shall be eternal.

The pleasures light, the fond evasions
That life on troubled earth deploys
For eyes of mortals,
What are they but the fair persuasions
Of labyrinths where Death decoys
To trap-like portals?

Where heedless of the doom ensuing
We hasten laughing to the snare
Without suspicion.
Until aghast at our undoing,
We turn to find the bolt is there,
And our perdition.

Could we but have procured the power
To make our faded youth anew
Both fresh and whole,

As now through life's probation hour
'Tis ours to give angelic hue
Unto the soul,—

What ceaseless care we then had taken,
What pains had welcomed, so to bring
A health but human,—
Our summer bloom to re-awaken,
Our stains to clear,—outrivalling
The arts of woman!

The kings whose mighty deeds are spacious
Upon the parchments of the years,
Alas!—the weeping
That overtook their boast audacious.
And swept their thrones to grime and tears
And sorrow's keeping!

Naught else proves any more enduring;
Nor are the popes, nor emperors,
Nor prelatries
A longer stay or truce securing
Than the poor herdsman of the moors
From Death's decrees.

Recount no more of Troy, or foeman
The echo of whose wars is now
But far tradition;
Recount no more how fared the Roman
(His scroll of glories we allow)
Nor his perdition;

Nor here rehearse the homely fable
Of such as yielded up their sway
These decades gone;
But let us say what lamentable
Fate the lords of yesterday
Have fallen upon.

Of fair Don Juan the king that ruled us,—
Of those hight heirs of Aragon,—
What are the tidings?
Of him whose courtly graces schooled us,
Whom song and wisdom smiled upon,
Where the abidings?

The jousts and tourneys where they vaunted
With trappings, and caparison,
And armor sheathing,—

Were they but phantasies that taunted,—
But blades of grass that vanished on
A summer's breathing?

What of the dames of birth and station,
Their head-attire, their sweeping trains,
Their vesture scented?
What of that gallant conflagration
They made of lovers' hearts whose pains
Were uncontented?

And what of him, that troubadour
Whose melting lutany and rime
Was all their pleasure?
Ah, what of her who danced demure,
And trailed her robes of olden time
So fair a measure?

Then Don Enriqué, in succession,
His brother's heir,—think, to what height
Was he annointed!
What blandishment and sweet possession
The world prepared for his delight,
As seemed appointed!

Yet see what unrelenting foeman,
What cruel adversary, Fate
To him became;

A friend beriended as was no man—
How brief for him endured the state
His birth might claim.

The golden bounties without stinting,
The strongholds and the lairs of kings
With treasure glutted;
The flagons of their wassail glinting,
The sceptres, orbs, and crowns, and rings
With which they strutted;

The steeds, the spurs, and bits to rein them,
The pillions draped unto the ground
Beneath their paces,—
Ah, whither must we fare to gain them?—
That were but as the dews around
The meadow places.

His brother then, the unoffending,
Who was intruded on his reign
To act as heir,—
What gallant court was round him bending,
How many a haughty lord was fain
To tend him there!

Yet as but mortal was his station,
Death for his goblet soon distilled
A draught for draining;

O Thou Divine Predestination!—
When most his blaze the world had filled
Thou sent'st the raining!

And then, Don Alvaro, Grand-Master
And Constable, whom we have known
When loved and dreaded,—
What need to tell of his disaster,
Since we behold him overthrown
And swift beheaded!

His treasures that defied accounting,
His manors and his feudal lands,
His boundless power,—
What more than tears were their amounting?
What more than bonds to tie his hands
At life's last hour?

That other twain, Grand-Masters solely,
Yet with the fortunes as of kings
Fraternal reigning,—
Who brought the high as well as lowly
Submissive to their challengings
And laws' ordaining.

And what of all their power and prize
That touched the very peaks of fame
That none could limit?—
A conflagration 'gainst the skies,
Till at its brightest ruthless came
Death's hand to dim it.

The dukes so many and excelling,
The marquises, and counts, the throng
Of barons splendid,
Speak, Death, where hast thou hid their dwelling?
The sway we saw them wield so strong—
How was it ended?

What fields upon were they engaging,—
What prowess showing us in war
Or its cessation,
When thou, O Death, didst come outraging
Both one and all, and swept them o'er
With desolation.

Their warriors' unnumbered hosting,
The pennon, and the battle-flag,
And bannered splendor,—

The castles with their turrets boasting,
Their walls and barricades to brag
And mock surrender,—

The cavern's ancient crypt of hiding,
Or secret passage, vault, or stair,—
What use affords it?
Since thou upon thy onslaught striding
Canst send a shaft unerring where
No buckler wards it!

O World that givest and destroyest
Would that the life which thou hast shown
Were worth the living!
But here, as good or ill deployest,
The parting is with gladness known
Or with misgiving.

Thy span is so with griefs encumbered
With sighing every breeze so steeped,
With wrongs so clouded,
A desert where no boon is numbered,
The sweetness and allurement reaped
And black and shrouded.

Thy highway is the road of weeping;
Thy long farewells are bitterness
Without a morrow;

Adown thy ruts and ditches keeping
The traveller who doth most possess
Hath most of sorrow.

Thy chattels are but had with sighing;
With sweat of brow alone obtained
The wage they give;
In myriads thine ills come hieing,
And once existence they have gained,
They longest live.

And he, the shield and knightly pastor
Of honest folk, beloved by all
The unoffending,—
Don Roderic Manrique, Master
Of Santiago,—Fame shall call
Him brave unending!

Not here behooves to chant his praises
Or laud his valor to the skies,
Since none but knows them;
Nor would I crave a word that raises
His merit higher than the prize
The world bestows them.

O what a comrade comrades found him!
Unto his henchmen what a lord!
And what a brother!

What foeman for the foes around him!
His peer as Master of the Sword
There was no other!

What precious counsel 'mid the knowing!
What grace amid the courtly bower!
What prudence rare!
What bounty to the vanquished showing!
How 'mid the brave in danger's hour
A lion there!

In destiny a new Augustus;
A Cæsar for his victories
And battle forces;
An Africanus in his justice;
A Hannibal for energies
And deep resources;

A Trajan in his gracious hour;
A Titus for his open hand
And cheer unfailing;
His arm, a Spartan king's in power;
His voice, a Tully's to command
The truth's prevailing!

In mildness Antoninus Pius;
A Marc Aurelius in the light
Of calm attending;

A Hadrian to pacify us;
A Theodosius in his right
And high intending;

Aurelius Alexander stern
In discipline and laws of war
Among his legions;
A Constantine in faith eterne;
Gamaliel in the love he bore
His native regions.

He left no weighty chests of treasure,
Nor ever unto wealth attained
Nor store excelling;
To fight the Moors was all his pleasure
And thus his fortresses he gained,
Demesne, and dwelling.

Amid the lists where he prevailed
Fell knights and steeds into his hands
Through fierce compression,
Whereby he came to be regaled
With vassals and with feudal lands
In fair possession.

Ask you how in his rank and station
When first he started his career
Himself he righted?

Left orphan and in desolation
His brothers and his henchmen dear
He held united.

And ask you how his course was guided
When once his gallant deeds were famed
And war was ended?
His high contracting so provided
That broader, as his honors claimed,
His lands extended.

And these, the proud exploits narrated
In chronicles to show his youth
And martial force,
With triumphs equal he was fated
To re-affirm in very sooth
As years did course.

Then for the prudence of his ways,
For merit and in high award
Of service knightly,
His dignity they came to raise
Till he was Master of the Sword
Elected rightly.

Finding his father's forts and manors
By false intruders occupied
And sore oppressed,

With siege and onslaught, shouts and banners,
His broad-sword in his hand to guide,
He re-possessed.

And for our rightful king how well
He bore the brunt of warfare keen
In siege and action,
Let Portugal's poor monarch tell,
Or those who in Castile have been
Among his faction.

Then having risked his life, maintaining
The cause of justice in the fight
For law appointed,
With years in harness spent sustaining
The royal crown of him by right
His lord anointed,

With feats so mighty that Hispania
Can never make account of all
In number mortal,—
Unto his township of Ocaña
Came Death at last to strike and call
Against his portal:

Speaketh Death

"Good Cavalier,"—he cried,—"divest you
Of all this hollow world of lies
And soft devices;
Let your old courage now attest you,
And show a breast of steel that vies
In this hard crisis!

"And since of life and fortune's prizes
You ever made so small account
For sake of honor,
Array your soul in virtue's guises
To undergo this paramount
Assault upon her!

"For you, are only half its terrors
And half the battles and the pains
Your heart perceiveth;
Since here a life devoid of errors
And glorious for noble pains
To-day it leaveth;

"A life for such as bravely bear it
And make its fleeting breath sublime
In right pursuing,

Untainted, as is their's who share it
And put their pleasure in the grime
Of their undoing;

"The life that is The Everlasting
Was never yet by aught attained
Save meed eternal;
And ne'er through soft indulgence casting
The shadow of its solace stained
With guilt infernal;

"But in the cloister holy brothers
Besiege it with unceasing prayer
And hard denial;
And faithful paladins are others
Who 'gainst the Moors to win it bear
With wound and trial.

"And since, O noble and undaunted,
Your hands the paynim's blood have shed
In war and tourney,—
Make ready now to take the vaunted
High guerdon you have merited
For this great journey!

"Upon this holy trust confiding,
And in the faith entire and pure
You e'er commended,

Away,—unto your new abiding,
Take up the Life that shall endure
When this is ended!"

Respondeth the Grand-Master

"Waste we not here the final hours
This puny life can now afford
My mortal being;
But let my will in all its powers
Conformable approach the Lord
And His decreeing.

"Unto my death I yield, contenting
My soul to put the body by
In peace and gladness;
The thought of man to live, preventing
God's loving will that he should die,
Is only madness."

The Supplication

O Thou who for our weight of sin
Descended to a place on earth
And human feature;

Thou who didst join Thy Godhead in
A being of such lowly worth
As man Thy creature;

Thou who amid Thy dire tormenting
Didst unresistingly endure
Such pangs to ease us;
Not for my mean deserts relenting,
But only on a sinner poor,
Have mercy, Jesus!

The Codicil

And thus, his hopes so nobly founded,
His senses clear and unimpaired
So none could doubt him,—
With spouse and offspring fond surrounded,
His kinsmen and his servants bared
And knelt around him,—

He gave his soul to Him who gave it,
(May God in heaven ordain it place
And share of glory!)
And left our life as balm to save it,
And dry the tears upon our face!
His deathless story.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

RODRÍGUEZ DEL PADRÓN

(About 1450)

TO THE VIRGIN

RODRÍGUEZ DEL PADRÓN, known also as Rodríguez de la Cámara, is considered the last representative of the Galician troubadours in Spain. He is said to have been in love with a queen of Spain, and many fictitious accounts of him are discussed in Pidal's *Cancionero de Baena* (Edition, 1860), and in Ticknor's *History of Spanish Literature* (vol. i, 355).

O fire of light divine,
Sweet Flame unscorching, pure,—
Against dismay our countersign,
Against all grief a cure,—
Shine on thy servant poor!—
The fickle glory of the world,
Its vain prosperity,
He contemplates;

His reasonings profound behold
The centre where there lie
The ills he hates.
Let him who thinks him wise
The Siren's call attend!
She fearing in amend
The torments that chastise,
Weeps that her reign must end.

—*Roderick Gill.*

RODRIGO COTA DE MAGUAQUE

(About 1492)

ESPARSA

RODRIGO COTÁ DE MAGUAQUE was a Christianized Jew, who has received mistaken notice as the author of the *Coplas de Mingo Revulgo* and the beginning of the *Celestina*. His most famous work is the *Diálogo entre Amor y un Viejo*.

Clouded vision, light obscure,
Moody glory, living death,
Fortune that cannot endure,
Fickle weeping, joy a breath,
Bitter-sweet and sweet unsure,
Peace and anger, sudden crossed,
Such is love, its trappings sure
Decked with glory for its cost.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

CRISTÓBAL DE CASTILLEJO

(1490–1550)

WOMEN

CRISTÓBAL DE CASTILLEJO was born at Ciudad Rodrigo. He joined the household of Ferdinand I of Bohemia, the brother of Carlos V, and later became a priest. In 1539 he went to Venice in the suite of Diego Hurtado de Mendoza. He died in Vienna where he is buried at Wiener Stadt. His works were published at Madrid in 1792. C. L. Nicolay published *The Life and Works of Cristóbal de Castillejo* (Philadelphia, 1910).

How dreary and how lone
The world would appear
If women were none!
'Twould be like a fair,
With neither fun nor business there.

Without their smile
Life would be tasteless, vain, and vile;

A chaos of perplexity,
A body without soul 'twould be;
A roving spirit borne
Upon the winds forlorn;
A tree without or flowers or fruit,
A reason with no resting place,
A castle with no governor to it,
A house without a base.
What are we? What our race?
How good for nothing and base
Without fair woman to aid us
What could we do? Where should we go?
How should we wander in night and woe,
But for woman to lead us?
How could we love if woman were not?
Love—the brightest part of our lot;
Love—the only charm of living;
Love—the only gift worth giving?
Who would take charge of your house, say who?
Kitchen, and dairy, and money-chest?
Who but the women, who guard them best;
Guard and adorn them too?
Who like them has a constant smile,
Full of peace, as meekness full,
When life's edge is blunt and dull,

And sorrow, and sin, in frowning file,
Stand by the path in which we go
Down to the grave through wasting woe?
All that is good is theirs, is theirs
All we give and all we get;
And if a beam of glory yet
Over the gloomy earth appears,
O, 'tis theirs! O, 'tis theirs,—
They are the guard,—the soul,— the seal
Of human hope and human weal;
They,—they,—none but they!
Woman,—sweet woman,—let none say nay!

—*John Bowring.*

SOME DAY, SOME DAY

Some day, some day
O troubled breast,
Shalt thou find rest.
If Love in thee
To grief give birth,
Six feet of earth
Can more than he;
There calm and free
And unoppressed
Shalt thou find rest.

The unattained
In life at last,
When life is passed
Shall all be gained;
And no more pained,
No more distresssed,
Shalt thou find rest.
—*H. W. Longfellow.*

TO LOVE

Love, grant me kisses beyond counting,
As the hairs upon my head;
A thousand and a hundred shed,
A thousand more be their amounting,
And then add thousands more again,
So that none shall know the number,
And no record shall encumber
With the list of where and when.
—*Thomas Walsh.*

JUAN BOSCÁN ALMOGAVER

(1493–1540)

ON THE DEATH OF GARCILASSO

JUAN BOSCÁN ALMOGAVER was born at Barcelona, and served in the Spanish Army in Italy, later becoming tutor to the Duke of Alva. His early verses were written in the old Spanish manner, but when the Venetian ambassador Navagiero was passing through Granada he met Boscán and urged him to introduce the Italian styles of poetry into Spanish. He thereupon followed in the lead of Imperial and Santillana, and was most influential in establishing the Italian verse methods in Castilian. He frequently imitated Dante and Petrarch. His poems were first published with those of Garcilasso de la Vega in 1543. He made a masterly translation of Castiglione's *Il Cortegiano*, reprinted in 1873. His poems may be found in W. I. Knapp's edition (Madrid, 1875).

Tell me, dear Garcilasso,—thou
Who ever aimedst at good,
And in the spirit of thy vow
So swift her course pursued
That thy few steps sufficed to place
The angel in thy loved embrace,
Won instant soon as wooed,—
Why took'st thou not, when winged to flee
From this dark world, Boscán, with thee?

Why, when ascending to the star
Where now thou sit'st enshrined,
Left'st thou thy weeping friend afar,
Alas! so far behind?
Oh, I do think, had it remained
With thee to alter aught ordained
By the Eternal Mind,
Thou wouldst not on this desert spot
Have left thy other self forgot!

For if through life thy love was such
As still to take a pride
In having me so oft and much
Close to thy envied side,—
I cannot doubt, I must believe,

Thou wouldst at least have taken leave
Of me; or, if denied,
Have come back afterwards, unblest
Till I too shared thy heavenly rest.

—*J. H. Wiffen.*

COMENDADOR JUAN ESCRIVÁ

(About 1497)

CANCIÓN

El Comendador Juan Escrivá was of Valencian birth, and in 1497 went to Rome as ambassador for Ferdinand. He wrote verses in Catalán and Castilian. Lope de Vega wrote a *glosa* on the present *Canción*, which is also quoted by Calderón and Cervantes.

Come Death, with so much stealth
I shall not feel thee near;
Let not thy joy appear
The very breath of health!

Come like the thrust that cleaves
The wounded ere he knows
The purport of the blows
Which he, surprised, receives!

Thy coming be by stealth
Else unto me, I fear,
Joy shall make thee appear
The very breath of health.
—*Thomas Walsh.*

MOSSÉN JUAN TALLANTE

(Late fifteenth century)

PRAYER TO THE CRUCIFIX

Mossén Juan Tallante was a devotional poet of Aragon, whose poems are to be found in the *Cancionero General.* Little is known of his life.

Almighty God, unchangeable,
Who framed the universe entire
Thy truth to see;
Thou who for loving us so well
Didst in Thine agony expire
On Calvary;
Since with such suffering didst deign
To make amend for our transgression,
O Agnus Dei.
Placed with the thief let us obtain
Salvation in his grief's confession:
Memento mei.
—*Thomas Walsh.*

JUAN DE LA ELCINA

(1468–1529)

COME LET US EAT AND DRINK TODAY

JUAN DE LA ELCINA, so called from the probable place of his birth, was educated at the University of Salamanca and entered the household of the second Duke of Alva. He made several journeys to Rome where one of his dramatic pieces—*Plácido y Victoriano*—was produced in 1512. He became a priest and was appointed chapel-master to Pope Leo X. In 1518 he made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. He returned to Spain and died at Salamanca.

Come, let us eat and drink today,
And sing and laugh and banish sorrow,
For we must part tomorrow.

In Anstruejo's honor, fill
  The laughing cup with wine and glee,
And feast and dance with eager will,
  And crowd the hours with revelry,

For that is wisdom's counsel still;
Today be gay, and banish sorrow,
For we must part tomorrow.

Honor the saint—the morning ray
  Will introduce the monster Death—
There's breathing space for joy today,
  Tomorrow ye shall gasp for breath;
So now be frolicscome and gay,
And tread joy's round, and banish sorrow,
For we must part tomorrow.

—*John Bowring.*

VILLANCICO

So rare a flock
In such a sward
A pleasure 'tis to guard!

A flock so rare,
Of such a breed,
Will quickly feed
On land most bare;
When grass is fair
In such a sward
A pleasure 'tis to guard!

'Tis my delight
To lead the sheep
And fold to sleep
Their ranks by night;
The frosts are slight,
In such a sward
A pleasure 'tis to guard!

The fruitful throng
In silence goes;
No bleating shows
It suffers wrong;
Ere shades grow long
In such a sward
A pleasure 'tis to guard!

'Tis well to mind
The precious thing
And safely bring
Where no thieves find;
A flock so kind
In such a sward
A pleasure 'tis to guard!

O shepherd charmed,
In a happy vale,

Where the wolves may rail,
But none is harmed;
A flock unarmed
In such a sward
A pleasure 'tis to guard!

A shepherd true
Shall I alway be,
Since a joy to me
Is my flock to view;
And I swear to you
I shall ne'er discard,
But ever faithful guard!
—*Roderick Gill.*

DIEGO DE SALDAÑA

(Late fifteenth century)

EYES SO TRISTFUL

Eyes so tristful, eyes so tristful,
Heart so full of care and cumber,
I was lapped in rest and slumber,
Ye have made me wakeful, wistful!
In this life of labor endless
Who shall comfort my distresses?
Querulous my soul and friendless
In its sorrow shuns caresses.
Ye have made me, ye have made me
Querulous of you, that care not,
Eyes so tristful, yet I dare not
Say to what ye have betrayed me.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

FRANCISCO SAA DE MIRANDA

(1495–1558)

WHERE IS DOMINGA?

FRANCISCO SAA DE MIRANDA was born at Coimbra and graduated from the university there. He traveled through Rome, Venice, Naples, Milan, Florence and parts of Sicily as well as throughout Spain. He was the typical philosopher and man of letters of Portugal, and wrote in Spanish as well as in his native tongue. See his *Obras* (Lisbon, 1595).

All gather from the village here,
But where's Dominga?—Tell me where.

The rest have come—they all have come;
I've counted them, yes, one by one,—

But she's not here, and O, I roam
All desolate and all alone.
What shall I do?—without her, none
My path can light, my way can cheer.
Where is Dominga?—tell me where.
—*John Bowring.*

OLD SPANISH BALLADS

Old Spanish Ballads are for the most part to be dated from the end of the fifteenth to the seventeenth centuries, although as Gaston Paris has pointed out, some of them are concerned with snatches from older epic poems. It is an intricate question among the critics and may be found discussed in the *Journal des Savants* (May and June, 1898); in Menéndez y Pelayo's *Tratado de los romances viejos*, in the *Antología de los poetas líricos castellanos desde la formación del idioma* (vols. xi and xii, Madrid, 1890–1908), in Ramón Menéndez Pidal's *L'Epopée castellane à travers la litérature espagnole* (Paris, 1910), and in M. R. Foulché-Delbosc's *Essai sur les origines du Romancero* (Paris, 1912).

RÍO VERDE

I

Río Verde, Río Verde!
Many a corpse is bathed in thee,

Both of Moors and eke of Christians,
Slain with swords most cruelly.

And thy pure and crystal waters
Dappled are with crimson gore;
For between the Moors and Christians
Long the fight has been and sore.
Dukes and counts fell bleeding near thee,
Lords of high renown were slain,
Perished many a brave hidalgo
Of the noblemen of Spain.

2

Don Nuño, Count of Lara,
In anger and in pride,
Forgot all reverence for the King
And thus in wrath replied:
"Our noble ancestors," quoth he,
"Ne'er such a tribute paid;
Nor shall the King receive of us
What they have once gainsaid.

"The base-born souls who deem it just
May here with thee remain;
But follow me, ye cavaliers,
Ye gentlemen of Spain."

Forth followed they the noble Count,
They marched to Glera's plain;
Out of three thousand gallant knights
Did only three remain.
They tied their tribute to their spears,
They raised it in the air,
And they sent to tell their lord the King
That his tax was ready there.

"He may send and take by force," said they,
"This paltry sum of gold,
But the goodly gift of liberty
Cannot be bought and sold."

3

The peasant leaves his plough afield,
The reaper leaves his hook,
And from his hand the shepherd-boy
Lets fall the pastoral crook.

The young set up a shout of joy,
The old forget their years,
The feeble man grows stout of heart,
No more the craven fears.

All rush to Bernard's standard,
And on liberty they call;
They cannot brook to wear the yoke,
When threatened by the Gaul.

"Free were we born," 'tis thus they cry,
"And willingly pay we
The duty that we owe our king
By the divine decree.

"But God forbid that we obey
The laws of foreign knaves,
Tarnish the glory of our sires,
And make our children slaves.

"Our hearts have not so craven grown,
So bloodless all our veins,
So vigorless our brawny arms,
As to submit to chains.

"Has the audacious Frank, forsooth,
Subdued these seas and lands?
Shall he a bloodless victory have?
No, not while we have hands.

"He shall learn that the gallant Leonese
Can bravely fight and fall,

But that they know not how to yield;
They are Castilians all.

"Was it for this the Roman power
Of old was made to yield
Unto Numantia's valiant hosts
On many a bloody field?

"Shall the bold lions that have bathed
Their paws in Libyan gore,
Crouch basely to a feebler foe,
And dare the strife no more?

"Let the false king sell town and tower
But not his vassals free;
For to subdue the free-born soul
No royal power hath he!"

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

LORD ARNALDOS

The strangest of adventures
That happen by the sea,
Befell to Lord Arnaldos
On the Evening of Saint John;
For he was out a-hunting—

A huntsman bold was he!—
When he beheld a little ship
And close to land was she.
Her cords were all of silver,
Her sails of cramasy;
And he who sailed the little ship
Was singing at the helm;
The waves stood still to hear him,
The wind was soft and low;
The fish who dwell in darkness
Ascended through the sea,
And all the birds in heaven
Flew down to his mast-tree.
Then spake the Lord Arnaldos,—
(Well shall you hear his words!)—
"Tell me, for God's sake, sailor,
What song may that song be?"
The sailor spake in answer,
And answer thus made he:
"I only tell the song to those
Who sail away with me."

—*James Elroy Flecker.*

A VERY MOURNFUL BALLAD ON THE SIEGE AND CONQUEST OF ALHAMA

The Moorish King rides up and down,
Through Granada's royal town;
From Elvira's gates to those
Of Bivarambla on he goes.
Woe is me, Alhama!

Letters to the monarch tell
How Alhama's city fell;
In the fire the scroll he threw,
And the messenger he slew.
Woe is me, Alhama!

He quits his mule and mounts his horse,
And through the street directs his course;
Through the street of Zacatín
To the Alhambra spurring in.
Woe is me, Alhama!

When the Alhambra's walls he gained
On the moment he ordained
That the trumpet straight should sound
With the silver clarion round.
Woe is me, Alhama!

And when the hollow drums of war
Beat the loud alarm afar,
That the Moors of town and plain
Might answer to the martial strain,
Woe is me, Alhama!

Then the Moors, by this aware,
That bloody Mars recalled them there,
One by one, and two by two,
To a mighty squadron grew.
Woe is me, Alhama!

Out then spoke an agèd Moor
In these words the King before,
"Wherefore call on us, O King?
What may mean this gathering,"
Woe is me, Alhama!

"Friends, ye have, alas, to know
Of a most disastrous blow;
That the Christians, stern and bold,
Have obtained Alhama's hold."
Woe is me, Alhama!

Out then spake old Alfaquì,
With his beard so white to see,

"Good King! thou art justly served!
Good King! this thou hast deserved.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"By thee were slain, in evil hour,
The Abencerrage, Granada's flower;
And strangers were received by thee
Of Cordova the chivalry.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"And for this, O King, is sent
On thee a double chastisement;
Thee and thine, thy crown and realm,
One last wreck shall overwhelm.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"He who holds no laws in awe,
He must perish by the law;
And Granada must be won,
And thyself with her undone."
Woe is me, Alhama!

Fire flashed from out the old Moor's eyes,
The Monarch's wrath began to rise,
Because he answered, and because
He spoke exceeding well of laws,
Woe is me, Alhama!

"There is no law to say such things
As may disgust the ear of kings";—
Thus, snorting with his choler, said
The Moorish King, and doomed him dead.
Woe is me, Alhama!

Moor Alfaquì! Moor Alfaquì!
Though the beard so hoary be,
The King hath sent to have thee seized
For Alhama's loss displeased.
Woe is me, Alhama!

And to fix thy head upon
High Alhambra's loftiest stone;
That this for thee should be the law
And others tremble when they saw.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"Cavalier and man of worth!
Let these words of mine go forth!
Let the Moorish monarch know
That to him I nothing owe.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"But on my soul Alhama weighs
And on my inmost spirit preys;

And if the King his land that lost
Yet others may have lost the most.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"Sires have lost their children, wives
Their lords, and valiant men their lives!
One what best his love might claim
Hath lost, another, wealth and fame.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"I lost a damsel in that hour,
Of all the land the loveliest flower;
Doubloons a hundred I would pay
And think her ransom cheap that day."
Woe is me, Alhama!

And as these things the old Moor said,
They severed from the trunk his head;
And to the Alhambra's walls with speed
'Twas carried as the King decreed.
Woe is me, Alhama!

And men and infants therein weep
Their loss so heavy and so deep;
Granada's ladies, all she rears
Within her walls, burst into tears.
Woe is me, Alhama!

And from the windows o'er the walls
The sable web of mourning falls;
The King weeps as a woman o'er
His loss, for it is much and sore.
Woe is me, Alhama!

—*Lord Byron.*

THE FLIGHT FROM GRANADA

There was crying in Granada when the sun was going down,—
Some calling on the Trinity—some calling on Mahoun!
Here passed away the Koran,—there, in the Cross was borne,—
And here was heard the Christian bell,—and there the Moorish horn.

Te Deum Laudamus! was up the Alcala sung;
Down from the Alhambra's minarets were all the crescents flung;
The arms thereon of Aragon they with Castile's display;
One king comes in in triumph,—one weeping goes away.

Thus cried the weeper, while his hands his
old white beard did tear,
"Farewell, farewell, Granada! thou city
without peer!
Woe, woe, thou pride of Heathendom! seven hundred years and more
Have gone since first the faithful thy royal
sceptre bore!

"Thou wert the happy mother of an high
renownèd race;
Within thee dwelt a haughty line that now
go from their place;
Within thee fearless knights did dwell, who
fought with mickle glee
The enemies of proud Castile—the bane
of Christientie!

"The mother of fair dames wert thou, of
truth and beauty rare,
Into whose arms did courteous knights for
solace sweet repair;
For whose dear sakes the gallants of Afric
made display
Of might in joust and battle on many a
bloody day.

"Here gallants held it little thing for ladies' sake to die,
Or for the Prophet's honor and pride of Soldanry;—
For here did valor flourish and deeds of warlike might
Ennobled lordly palaces, in which was our delight.

"The gardens of thy Vega, its fields and blooming bowers,—
Woe, woe! I see their beauty gone, and scattered all their flowers!
No reverence can he claim, the King that such a land hath lost,—
On charger never can he ride, nor be heard among the host;

"But in some dark and dismal place, where none his face may see,
There weeping and lamenting, alone that King should be."—

Thus spoke Granada's King as he was riding to the sea,
About to cross Gibraltar's Strait away to Barbary;

Thus he in heaviness of soul unto his Queen did cry
(He had stopped and ta'en her in his arms, for together they did fly).

"Unhappy King! whose craven soul can brook" (she made reply)
"To leave behind Granada—who hast not the heart to die!
Now for the love I bore thy youth, thee gladly could I slay!
For what is life to leave when such a crown is cast away?"

—*J. G. Lockhart.*

GENTLE RIVER, GENTLE RIVER

Gentle river, gentle river,
Lo, thy streams are stained with gore,
Many a brave and noble captain
Floats along thy willowed shore.

All beside thy limpid waters,
All beside thy sands so bright,
Moorish chiefs and Christian warriors
Joined in fierce and mortal fight.

Lords and dukes and noble princes
On thy fatal banks were slain;
Fatal banks that gave to slaughter
All the pride and flower of Spain.

There the hero, brave Alonso,
Full of wounds and glory died;
There the fearless Urdiales
Fell a victim by his side.

Lo! where yonder, Don Saavedra
Through their squadrons slow retires;
Proud Seville, his native city,
Proud Seville his worth admires.

Close behind a renegado
Loudly shouts with taunting cry;
"Yield thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra.
Dost thou from the battle fly?

"Well I know thee, haughty Christian,
Long I lived beneath thy roof;
Oft I've in the lists of glory
Seen thee win the prize of proof.

"Well I know thy agèd parents,
Well thy blooming bride I know;

Seven years I was thy captive,
Seven years of pain and woe.

"May our Prophet grant my wishes,
Haughty chief, thou shalt be mine;
Thou shalt drink that cup of sorrow
Which I drank when I was thine."

Like a lion turns the warrior
Back he sends an angry glare;
Whizzing came the Moorish javelin,
Vainly whizzing through the air.

Back the hero full of fury
Sent a deep and mortal wound;
Instant sank the renegado
Mute and lifeless on the ground.

With a thousand Moors surrounded,
Brave Saavedra stands at bay;
Wearied out but never daunted,
Cold at length the warrior lay.

Near him, fighting, great Alonso
Stout resists the Paynim bands;
From his slaughtered steed dismounted
Firm entrenched behind him stands.

Furious press the hostile squadrons
Furious he repels their rage;
Loss of blood at length enfeebles;
Who can war with thousands wage?

Where yon rock the plain o'ershadows
Close behind its foot retired,
Fainting sank the bleeding hero,
And without a groan expired.

—*Thomas Percy.*

ABENAMAR, ABENAMAR

O thou Moor of *Moreria,*
There were mighty signs and aspects
On the day when thou wert born,
Calm and lovely was the ocean,
Bright and full the moon above.
Moor, the child of such an aspect
Never ought to answer falsely.
Then replied the Moorish captive,
(You shall hear the Moor's reply):

Nor will I untruly answer,
Though I died for saying truth.
I am son of Moorish sire.

My mother was a Christian slave.
In my childhood, in my boyhood,
Often would my mother bid me
Never know the liar's shame.
Ask thou, therefore, King, thy question.
Truly will I answer thee.

Thank thee, thank thee, Abenamar,
For thy gentle answer, thanks.
What are yonder lofty castles,
Those that shine so bright on high?

That, O King, is the Alhambra,
Yonder is the Mosque of God.
There you see the Alixares,
Works of skill and wonder they;
Ten times ten doubloons the builder
Daily for his hire received;
If an idle day he wasted
Ten times ten doubloons he paid.
Farther is the Generalife,
Peerless are its garden groves.
Those are the Vermilion Towers,
Far and wide their fame is known.

Then spake up the King Don Juan
(You shall hear the Monarch's speech):

Wouldst thou marry me, Granada,
Gladly would I for thy dowry
Cordoba and Seville give.

I am married, King Don Juan.
King, I am not yet a widow.
Well I love my noble husband.
Well my wedded Lord loves me.

—*Robert Southey.*

ANONYMOUS

(Sixteenth century)

THE *SIESTA*

Vientecico murmurador, by an anonymous author.

Airs that wander and murmur around,
Bearing delight where'er ye blow!
Make in the elms a lulling sound,
While my lady sleeps in the shade below.

Lighten and lengthen her noonday rest,
Till the heat of the noonday sun is o'er.
Sweet be her slumbers! though in my breast
The pain she has waked may slumber no more.

Breathing soft from the blue profound,
Bearing delight where'er ye blow,
Make in the elms a lulling sound
While my lady sleeps in the shade below.

Airs! that ever the bending boughs,
And under the shade of the pendent leaves,
Murmur soft like my timid vows
Or the secret sighs my bosom heaves—

Gently sweeping the grassy ground,
Bearing delight where'er ye blow,
Make in the elms a lulling sound,
While my lady sleeps in the shade below.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

PEDRO DE CASTRO Y ANAYA

(Sixteenth century)

TO THE NIGHTINGALE

PEDRO DE CASTRO Y ANAYA was a Castilian poet of the sixteenth century about whom there are no other particulars. His works are to be found in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xlii). He has been much admired for his poem, the *Auroras de Diana.*

Bird of the joyous season!
That from thy flower seat,
Dost teach the forest singers
Thy music to repeat.

Thou wooer of the morning,
That, to this wood withdrawn,
Dost serenade the daybreak,
Dost celebrate the dawn.

Soul of this lonely region,
That hearest me lament,

My days in sighing wasted,
  My nights in weeping spent.

Chief lyrist of the woodland,
  And poet of the spring,
That well art skilled in sorrow,
  And well of love can sing.

Go where my lady loosens
  Her bright hair to the wind,
Held in a single fillet,
  Or floating unconfined.

The beautiful, and cruel,
  Whose steps where'er they pass
Tread down more hearts of lovers
  Than lilies of the grass.

Sweet nightingale, accost her,
  And in the tenderest strain
Say Silvio loves thee, Cruel!
  Why lov'st thou not again?

Then tell of all I suffer,
  How well have loved and long,
And counsel her to pity,
  And tax her scorn with wrong.

My gentle Secretary!
If harshly then she speak,
Rebuke her anger, striking
Her red lips with thy beak.

Drink from her breath the fragrance
Of all the blooming year,
And bring me back the answer
For which I linger here.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

THE RIVULET

Stay, rivulet, nor haste to leave
The lovely vale that lies around thee.
Why wouldst thou be a sea at eve,
When but a fount the morning found thee?

Born when the skies began to glow,
Humblest of all the rock's cold daughters,
No blossom bowed its stalk to show
Where stole thy still and scanty waters.

Now on the stream the noonbeams look
Usurping, as thou downward driftest,

Its crystal from the clearest brook,
  Its rushing current from the swiftest.

Ah! what wild haste!—and all to be
  A river and expire in ocean.
Each fountain's tribute hurries thee
  To that vast grave with quicker motion.

Far better 'twere to linger still
  In this green vale, these flowers to cherish,
And die in peace, an aged rill,
  Than thus, a youthful Danube, perish.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

GARCILASSO DE LA VEGA

(1503–1536)

TO THE FLOWER OF *GNIDO*

GARCILASSO DE LA VEGA, the soldier-poet, was born at Toledo of a distinguished family. He served at the battle of Pavia and took part in several campaigns, winning the favor of Carlos V, and losing it through his supposed part in a conspiracy to marry his nephew to one of the Empress's maids-of-honor. After some months of imprisonment on an island in the Danube, he retired to Naples. In 1533 he visited Boscán in Spain. He was mortally wounded while storming the walls of Muy near Fréjus. He died at Nice and two years later was buried at Toledo. He shared in Boscán's Italian innovations of style and, in the few works that he left, is seen to surpass him. *Las Obras de Boscán y algunas de Garcilasso de la Vega* were first published at Barcelona in 1543. There is a good edition by

Tomás Navarro Tomás in the series of *Clásicos castellanos* (Madrid, 1911).

Had I the sweet resounding lyre
Whose voice could in a moment chain
The howling wind's ungoverned ire,
And movement of the raging main;
On savage hills the leopard rein,
The lion's fiery soul entrance,
And lead along with golden tones
The fascinated trees and stones
In voluntary dance,—

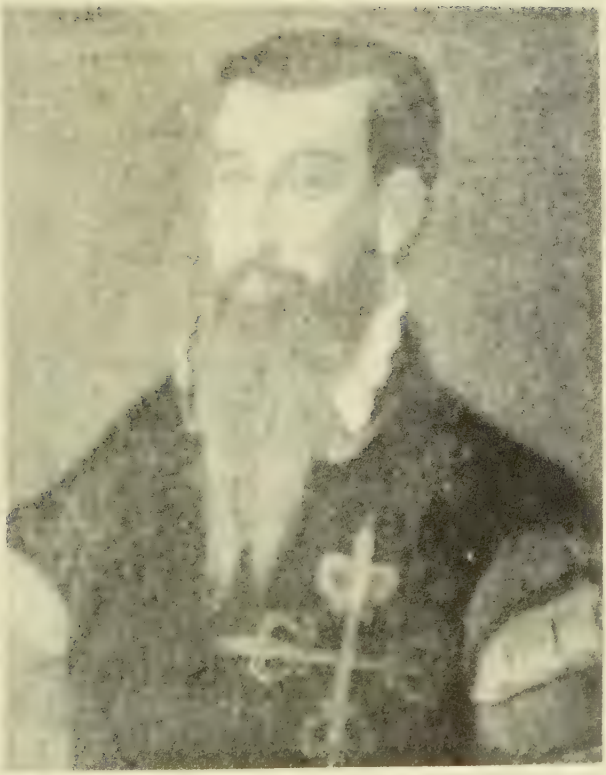
Think not, think not, fair Flower of Gnide,
It e'er should celebrate the scars,
Dust raised, blood shed, or laurels dyed
Beneath the gonfalon of Mars;
Or borne sublime on festal cars,
The chiefs who to submission sank
The rebel German's soul of soul,
And forged the chains that now control
The frenzy of the Frank.

No, no! its harmonies should ring
In vaunt of glories all thine own,
A discord sometimes from the string

Struck forth to make thy harshness known;
The fingered chords should speak alone
Of Beauty's triumphs, Love's alarms,
And one who, made by thy disdain
Pale as a lily clipt in twain,
Bewails thy fatal charms.

Of that poor captive, too, contemned,
I speak,—his doom you might deplore—
In Venus' galliot-shell condemned
To strain for life the heavy oar.
Through thee no longer as of yore
He tames the unmanageable steed,
With curb of gold his pride restrains,
Or with pressed spurs and shaken reins
Torments him into speed.

Not now he wields for thy sweet sake
The sword in his accomplished hand,
Nor grapples like a poisonous snake,
The wrestler on the yellow sand;
The old heroic harp his hand
Consults not now, it can but kiss
The amorous lute's dissolving strings,
Which murmur forth a thousand things
Of banishment from bliss.



From a print in the Hispanic Society of America

Garcilasso de la Vega

Through thee, my dearest friend and best
  Grows harsh, importunate, and grave;
Myself have been his port of rest
  From shipwreck and the yawning wave;
  Yet now so high his passions rave
Above lost reason's conquered laws,
  That not the traveller ere he slays
  The asp, its sting, as he my face
So dreads, or so abhors.

In snows on rocks, sweet Flower of Gnide,
  Thou wert not cradled, wert not born,
She who has no fault beside
  Should ne'er be signalized for scorn;
  Else, tremble at the fate forlorn
Of Anaxárete, who spurned
  The weeping Iphis from her gate,
  Who, scoffing long, relenting late,
Was to a statue turned.

Whilst yet soft pity she repelled,
  Whilst yet she steeled her heart in pride,
From her friezed window she beheld
  Aghast, the lifeless suicide;
  Around his lily neck was tied
What freed his spirit from her chains,

And purchased with a few short sighs
For her immortal agonies,
Imperishable pains.

Then first she felt her bosom bleed
With love and pity; vain distress!
Oh what deep rigors must succeed
This first sole touch of tenderness!
Her eyes grow glazed and motionless,
Nailed on his wavering corse, each bone
Hardening in growth, invades her flesh,
Which, late so rosy, warm, and fresh,
Now stagnates into stone.

From limb to limb the frost aspire,
Her vitals curdle with the cold;
The blood forgets its crimson fire,
The veins that e'er its motion rolled;
Till now the virgin's glorious mould
Was wholly into marble changed,
On which the Salaminians gazed,
Less at the prodigy amazed,
Than of the crime avenged.

Then tempt not thou Fate's angry arms,
By cruel frown or icy taunt;

But let thy perfect deeds and charms
To poets' harps, Divinest, grant
Themes worthy their immortal vaunt;
Else must our weeping strings presume
To celebrate in strains of woe,
The justice of some signal blow
That strikes thee to the tomb.

—*J. H. Wiffen.*

CHANGE

Enjoy the sweets of life's luxuriant May,
Ere envious Age is hastening on his way
With snowy wreaths to crown the beauteous brow;
The rose will fade when storms assail the year,
And Time who changeth not his swift career,
Constant in this, will change all else below!

—*Felicia D. Hemans.*

ECLOGUE

SALICIO AND NEMOROSO

The sweet lament of two Castilian swains,
Salicio's love and Nemoroso's tears,

In sympathy I sing, to whose loved strains
Their flocks, of food forgetful, crowding 'round,
Were most attentive. Pride of Spanish peers!
Who by thy splendid deeds, hast gained a name
And rank on earth unrivalled,—whether crowned
With cares, Alvano, wielding now the rod
Of empire, now the dreadful bolts that tame
Strong kings, in motion to the trumpet's sound,
Express vice-regent of the Thracian God;
Or whether, from the cumbrous burden freed
Of state affairs, thou seek'st the echoing plain,
Chasing, upon thy spirited fleet steed
The trembling stag that bounds abroad in vain
Lengthening out life,—though deeply now engrossed
By cares, I hope, so soon as I regain
The leisure I have lost,

To celebrate, with my recording quill
Thy virtues and brave deeds, a starry sum,
Ere grief, or age, or silent death turn chill
My poesy's warm pulse, and I become
Nothing to thee, whose worth the nations blaze.
Failing thy sight and songless in thy praise.
But till that day, predestined by the Muse,
Appears to cancel the memorial dues,
Owed to thy glory and renown,—a claim
Not only upon me, but which belongs
To all fine spirits that transmit to fame
Ennobling deeds in monumental songs,—
Let the green laurel whose victorious boughs
Clasp in endearment thine illustrious brows
To the weak ivy give permissive place,
Which rooted in thy shade, thou first of trees,
May hope by slow degrees,
To tower aloft, supported by thy praise;
Since Time to thee sublimer strains shall bring,
Hark to my shepherds, as they sit and sing.
The sun, from rosy billows risen, had rayed
With gold the mountain tops, when at the foot

Of a tall beech romantic, whose green shade
Fell on a brook, that, sweet-voiced as a lute,
Through lively pastures wound its sparkling way,
Sad on the daisied turf Salicio lay;
And in a voice in concord to the sound
Of all the many winds, and waters round,
As o'er the mossy stones they swiftly stole,
Poured forth in melancholy song his soul
Of sorrow with a fall
So sweet, and aye so mildly musical,
None could have thought that she whose seeming guile
Had caused his anguish, absent was the while,
But that in very deed the unhappy youth
Did, face to face, upbraid her questioned truth.

—*J. H. Wiffen.*

GIL VICENTE (? —1557)

CANTIGA

GIL VICENTE passed his life in Portugal. He was of good family, although his history is far from certain. During his years at the Portuguese court he wrote many plays, a large number in Spanish and with Spanish motives. See Menéndez y Pelayo's *Antología de poetas líricos castellanos* (Madrid, 1890–1908, vol. ii).

Full of grace exceedingly,
As she hath charm and loveliness;
Speak, O sailor of the sea,
And from out thy bark, confess
That never ship nor sail can be
Beautiful as she.
Speak, thou knightly man-at-arms,
Boasting of thy panoply,—
Are horse or sword or war-alarms
Beautiful as she?
Speak, thou shepherd of the hills,

Where thine idle flocks are free,—
Are there peaks or vales or rills
Beautiful as she?

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE NIGHTINGALE

The rose looks out in the valley
And thither will I go!
To the rosy vale where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

The virgin is on the river-side
Culling the lemons pale;
Thither,—yes! thither will I go
To the rosy vale where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

The fairest fruit her hand hath culled,
'Tis for her lover all,
Thither,—yes! thither will I go
To the rosy vale where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

In her hat of straw, for her gentle swain,
She has placed the lemons pale;

Thither,—yes! thither will I go
To the rosy vale where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

—*John Bowring.*

SONG

If thou art sleeping, maiden,
Awake and open thy door.
'Tis the break of day, and we must away
O'er meadow, and mount, and moor.

Wait not to find thy slippers,
But come with thy naked feet;
We shall have to pass through the dewy grass
And waters wide and fleet.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

SAINT TERESA (1515–1582)

LINES WRITTEN IN HER BREVIARY

SAINT TERESA of Ávila, was born Teresa de Cepeda y Ahumada, at Ávila. In 1534 she became a Carmelite nun and began her reforms and foundations. Known as the *Madre Teresa de Jesús*, she gave evidence of the highest practical talents and of inspiration as a mystical writer. Her style is simple but passionate with sincerity and elevation. She was canonized in 1612 and was declared co-patron of Spain with Santiago. The best edition of her works was edited by Vicente de la Fuente at Madrid in 1881. Mrs. Cunninghame Grahame has published *Saint Teresa, her Life and Times* (London, 1891).

Let nothing disturb thee,
Nothing affright thee;
All things are passing;
God never changeth;
Patient endurance

Saint Teresa
(*Teresa de Cepeda y Ahumada*)

Attaineth to all things;
Who God possesseth
In nothing is wanting;
Alone God sufficeth.
—*H. W. Longfellow.*

"IF, LORD, THY LOVE FOR ME IS STRONG"

If, Lord, Thy love for me is strong
As this which binds me unto Thee,
What holds me from Thee, Lord, so long,
What holds Thee, Lord, so long from me?

O soul, what then desirest thou?
—Lord, I would see Thee, who thus choose Thee.
What fears can yet assail thee now?
—All that I fear is but to lose Thee.

Love's whole possession I entreat,
Lord, make my soul Thine own abode,
And I will build a nest so sweet
It may not be too poor for God.

O soul in God hidden from sin,
What more desires for thee remain,

Save but to love, and love again,
And, all on flame with love within,
Love on, and turn to love again?
—*Arthur Symons.*

"LET MINE EYES SEE THEE"

Let mine eyes see Thee,
Sweet Jesus of Nazareth,
Let mine eyes see Thee,
And then see death.

Let them see that care
Roses and jessamine;
Seeing Thy face most fair
All blossoms are therein.
Flower of seraphim,
Sweet Jesus of Nazareth
Let mine eyes see Thee,
And then see death.

Nothing I require
Where my Jesus is;
Anguish all desire,
Saving only this;
All my help is His,

He only succoreth.
Let mine eyes see Thee,
Sweet Jesus of Nazareth,
Let mine eyes see Thee,
And then see death.

—*Arthur Symons.*

"TO-DAY A SHEPHERD"

To-day a shepherd and our kin,
O Gil, to random us is sent,
And He is God Omnipotent.

For us hath He cast down the pride
And prison wall of Satanas;
But He is of the kin of Bras,
Of Menga, also of Llorent.
O is not God Omnipotent?

If He is God, how then is He
Come hither and here crucified?
—With His dying sin also died,
Enduring death the innocent.
Gil, how is God Omnipotent!

Why, I have seen Him born, pardie,
And of a most sweet shepherdess.

—If He is God how can He be
With such poor folk as these content?
—Seest not He is Omnipotent?

Give over idle parleyings
And let us serve Him, you and I,
And since He came on earth to die,
Let us die with Him too, Llorent;
For He is God Omnipotent.

—*Arthur Symons.*

"SHEPHERD, SHEPHERD, HARK"

Shepherd, shepherd, hark that calling!
Angels they are, and the day is dawning.

What is this ding-dong,
Or loud singing is it?
Come, Bras, now the day is here,
The shepherdess we'll visit.
Shepherd, shepherd, hark that calling!
Angels they are, and the day is dawning.

Oh, is this the Alcalde's daughter,
Or some lady come from far?

She is the daughter of God the Father,
And she shines like a star.
Shepherd, shepherd, hark that calling!
Angels they are, and the day is dawning.

—*Arthur Symons.*

GREGORIO DE SILVESTRE

(1520–1569)

LOVE'S VISITATION

GREGORIO DE SILVESTRE was born at Lisbon, the son of a royal physician. He adopted the fashion of Castillejo in abusing the Italianate writers, but later wrote poems in that manner. He died as organist of the cathedral of Granada. See *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xxxv).

Certain Verses very weary
On their laggard footsteps coming
In the Tuscan manner dreary,
Chanced upon a lover humming
Of his woes and bitter sorrows
In the heavy-footed measures
And the leaden-weighted treasures
That were used in ancient morrows—
Heaven forgive our Castillejo
For having praised these oldtime lays so!—

"And whence," said Love in passion,
"This measure so o'erweighted
Our ears have so much hated?"
They answered in this fashion:
"This is a foreign gabble,
The subject without reason,
To common-sense such treason
That the lady doubts the rabble
Is a-cursing her or praising
When she hears its voices raising."
"See, though the device are using
Garcilasso and Boscán,
This for utmost soarings choosing,
Though a Roland is each man,
Even they find insufficient
This false artificial plan.
'Tis for your own damage making
A perverse, mad, undertaking,—
Through my kingdom idly spreading
The false coinage they are shedding."

"To the chatelaine or maiden
(Venus asks) what rash pretender
Speaks the cares with which he's laden
On a speech no mind can render?
You, nor I, nor she, are able

To feel very comfortable,
When we see the very ladies
That we die for, and each maid is
Quite unsure if it's a joke
Or a satire that we poke
In this rigmarole from Hades."

—*Thomas Walsh.*

LUIS VAZ DE CAMOËNS (1524–1580)

ADIEU TO COÏMBRA

Luis Vaz de Camoëns, the glory of Portuguese literature, is also famous for his poetry in Spanish. He was born and died at Lisbon and through birth occupied a distinguished place at court until an unhappy love affair banished him from the city in 1547. He joined the army and later lost an eye at the naval battle of Ceuta. Returning from Goa in 1570, after persecution and imprisonment, he fell into poverty and obscurity and so died. His great work the *Os Lusiadas* was published first in 1572.

Sweet lucent waters of Mondego's stream,
Of my Remembrance restful jouissance,
Where far-fet, lingering, traitorous Esperance
Longwhile misled me in a blinding Dream;
From you I part, yea, still I'll ne'er misdeem

That long-drawn Memories which your charms enhance
Forbid me changing and, in every chance,
E'en as I farther speed I nearer seem.

Well may my Fortunes hale this instrument
Of Soul o'er new strange regions wide and side,
Offered to winds and watery element;
But hence my Spirit, by you 'companied,
Borne on the nimble wings that Reverie lent,
Flies home and bathes her, Waters, in your tide.

—*R. F. Burton.*

VILLANCICO—"I'LL BE A MARINER"

I'll go to yon boat, my Mother;
O yes! to yon boat I'll go;
I'll go with the mariner, Mother,
And be a mariner too.

Mother, there's no withstanding;
For whereso'er I am driven
It is by the will of heaven,

From a print in the Hispanic Society of America

Luis Vaz de Camoëns

Or the infant god's commanding;
He plays with my heart at will,
I feel it with love o'erflow;
I'll go with the mariner, Mother,
And be a mariner too.

Mother, 'tis vain complaining;
Omnipotence is his boast;
I feel that my soul is lost,
And nought but my body remaining;
The mariner's dying, Mother—
He must not die—I'll go—
I'll go with the mariner, Mother,
And be a mariner too.

He's a tyrant without example!
This little usurping lord,
With a single look or word
A king in the dust will trample;
If the mariner goes, my Mother,
If the mariner's bent to go,
I'll go with the mariner, Mother,
And be a mariner too.

Tell me, ye waves, if ever
A nymph so soft and fair
Sped o'er your waters there;

Tell me, ye waves! O never!
'Tis nothing to me, my Mother—
What love commands I'll do;
I'll go with my mariner, Mother,
And be a mariner too.

—*John Bowring.*

ON THE DEATH OF CATARINA DE ATTAYDA

Those charming eyes within whose starry sphere
Love whilom sat, and smiled the hours away,—
Those braids of light, that shamed the beams of day,—
That hand benignant, and that heart sincere,—
Those virgin cheeks, which did so late appear
Like snow-banks scattered with the blooms of May,
Turned to a little cold and worthless clay,
Are gone, forever gone, and perished here,—

But not unbathed by Memory's warmest tear!

Death thou hast torn, in one unpitying hour,
That fragrant plant, to which, while scarce a flower,
The mellower fruitage of its prime was given;
Love saw the deed,—and as he lingered near
Sighed o'er the ruin, and returned to heaven!

—*R. F. Burton.*

ON REVISITING CINTRA AFTER THE DEATH OF CATARINA

Apparel of green woods and meadows gay;
Clear and fresh waters innocent of stain,
Wherein the field and grove are found again,
As from high rocks ye take your downward way;
And shaggy peaks, and ordered disarray
Of crags abrupt, know that ye strive in vain,
Till grief consent, to soothe the eye of pain,
Shown the same scene that Pleasure did survey.

Nor as erst seen am I beheld by you,
Rejoiced no more by fields of pleasant green,
Or lively runnels laughing as they dart;
Sown be these fields with seeds of ruth and rue,
And wet with brine of welling tears, till seen
Sere with the herb that suits the broken heart.

—*Richard Garnett.*

BABYLON AND SION (GOA AND LISBON)

Here, where fecundity of Babel frames
Stuff for all ills wherewith the world doth teem,
Where loyal Love is slurred with disesteem,
For Venus all controls, and all defames;
Where vice's vaunts are counted, virtue's shames;
Where Tyranny o'er Honor lords supreme;

Where blind and erring sovereignty doth deem
That God for deeds will be content with names;

Here in this world where whatso is, is wrong,
Where Birth and Worth and Wisdom begging go
To doors of Avarice and Villainy,—
Trammelled in the foul chaos, I prolong
My days, because I must. Woe to me! Woe!
Sion, had I not memory of thee!

—*Richard Garnett.*

SONNET

Leave me, all sweet refrains my lip hath made;
Leave me, all instruments attuned for song;
Leave me, all fountains pleasant meads among;
Leave me, all charms of garden and of glade;
Leave me all melodies the pipe hath played;

Leave me, all rural feast and sportive
throng;
Leave me, all flocks the reed beguiles
along;
Leave me, all shepherds happy in the shade.

Sun, moon and stars, for me no longer
glow;
Night would I have, to wail for vanished
peace;
Let me from pole to pole no pleasure
know;
Let all that I have loved and cherished
cease;
But see that thou forsake me not, my Woe,
Who wilt, by killing, finally release.

—*Richard Garnett.*

SONNET

Time and the mortal will stand never fast;
Estrangéd fates man's confidence es-
trange;
Aye with new quality imbued, the vast
World seems but victual of voracious
change.

New endless growth surrounds on every side,
Such as we deemed not earth could ever bear,
Only doth sorrow for past woe abide,
And sorrow for past good, if good it were.

Now Time with green hath made the meadows gay,
Late carpeted with snow by winter frore,
And to lament hath turned my gentle lay;
Yet of all change this chiefly I deplore,
The human lot, transformed to ill alway,
Not chequered with rare blessing as of yore.

—*Richard Garnett.*

FRAY LUIS DE LEÓN (1528–1591)

IMITATIONS OF VARIOUS AUTHORS

Fray Luis de León was born at Belmonte of Cuenca, of presumably Jewish origin. At an early age he entered the Augustinian Order at Salamanca and rapidly became one of the most distinguished figures in the life and history of that university. In 1572, his enemies had him imprisoned and tried before the Inquisition on charges of irregular teachings regarding the Vulgate Bible, and it was almost six years before he regained his liberty, proving his orthodoxy and innocence. He was at first esteemed as a great theologian, but in later years he has been recognized as the greatest lyric poet, in Castilian, and one of the great masters of the world in devotional song. His poems, of which there are innumerable editions, were first published by Quevedo. The best edition is that of A. Merino (Madrid, 1816).

From "Pacheco's Album"

Fray Luis de León

That haughty tyranny of thine,
That neck unbending, Love shall take,
I vow, and victim of thee make
In harsh subjection to repine.
Live out thy vain and care-free days,
Love's bitter ways
Shall charge the measure of my score,
When of thy sorrow none shall more
Take any notice whoso pays.

When through the golden locks that crown
Thy brows the scattered snows shall run,
And thy twin daystars have begun
To dim their lights of old renown;
When the first wrinkle line shall sear
Thy visage clear,
And beauty's time is done and over,
And he is fugitive—the lover
That found the rose so fresh and dear;

When thou shalt see thy cause is lost,
And findst thy loving is but weeping,
Thou then shalt know the woe unsleeping
In love that with no love is crossed;
Lady, then with grief shalt say,
That hapless day:—

"Would I had now, alas, my fate!
That beauty that was mine of late,
Or that old love I cast away!"

The thousands whom your coldness spurned
And left to sorrows, on that day
Of vengeance shall be glad and gay
When they have thy discomfort learned;
And Love himself shall take the wing
And publishing
The novel tale of thy disgrace,
To all who mock shall show thy face
To warn them 'gainst the loveless thing.

Alas, by heaven, my lady fair,
Behold thyself in flower so pure
And gracious that cannot endure,
But left unplucked is lost fore'er;
And since no less discreet thou art
In equal part
Than fair and scornful to the view,
Look thou how everything is due
And subject to the loving heart!
'Tis Love that governs all the skies
With law eternal and most sweet;
Thinkst thyself strong enough to meet

Such foe in this poor world of lies?
'Tis Love gives movement and delight
And beauty's might,
It is the very sweet of life;
So that the fate with it at strife
Is saddened with a pauper's blight.

Of what avail the golden cup,
The silken vesture and brocade,
The ceiling with its gems inlaid,
The piles of treasures mounting up?
Of what avail the fertile breast
Of all earth's best,
And its adoring—if in fine,
O lady, slumbering be thine
Alone where the cold couch is dressed?

—*Thomas Walsh.*

AT THE ASCENSION

And wouldst Thou, Holy Shepherd, leave
Thy flock within this vale of woe
And solitude to grieve,
Whilst Thou through ambient skies aglow
Ascendst where death and sorrow cannot go!

But they—so blesséd in the past,
Yet now with hearts afflicted sore—
Thy little ones, outcast,
Bereft of Thee their guide of yore—
Whither shall turn they when Thou leadst no more?

What now remains to glad the eyes
That once Thy comeliness have known?
What longer can they prize?
What voices, but discordant grown
To them who hearkened to Thy loving tone?

The waves of yon perturbéd deep,
Whose hand shall curb?—Who now assuage
The blasts and bid them sleep?
In Thine eclipse,—what star presage
For our benighted bark the harborage?

Alas! swift cloud unpitying
That bidst our joys no more endure,—
Whither thy silvery wing?

How rich the bliss thou dost secure!—
How beggared wilt thou leave us, how obscure!—

—*Thomas Walsh.*

TO THE POET JUAN DE GRIAL

Now is earth's loveliness withdrawn
Unto her bosom; now the heavens are stoled
In vesture of the fading lawn;
And from the branches' lifeless hold
Leaf after leaf unto the ground is doled.

Now Phœbus turns on sunlit tread
Along Ægean shores; the coursing day
Runs swifter; noontide is bespread
With herding of the fleeces gray
Of Éölus upon his blustery way.

By dim horizons go the cranes
Of Íbycus, migrating with their cry
Portentous; and the bullock strains
Against the yoke with shoulders high,
Turning his pàtient furrows to the sky.

To noble studies would the hours,
Griàl, convene us; now the voice of Fame
Calls upward to her sacred towers,
And to that summit bids us aim
Where never yet the breath of passions came.

And at her calling, bolder strides
The foot upon the mountain, so it gains
The final peak whence purest glides
The fountain without worldly stains;
Drink there thy fill, and thirst no more remains.

Then naught to thee is golden lure
That snares mankind upon a fevered quest
For that which can no more endure
Than gossamer the zephyr's breast
Is wafting light and fickle without rest.

Doth God Apollo smile?—then write;
Be peer with olden poets,—take thy stand
Above our newer bards in might;

But oh, dear friend, not hand in hand
May'st hope to clasp me on that songful strand!

For I whom whirlwinds have assailed,
And treachery from high adventuring
Down to the very grime hath haled,
Find broken—I a wounded thing—
My lyre belovèd and my soaring wing.
—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE NIGHT SERENE

When I contemplate o'er me
The heaven of stars profound,
And mark the earth before me
In darkness swathed around,—
In careless slumber and oblivion bound;

Then love and longing waken
The anguish of my soul;
Mine eyes with tears are taken
Like founts beyond control,
My voice sighs forth at last its voice of dole:—

O Temple-Seat of Glory,
Of Beauteousness and Light,
To thy calm promontory
My soul was born! What blight
Holds it endungeoned here from such a height?

What mortal aberration
Hath so estranged mankind
That from God's destination
He turns, abandoned, blind,
To follow mocking shade and empty rind?

No thought amid his slumber
He grants impending fate,
While nights and dawns keep number
In step apportionate,
And life is filched away—his poor estate.

Alas!—arise, weak mortals,
And measure all your loss!
Begirt for deathless portals,
Can souls their birthright toss
Aside, and live on shadows vain and dross?

Oh, let your eyes beholding
Yon pure celestial sphere,
Unmask the wiles enfolding
The life that flatters here—
The little day of mingled hope and fear!

What more can base earth render
Than one poor moment's pause,
Compared with that far splendor
Where in its primal cause
Lives all that is—that shall be—and that was!

Who on yon constellation
Eternal can set gaze,—
Its silvery gradation,
Its majesty of ways,
The concord and proportion it displays,—

In argent wonder turning
The moon doth nightly rove,
Squired by the Star of Learning
And melting Star of Love,
She trails with gentle retinue above—

And lo! through outer spaces
Where Mars is rolled aflame!

Where Jupiter retraces
The calmed horizon's frame
And all the heavens his ray beloved acclaim!

Beyond swings Saturn, father
Of the fabled age of gold;
And o'er his shoulders gather
Night's chantries manifold,
In their proportioned grade and lustre stoled!—

Who can behold such vision
And still earth's baubles prize?
Nor sob the last decision
To rend the bond that ties
His soul a captive from such blissful skies?

For there Content hath dwelling;
And Peace, her realm; and there
'Mid joys and glories swelling
Lifts up the dais fair
With Sacred Love enthroned beyond compare.

Immensurable Beauty
Shows cloudless to that light;
And there a Sun doth duty
That knows no stain of night;
There Spring Eternal blossoms without blight.

O fields of Truth-Abiding!
Green pasturelands and rills!
And mines of treasures hiding!
O joyous-breasted hills!
Re-echoing vales where every balm distils!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

TO RETIREMENT

At last, O thou serene retreat
From all my wanderings! Thou balm desired
So long, that bringst me healing sweet
From wounds naught else can heal! Inspired
Seclusion, gracious welcome for the tired!

At last, thou little thatch of straw
Beneath whose eaves no lurking Care hath stayed,
Where none within a comrade's glances saw
The gleam of Envy e'er displayed—
Nor voice was perjured, not a plot betrayed!

Fair upland, sloping to the skies
With peace beyond the thought of earth endowed—
Beyond where in death's grapple vies
The creature of the fevered crowd
With thirst of dissolution and the shroud!—

Receive me, mountain, oh receive
Within thy fastness! For I come pursued
By slander!—yea, unfinished leave
The tasks that bring ingratitude,
The peace that mocks, and earth's unhappy brood!—

Where one, who late at haven-bar
Hath lain to anchor calm, is now the prey

Of winds that buffet him afar
And waves that gulf him in their spray
And rack his hapless timbers with dismay!

Another meets the lurking rock
And instant down the yawning waters goes
Calamitous unto the shock!
For one, becalmed, no life-breath blows;
On Syrtean shoals the squall another throws;

Whilst others are despairing prey
To sudden midnight and the dread typhoon,
And to the hungry Neptune pay
Their lives in tribute mid the swoon;
Some, bold to swim, are down the ocean strewn!

Strive or surrender to the flood,
What end must ultimate be his, who rides,
Death-gripping through the foaming scud,
Some broken spar his wreck provides
Adown such vast abysm of roaring tides?

Alas!—how often and how often thou,
Unfailing haven, hast been my desire!
Then of thy refuge fail not now—
Fail not when I would so require
'Mid such a sea of troubles blind and dire!
—*Thomas Walsh.*

WRITTEN ON THE WALLS OF HIS DUNGEON

Lo, where envy and where lies
Held me in the prison cell;
Blesséd was the lot that fell
To the humble and the wise
Far from earth's chagrins to dwell;
Who with thatch and homely fare
Rests him in some sylvan spot,
Lone with God abiding there,
And none else his thought to share,
Envying none, and envied not.
—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE VALLEY OF THE HEAVENS

Resplendent precinct of the skies,
Fair sward of gladness neither snow

Nor parching breath of noonday tries,
Domain whose sacred uplands show
Its peace ungarnered deathlessly aglow!

His brows in white and azure crowned
Athwart its pastures softly wends,
O flock endeared with thee around,
The Holy Shepherd; thee He tends
Unarmed with staff or sling where naught offends.

He leads, and happy sheep o'erflow
Around Him in a loving feud,
Where the immortal roses blow
And verdure ever is renewed
Howe'er the flock may graze, in plenitude.

And now upon the mountain ways
Of Bliss He guides; now by the stream
To bathe them in His grace He strays;
Now grants them banqueting agleam—
Himself the Giver and the Gift Supreme.

And when the eye of noon attains
The zenith of its fiery powers,

Amid His fondlings He remains
To drowse away the torrid hours
And cheer with voice serene the holy bowers.

He wakes the viol's melting tone
And sweetness trembles through the soul
Unto such golden joy unknown;
Enraptured then beyond control
It casts itself on Him, its only goal.

O Breath! O Voice!—mightst Thou ordain
Some little echo for my breast
That—self-surrendering in that strain
To Thee—of Thee 'twould be possest,
O Love, and on Thy shoulder find its rest!

Where Thou dost linger at the noon,
Sweet Spouse, Oh, would my spirit knew!—
And breaking from this prison swoon,
Of Thy far flocks might come in view
And stray no more, save paths Thou leadst them through.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

IV HISPANIC NOTES

THE PROPHECY OF TAGUS

In dalliance Roderic the King
Delayed with fair La Cava by the side
Of Tagus' gorge, till clamoring
The river-god from out the tide
Emerged, and in a voice prophetic cried:—

"Licentious despot,—would you choose
Such hour for weakness! Now when thunders sound
And trumpetings of death confuse!—
When clash and shout of Mars astound
Our land, and conflagrations spread around!

"Alas, for thy mere pleasure, how
Our country groans! That lovely one (O day
Unhallowed of her birth!) doth now
On Spain bring weeping and dismay,
To sweep the sceptre of the Goths away!

"Flames, supplications, shouts of war,
Laments of death and anguish and disgrace,—

That brief embrace is twining for!—
Involving you and all the race
In shame the ages never shall efface!

"A yoke of slavery on the lands,
They till at Constantina, where the stream
Of Ebro, where Sansueña's strands
And Lusitania's reach extreme—
On all the spacious Spains,—a doom supreme!

"Hark, out of Cadiz raging calls
Count Julian's voice to speak a father's wrongs!
No shame of treachery appals—
He conjures up avenging throngs
To waste the kingdom that to you belongs!

"Adown the morn the trumpet's throat
Proclaims the doom! See, on Morocco's shore
What thronging, when his banners float
Upon the winds conspired to pour
So swift on Spain the Moslem conqueror!

IV HISPANIC NOTES

"The cruel Arab lifts his lance
And shakes his gleaming challenge to the wind;
Swiftly his light flotillas dance
Upon their way of warfare blind—
See all their numbers swarming on my mind!—

"The trembling earth is hidden where they tread;
Their sails blot out the intervening sea;
Their clamors strike the heaven with dread;
The sun from out the noon would flee
Before the dust cloud and obscurity!

"Alas, how ardently their prows
Surmount the waves! What sinews bend the oar
As every galley onward plows
And how the deeps must foam and roar,
When they glide hissing on the Spanish shore!

"To Ëolus their sails are given
And over Hercules's unguarded straits

Their sharpened prows of steel are driven
Where Neptune, the great father, waits
To grant them ingress by his open gates.

"Alas!—poor wretch, that bosom dear
Can still bewitch you?—that you draw no sword,
When such calamities you hear?—
When even upon the sacred ford
Tarifa falls already to the horde!

"Out in the saddle! Spread your wing
Across the mountains! Spare not on the plain
Your bloody spurs! There brandishing
The goad, come thundering amain
Upon them, Roderic, with blade insane!

"But oh! what travail now prepares,—
What years of sweat and carnage are ordained
On him who shield and breastplate bears,
On princeling who might else have reigned,—
On horse and rider to destruction chained!

"Thou Stream of Betis,—shalt be dyed
With mingling blood of kinsmen and of foes!
Unto the sea how soon thy tide
With broken wrack of helmets flows,
And surge of corpses kingly in their woes!—

"Five days of blood infuriate
The God of war unloosens on the plains,
Where meet the swarming hordes of hate;
The sixth, alas, thy doom ordains!—
O land belovéd,—in barbaric chains!"

—*Thomas Walsh.*

BALTASAR DE ALCÁZAR
(1530–1606)

THE JOLLY SUPPER

BALTASAR DE ALCÁZAR was a native of Seville, who saw service with the Marqués de Santa Cruz and later became steward of the Conde de Gelves. See his poems in the edition of F. Rodríguez Marín (Madrid, 1910).

In Jaën where I'm abiding
Don Lope de Sosa dwells,
And my story, Ines, tells
Wonders past your mind's providing.
On this gentleman attended
A young squire from Portugal—
But to supper let us fall
So my hunger may be ended.
For the table is awaiting
Where together we may sup;
Forth are set the steaming cup
And the glass,—no more debating,—

From "Pacheco's Album"

Baltasar del Alcázar

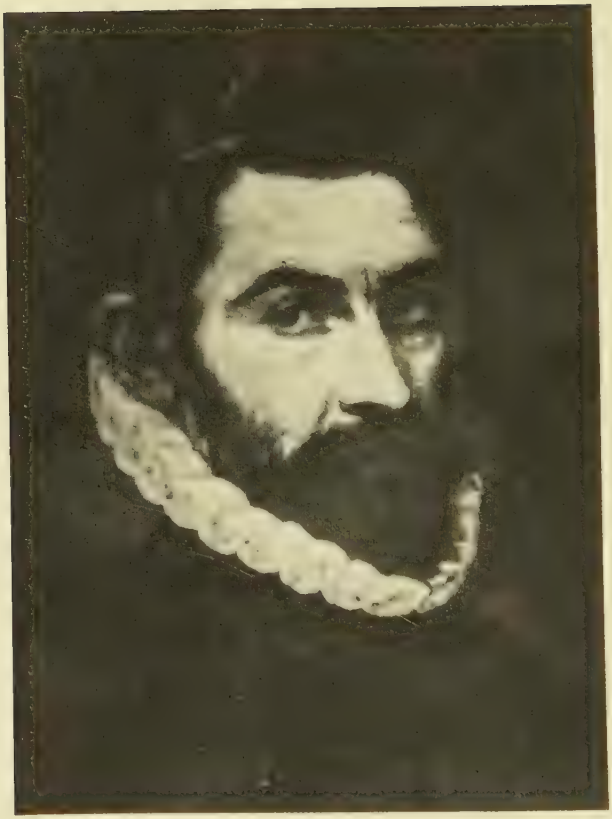
Cut the bread, ah, what a savor!—
This *hors d'œuvre* is Paradise!
From the *salpicón* arise
Odors of a heavenly flavor.
Pour the wine into the glasses
And invoke a blessing now;
Every time I drink I vow
And bless each ruby drop that passes.
That was sure a healthy portion,
Ines, pass the bottle here;
Every mouthful would appear
Worth a florin,—no extortion.
In what tavern do you buy it?
From the place by the ravine;
Ten and six a measure, clean,
Fresh and good and cheap to try it.
By the Lord, it is a treasure
That Alcocer tavern wine;
Certainly, I think it's fine
To have at hand so just a measure.
Whether old or new invention,
On my faith, I do not know,
But this I see that here below
The tavern came with good intention.
For 'tis there I go a-thirsting,
Order up the newest brew,

Mixing it they serve to you,
You pay and drink yourself to bursting.
This, my Ines, is its merit,—
There's no need to sing its praise—
The one objection that I raise,
The fleeting joy that we inherit.
Now, the lighter dishes over,
Tell me what is coming now?
The meat-pie!—O blesséd brow,
Worthy of such noble cover!
What a dish it is, how hollow!—
What meat and luscious fat it holds!—
It seems, Ines, that it unfolds
Its depths for you and me to swallow.
But onward, onward, without question,
For straight and narrow is the road;
No more water,—let the load
Of wine, Ines, invite digestion.
Pour out the three-year vintage freely,
'Twill aid your stomach in its work.
How good to see you do not shirk
But take a grown man's portion, really!
Now tell me, is it not delightful
To have a dish so fine and rare,
With all its biting flavors there,
And all its spices fresh and spiteful?

Pine-nuts in its luscious dressing
Make the brave dame's meat-pie sweet;
And roasted by her there's a treat
In suckling pig that is a blessing.
As true as heaven 'tis fit to honor
The very table of the King;
A pork, Ines,—the sweetest thing
With her delicious tripe upon her!
My very heart is filled with rapture;
I don't know how it is with you,
But taking now and then a view,
You seem contentment here to capture.
Great heavens! I am full of liquor;
But I would make a sage remark;
You brought one lamp to light the dark,
Now two before me seem to flicker.
But these are really drunken notions;
I know of course it had to be,
That with this heavy drink I'd see
The lights increasing with the potions.
Now let us try the tankard's juices,
Celestial beverage refined,
Superior to what we bind
In casks, it livelier joy produces.
What smoothness and what glassy clearness!

What taste and odor rarified!
What touch! What color there beside
And all that makes for luscious dearness!
But now there come the cheese and berry
To take their place upon the board;
And both it seems would claim award
Of cup and tankard passing merry.
Try the cheese,—the choice from many,—
Quite as good as Pinto's best;
And the olives—for the rest
They can hold their own with any.
Now then, Ines, if you're able
Take six mouthfuls from the flask—
There is nothing more to ask;
Clear the covers from the table.
And as we have supped and rested
To our very hearts' content
It would seem the moment meant
For the story I suggested.
'Tis a tale, Ines, to win you—
For the Portuguese fell ill—
Eleven striking?—Wait until
To-morrow, I'll the tale continue—

—*Thomas Walsh.*



From a print in the Hispanic Society of America

Alonso de Ercilla y Zúñiga

ALONSO DE ERCILLA Y ZÚÑIGA
(1533–1594)

FROM THE *ARAUCANA*

ALONSO DE ERCILLA Y ZÚÑIGA was born at Madrid, where he died after a life of soldiering and adventuring in South America. He spent some years in Chile with the Governor, Jerónymo de Alderete. In 1562 he returned to Spain, and in 1569 he published the first part of his *Araucana*, a fine heroic poem, much of it written amid the scenes and battles it describes.

Caciques! defenders of our country, hear!
It is not envy wounds my tortured sight,
When I observe these struggles, who shall wear
Ambition's badge,—which had been mine of right;
For see my brow in aged wrinkles dight,
And the tomb tells me I must soon be there;

'Tis love inspires me!—patriotism! zeal!—
Listen! my soul its counsels shall unveil!

To what vain honors, chiefs, aspire ye now?
And where the bulwarks of this towering pride?
Ye have been vanquished,—trod on, by the foe;
Defeat is echoed round on every side.
What! are your conquerors thus to be defied,
That stand around with laurels on their brow!
Check this mad fury! wait the coming fray!
Then shall it crush the foe in glory's day.

What a wild rage is this that bears you on,
Blindly to sure perdition,—to despair!
These murderous, fratricidal swords throw down,
Or point them at the tyrant! He is here!
The Christian felons, noble chiefs! are near.
Spill their base blood! but spare, O spare your own!

Die if you will,—like men, like patriots die;
But dread a death of shame, of infamy!

Madden your weapons with the enthusiast soul!
O let them probe the invader's inmost breast;
He who would chain you to his proud control,—
To slavery, insult!—O 'twere wise, 'twere best
To stay his fettering hand, nor tamely rest
While strength and valor on your efforts call!
Your blood, chiefs, is your country's!—guard it then
For her!—It is not yours, heroic men!

It grieves me not to see a warlike rage,—
I hail the rapturous fury of the brave!
But never let its violence engage
In struggles leading on to freedom's grave;
Such madness loses what it seeks to save;

Discord's deep wounds, not valor can assuage.
I cannot bear it, chiefs!—if it must be,
Come wreak your waking violence on me.

Let me fall first; for I am sick of life,
And wearied with misfortune;—let me die!
Devote my bosom to the horrid knife,
Since these sad thoughts end not my misery!
Happy the dying babe!—O why was I
Thus made the victim of this vain world's strife?
Yet will I raise my voice, though weak and rude,—
The tears of age may touch the brave and good.

In strength and valor ye all equal are;
To each a noble heritage was given!
And power and wealth and bravery in war
Were equally conferred by bounteous heaven.
In greatness,—strength of soul,—ye all are even,

And each might rule the world, they blaze so far.
Now prove your worth by valiant hero-deeds;
This is no time for words! your country bleeds!

I trust your arms,—your hearts; nor aught suspect;
The future smiles; there is no thought of fear!
Yet it were wise some chieftain to elect
Who all may govern and whom all revere.
Let it be he who yon vast log can bear
Longest upon his shoulder, firm, erect.
Since wealth and fortune made ye equal all,
Upon the strongest chief the lot shall fall!

—*John Bowring.*

FERNANDO DE HERRERA
(1534–1594)

IDEAL BEAUTY

Fernando de Herrera was a native of Seville, where, on taking orders he was attached to the church of San Andrés. His love poems celebrate a famous Platonic love-affair with the Countess of Gelves the mother of the patron of Baltasar de Alcázar. In 1580 he published an annotation of the poems of Garcilasso de la Vega; in 1582 he published his poems, *Algunas Obras;* his *Life of Sir Thomas More* was published in 1592. See *Fernando de Herrera el Divino*, by M. A. Coster (Paris, 1908).

O light serene! present in him who breathes
That love divine, which kindles yet restrains
The high-born soul—that in its mortal chains

From "Pacheco's Album"

Fernando de Herrera

Heavenward aspires for love's immortal
wreaths!
Rich golden locks, within whose clustered
curls
Celestial and eternal treasures lie!
A voice that breathes angelic harmony
Among bright coral and unspotted pearls!

What marvelous beauty! Of the high
estate
Of immortality, within this light
Transparent veil of flesh, a glimpse
is given;
And in the glorious form I contemplate
(Although its brightness blinds my feeble
sight)
The immortal still I seek and follow
on to Heaven!

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

THE DISEMBODIED SPIRIT

Pure Spirit! that within a form of clay
Once veiled the brightness of thy native
sky;

In dreamless slumber sealed thy burning eye,
Nor heavenward sought to wing thy flight away!
He that chastised thee did at length unclose
Thy prison doors, and give thee sweet release
Unloosed the mortal coil, eternal peace
Received thee to its stillness and repose.

Look down once more from thy celestial dwelling,
Help me to rise and be immortal there—
An earthly vapor melting into air;—
For my whole soul with secret ardor swelling,
From earth's dark mansion struggles to be free,
And longs to soar away and be at rest with thee.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT

Bright Sun! that flaming through the midday sky
Fillest with light heaven's blue, deep-vaulted arch,
Say, hast thou seen in thy celestial march
One hue to rival this blue tranquil eye?
Thou Summer Wind, of soft and delicate touch
Fanning me gently with thy cool, fresh pinion,
Say, hast thou found in all thy wide dominion,
Tresses of gold that can delight so much?

Moon, honor of the night! Thou glorious choir
Of wandering Planets and eternal Stars!
Say, have ye seen two peerless orbs like these?
Answer me, Sun, Air, Moon, and Stars of fire—
Hear ye my woes, that know no bounds nor bars?
See ye these cruel stars, that brighten and yet freeze?—*H. W. Longfellow.*

BACHILLER FRANCISCO DE LA TORRE

(1534–1594?)

ODE

BACHILLER FRANCISCO DE LA TORRE, an elusive personality in Spanish poetry, is said to have been born at Torrelaguna, and to have received his education at Alcalá de Henares. Disappointed in love, he enlisted for service in the army in Italy, and on his return to Spain found his "Filis" the wife of an elderly man of wealth. His poems were first published by Quevedo in 1631, and a facsimile edition was published by the Hispanic Society of America (New York, 1903).

Tirsis, O Tirsis, turn and seek again
The safety of the port; behold what skies
Descend about thy fragile little bark
And warn thee not to go!

The frigid Boreas, the South Wind's threats,
Have stirred the seas to an appalling rage;
Upon that troubled marge no sail can run
Upon a happy course.

Cry out, unhappy man!—the heavens receive
And hush your bitter moans and shouts with roll
Of thunders shaking o'er the brows
Of their disturbèd face!

Ah, do not tell me that thy ardent breast
With passionate disorders so commands
Such rash adventure on thee, but to break
The calmness of thy youth!

See, lad unhappy, how the South Wind's rage
Amid its whirling mocks the fickle wings
In dust and blast of satire, and the head
Too premature and bold!

See ye not how its fiercest breath is stirred
From off the burning mountain, where below

Lie in their living death the boastful twain,
Encéladus and Typheus?

Be warned upon thy fortunes, and repair
Thy threatened ills; in time be wise
Nor let mishaps encroach too near, for all
Their sudden charge.

Why shouldst thou perish? ah, return,
Tirsis, return! On land, yea, on the land
Let thy ship be the prison and the cave
Of the infuriate winds!

Afar, the vengeance of the sea, afar,
The raging ordnance of fierce Eolus
Upon the heads of hardy mariners
Who dare to brave his powers.

From off the shore let us behold the storm
And watch the angry heavens, where they least
Are furious against the heads that least
Oppose their vaunted strength.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

FRANCISCO DE FIGUEROA
(1536?–1620?)

SONNET

FRANCISCO DE FIGUEROA was a native of Alcalá de Henares, returning there after years of service in the army in Italy. He wrote both in Italian and Spanish and was the first to establish blank verse in Castilian. His poems (incomplete) were first published at Lisbon in 1625. A facsimile of the edition of 1626 was published by the Hispanic Society of America (New York, 1903).

Land where the sun forever hides his face
And moon ne'er whitens on thy gloomy brows;
Where Nature, avarous step-dame, scarce allows
A scant provision for the human race;
Oh, what a destiny! were I to trace

(Since I have wandered from my natal
boughs)
And end in lone and melancholy drowse
My days of life amid thy snowbound place!

Where never would an amorous shepherd
turn
With rose and violet garlands for my
tomb
And 'mid his sighs memorial declare:—
"Thy hapless ending doth thy Filis learn,
O Tirsis, and two tears she sheds in
gloom
More precious than all Niobe's weep-
ing rare."

—*Thomas Walsh.*

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA

(1547–1616)

SONNET ON GOLETTA

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA, the immortal author of *Don Quixote* and *The Exemplary Novels*, was born at Alcalá de Henares, served in the army and lost his left hand at the battle of Lepanto. He was captured by Moorish pirates and spent five years in captivity in Algiers. He was ransomed and returned to face failure and poverty for the rest of his life. He died at Madrid. His verse is pleasing, but not distinguished when compared to his work in prose.

Blest souls discharged of life's oppressive weight,
Whose virtue proved your passport to the skies,
You there procured a more propitious fate
When for your faith you bravely fell to rise.

When pious rage diffused through every vein,
On this ungrateful shore you shed your blood;
Each drop you lost was bought with crowds of slain,
Whose vital purple swelled the neighboring flood.

Though crushed by ruins and by odds, you claim
That perfect glory, that immortal fame,
Which like true heroes nobly you pursued;
On these you seized, even when of life deprived,
For still your courage, even your lives survived;
And sure 'tis conquest, thus to be subdued. —*P. Motteux.*

SONNET

When I was marked for suffering, Love forswore
All knowledge of my doom; or else at ease
Love grows a cruel tyrant, hard to please;

Or else a chastisement exceeding sore
A little sin hath brought me. Hush! No more!
Love is a god! All things he knows and sees,
And gods are bland and mild! Who then decrees
The dreadful woe I bear and yet adore?

If I should say, O Chloe, that 'twas thou,
I should speak falsely since, being wholly good
Like Heaven itself, from thee no ill can come.
There is no hope; I must die shortly now,
Not knowing why, since, sure, no witch hath brewed
The drug that might avert my martyrdom.

—*Edmund Gosse.*

CANCIÓN

What makes me languish and complain?—
Oh, 'tis disdain!
What yet more fiercely tortures me?—
'Tis jealousy.

How have I patience lost?—By absence crossed.
Then hopes farewell, there's no relief;
I sink beneath oppressing grief;
Nor can a wretch, without despair,
Scorn, jealousy, and absence bear.

What in my breast, this anguish drove?—Intruding love.
What could such mighty ills create?—Blind fortune's hate.
What cruel powers my fate approve?—The powers above.
Then let me bear and cease to moan;
'Tis glorious thus to be undone;
When these invade, who dares oppose?
Heaven, love, and fortune are my foes.

Where shall I find a speedy cure?—Death is sure.
No milder means to set me free?—Inconstancy.
Can nothing else my pains assuage?—Distracting age.
What! die or change?—Lucinda lose?—
Oh, let me rather madness choose!

But judge, ye gods, what we endure
When death or madness is the cure!
—*P. Motteux.*

SONNET ON FRIENDSHIP

O sacred friendship, Heaven's delight,
Which, tired with man's unequal mind,
Took to thy native skies thy flight,
While scarce thy shadow's left behind!
From thee, diffusive good below,
Peace and her train of joys we trace;
But falsehood, with dissembled show,
Too oft usurps thy sacred face.

Blessed genius, then resume thy seat!
Destroy imposture and deceit,
Which in thy dress confound the ball!
Harmonious peace and truth renew,
Show the false friendship from the true,
Or nature must to Chaos fall.
—*P. Motteux.*

FROM "THE JOURNEY AROUND PARNASSUS"

Poets are made of clay of dainty worth,
Sweet, ductile, and of delicacy prime,

And fond of lingering at a neighbor's hearth;
For e'en the wisest poet of his time
Is ruled by fond desires and delicate,
Of fancies full and ignorance sublime;
Wrapped in his whimsies, with affection great
For his own offspring, he is not designed
To reach a wealthy, but an honored state.
So let my patient readers henceforth mind—
As saith the vulgar impolite and coarse—
That I'm a poet of the self-same kind;
With snowy hairs of swan, with voice of hoarse
And jet-black crow, the rough bark of my wit
To polish down Time vainly spends its force;
Upon the top of Fortune's wheel to sit,
For one short moment hath not been my fate,
For when I'd mount, it fails to turn a whit;
But yet to learn if one high thought and great
Might not some happier occasion seize,
I travelled on with slow and tardy gait,

A wheaten loaf, with eight small scraps of
cheese,
Was all the stock my wallet did contain,
Good for the road, and carried with great
ease.
"Farewell," quoth I, "my humble home
and plain!
Farewell, Madrid, thy Prado, and thy
springs
Distilling nectar and ambrosial rain!
Farewell, ye gay assemblies, pleasant
things
To cheer one aching bosom, and delight
Two thousand faint, aspiring underlings!
Farewell, thou charming and deceitful site,
Where erst two giants great were set ablaze
By thunderbolt of Jove, in fiery might!
Farewell, ye public theatres, whose praise
Rests on the ignorance I see becrown
The countless follies of unnumbered plays!"

—James Young Gibson.

SAINT JOHN OF THE CROSS
(1549–1591)

THE OBSCURE NIGHT OF THE SOUL

Saint John of the Cross was born Juan de Yepes y Álvarez, at Ontiveros. He joined the Carmelite Order in 1563, and soon became an energetic reformer of monastic life, gaining renown as a mystic and saintly character. He became known as the "Ecstatic Doctor" through the inspired nature of his prose writings. His poems are few, but among the greatest productions in all literature. See the *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xxvii). He was canonized in 1726.

Upon an obscure night
Fevered with love in love's anxiety
(O hapless-happy plight!),
I went, none seeing me,
Forth from my house where all things quiet
be.

St. John of the Cross

By night, secure from sight,
And by the secret stair, disguisedly,
(O hapless-happy plight!)
By night, and privily,
Forth from my house where all things quiet be.

Blest night of wandering,
In secret, where by none might I be spied,
Nor I see anything;
Without a light or guide,
Save that which in my heart burnt in my side

That light did lead me on,
More surely than the shining of noontide,
Where well I knew that one
Did for my coming bide;
Where He abode, might none but He abide.

O night that didst lead thus,
O night more lovely than the dawn of light,
O night that broughtest us,
Lover to lover's sight,
Lover with loved in marriage of delight!

Upon my flowery breast
Wholly for Him, and save Himself for none,
There did I give sweet rest
To my belovèd one;
The fanning of the cedars breathed thereon.

When the first moving air
Blew from the tower and waved His locks aside,
His hand, with gentle care,
Did wound me in the side,
And in my body all my senses died.

All things I then forgot,
My cheek on Him who for my coming came;
All ceased, and I was not,
Leaving my cares and shame
Among the lilies, and forgetting them.

—*Arthur Symons.*

O FLAME OF LIVING LOVE

O flame of living love,
That dost eternally
Pierce through my soul with so consuming heat,

Since there's no help above,
Make thou an end of me,
And break the bond of this encounter sweet.

O burn that burns to heal!
O more than pleasant wound!
And O soft hand, O touch most delicate,
That dost new life reveal,
That dost in grace abound,
And, slaying, dost from death to life translate!

O lamps of fire that shined
With so intense a light
That those deep caverns where the senses live,
Which were obscure and blind,
Now with strange glories bright,
Both heat and light to His belovèd give!

With how benign intent
Rememberest thou my breast,
Where thou alone abidest secretly;
And in thy sweet ascent,
With glory and good possessed,
How delicately thou teachest love to me!

—*Arthur Symons.*

FRANCISCO DE ALDANA
(1550–1578)

THE IMAGE OF GOD

Francisco de Aldana, was a soldier-poet born at Tortosa. He perished in the African disaster that overtook the Portuguese King, Dom Sebastian, in 1578. The body of his writings has been lost, although he was much esteemed as an author of mystical poetry, some of which has survived.

O Lord! who seest from yon starry height,
Centered in one the future and the past,
Fashioned in thine own image, see how fast
The world obscures in me what once was bright!
Eternal Sun! the warmth which thou hast given
To cheer life's flowery April, fast decays;
Yet, in the hoary winter of my days,
Forever green shall be my trust in heaven.

Celestial King! oh let thy presence pass
Before my spirit, and an image fair
Shall meet that look of mercy from on high,
As the reflected image in a glass
Doth meet the look of him who seeks it there,
And owes its being to the gazer's eye.
—*H. W. Longfellow.*

MY NATIVE LAND

Clear fount of light! my native land on high
Bright with a glory that shall never fade!
Mansion of truth! without a veil or shade,
Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's eye.
There dwells the soul in its ethereal essence,
Gasping no longer for life's feeble breath,
But sentinelled in heaven, its glorious presence
With pitying eye beholds, yet fears not, death.

Beloved country! banished from thy shore
A stranger in this prison-house of clay,

The exiled spirit weeps and sighs for thee!
Heavenward the bright perfections I adore
Direct, and the sure promise cheers the way,
That, whither love aspires, there shall my dwelling be.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

MATEO VÁZQUEZ DE LECA
(About 1550)

SONNET

MATEO VÁZQUEZ DE LECA may be assumed to have been a Sevillian, although no definite facts of his life or dates are to be found. He was secretary to Philip II, and left several works on genealogical and moral questions.

You were a foolish, though an amorous fellow,
Leander—had you for a boat but waited
Death and the devil might have both been cheated
And history have been spared the pains to tell how
A silly youth was drowned!—You might have gone
Dry-footed to your mistress, and have kissed her

In nuptial joy,—but no!—for driven on
By an impatient passion's gust, you missed her

And died.—A pity that!—In this our Seville
You've not a notion how we cheat the devil;
And run no risk of colds nor disappointments;
True, love may graze us,—but the drowning plan
Is a mistake, which neither oil nor ointments,
Nor wit, nor wisdom, can get over, man.

—*John Bowring.*

FRANCISCO DE MEDRANO
(Sixteenth Century)

ART AND NATURE

FRANCISCO DE MEDRANO was a native of Seville during the sixteenth century. Practically nothing is known as to the date of his birth or death or the events of his life. He is known to have visited Italy. His works, first printed in Palermo in 1617, are to be found in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vols. 35 and 42).

The works of human artifice soon tire
  The curious eye; the fountain's sparkling rill
  And gardens, when adorned by human skill,
Reproach the feeble hand, the vain desire.
But oh, the free and wild magnificence
  Of Nature in her lavish hours doth steal,
  In admiration silent and intense,
The soul of him who hath a soul to feel.

The river moving on its ceaseless way,
The verdant reach of meadows fair and green,
And the blue hills that bound the sylvan scene,
These speak of grandeur, that defies decay,—
Proclaims the Eternal Architect on high,
Who stamps on all his works his own eternity.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

THE TWO HARVESTS

But yesterday these few and hoary sheaves
Waved in the golden harvest; from the plain
I saw the blade shoot upward, and the grain
Put forth the unripe ear and tender leaves.
Then the glad upland smiled upon the view,
And to the air the broad green leaves unrolled,
A peerless emerald in each silken fold,
And on each palm a pearl of morning dew.

And thus sprang up and ripened in brief space
All that beneath the reaper's sickle died,
All that smiled beauteous in the summer-tide.
And what are we? a copy of that race,
The later harvest of a longer year!
And oh! how many fall before the ripened ear!

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

VICENTE ESPINEL
(1551–1624)

LETRILLA

VICENTE ESPINEL was born at Ronda. After being sold into captivity by Moorish pirates he joined the Spanish army in Italy. Later, he returned to Spain, took orders, and obtained a post at the hospital at Ronda, where his irregular conduct led to his disgrace. He was a famous musician of the school of Salamanca and added the fifth string to the guitar, to the disapproval of Lope de Vega. His death occurred at Madrid. He is most famed as the author of the *Relaciones de la Vida del Escudero Marcos de Obregón* (1618), after which Le Sage copied his more famous *Gil Blas*. Espinel's *Diversas Rimas* were published in 1591.

A thousand, thousand times I seek
My lovely maid;
But I am silent, still, afraid

That if I speak
The maid might frown, and then my heart would break.

I've oft resolved to tell her all,
But dare not—what a woe 'twould be
From doubtful favor's smiles to fall
To the harsh frown of certainty.
Her grace—her music cheers me now;
The dimpled roses on her cheek,
But fear restrains my tongue, for how,
How should I speak,
When, if she frowned, my troubled heart would break?

No! rather I'll conceal my story
In my full heart's most secret cell;
For though I feel a doubtful glory
I 'scape the certainty of hell.
I lose, 'tis true, the bliss of heaven—
I own my courage is but weak;
That weakness may be well forgiven,
For should she speak
In words ungentle, O my heart would break.

—*John Bowring.*

FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY

He who is both brave and bold
  Wins the lady that he would;
But the courageless and cold
  Never did and never could.

Modesty in women's game
  Is a wide and shielding veil;
  They are tutored to conceal
Passion's fiercely burning flame.
He who serves them brave and bold,
  He alone is understood;
But the courageless and cold
  Ne'er could win and never should.

If you love a lady bright,
  Seek, and you shall find a way;
  All that love would say—to say,
If you watch the occasion right,
Cupid's ranks are brave and bold,
  Every soldier firm and good;
But the courageless and cold
  Ne'er have conquered—never could.

—*John Bowring.*

ANONYMOUS

(Sixteenth or Seventeenth Century)

TO CHRIST CRUCIFIED

This famous sonnet, in spite of the ascription of its authorship to Saint Teresa of Avila in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles*, is still declared to be anonymous. (M. R. Fouché-Delbosc, *Revue Hispanique*, 1895, vol. ii.) It has also been attributed, without sufficient reason, to Saint Ignatius de Loyola, Saint Francis Xavier, and Pedro de los Reyes, The Latin hymn "*Deus ego te amo*" is similar to it in many ways. The latter hymn, the work of Saint Francis Xavier, has been beautifully rendered into English by Alexander Pope. The sonnet has also been translated by Dryden in his "O God, thou art the object of my love."

I am not moved to love Thee, O my Lord,
By any longing for Thy Promised Land;
Nor by the fear of hell am I unmanned

To cease from my transgressing deed or word.
'Tis Thou Thyself dost move me,—Thy blood poured
Upon the cross from nailèd foot and hand;
And all the wounds that did Thy body brand;
And all Thy shame and bitter death's award.

Yea, to Thy heart am I so deeply stirred
That I would love Thee were no heaven on high,—
That I would fear, were hell a tale absurd!
Such my desire, all questioning grows vain;
Though hope deny me hope I still should sigh,
And as my love is now, it should remain.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

LUPERCIO LEONARDO DE ARGENSOLA
(1559–1613)

SONNET

LUPERCIO LEONARDO DE ARGENSOLA, together with his brother Bartolomé, is considered among the greater poets of the seventeenth century. He made some attempts at the drama, but it is not until the publication of *Rimas* in 1634 that we have a text to warrant their great reputation. The Argensolas were of Italian descent and followed the methods of the Italian poets, with a strong classical tendency which saved them from the abuses of Gongorism, then at its height. Lupercio became the Chronicler of Aragon and, following the Count de Lemos to Naples, died there.

October scatters the torn vines around,
And the great floods their 'customed
bounds break o'er;

Drowning the plains their shoreless waters pour,
Sweeping both bridge and bank in Spain's whole bound.
Moncayo, as of old, lifts up his crowned
High forehead of the snows; the sun no more
Than scarce appears with day's half-portioned store,
When it is covered o'er with night profound.

The angry breath of tempests is abroad
Upon the seas and forests. Mankind hastes
Into his ports and cabins wisely awed;
Whilst Fabio by the Tays lingering wastes
His shamefaced tears, to mourn the seasons' fraud,—
The fruits that wither ere the lip half tastes.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

JOSÉ DE VALDIVIELSO

(1560–1638)

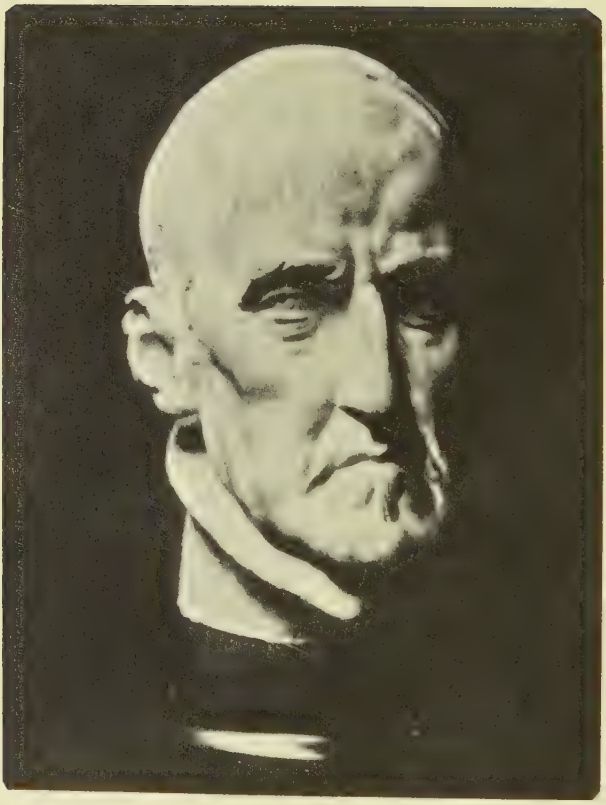
SEGUIDILLA

José de Valdivielso was a native of Toledo, and the author of the excellent *Autos Sacramentales*, and *Comedias Divinas*. His *Vida de San José* is also noteworthy; but he is especially esteemed for his devotional lyrics. There was an edition of his *Romancero espiritual* published at Madrid in 1880.

I who once was free,
Sold unto death you see;
Trust not, Mother dear,
Hearts ungrateful here!
With a honeyed smile,
Mother, a false friend
At the banquet's end
His hand within my dish the while,
Like a lamb betrayed me vile.

Trust not, Mother dear,
Hearts ungrateful here!
I placed him at my side
And passed the dish to him;
I shared and did provide
The best unto the brim.
His bargain rare and grim,—
He sold Thy Son away,
Trust not, Mother dear,
Hearts ungrateful here!
The garden flowers were wet
With the tears I shed thereon;
'Twas Holy Thursday, yet
With me had Judas gone;
He gave unto Thy Son
The kiss I'll not forget—
Trust not, Mother dear,
Hearts ungrateful here!

—*Thomas Walsh.*



From a bust in the Hispanic Society of America

Luis de Góngora

LUIS DE ARGOTE Y GÓNGORA
(1561–1627)

NOT ALL SWEET NIGHTINGALES

Luis de Argote y Góngora was born of good family at Córdoba; he was educated at the University of Salamanca and received a benefice in 1577. In 1613 he removed to Madrid and became chaplain to the King. He returned to Córdoba in ill health and died there. His reputation as a poet was already established in 1600 at the publication of the *Romancero General*. His earlier poems are free from affectations, but in his later style he adopted the affectations known as *Marinism* in Italy, *Euphuism* in England and *Preciosité* in France, in this way establishing in Spain the School of Gongorism which afflicted Spanish literature for many generations. His poems may be found in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles*, vols. x, xvi, xxix, xxxii, and xxxv.

They are not all sweet nightingales
That fill with songs the flowery vales;

But they are little silver bells,
Touched by the winds in the smiling dells;
Magic bells of gold in the grove,
Forming a chorus for her I love.

Think not the voices in the air
Are from the wingéd Sirens fair,
Playing among the dewy trees
Chanting their morning mysteries;
Oh! if you listen, delighted there,
To their music scattered o'er the dales,
They are not all sweet nightingales, etc.

Oh! 'twas a lovely song—of art
To charm—of nature to touch the heart;
Sure 'twas some shepherd's pipe, which played
By passion fills the forest shade;
No! 'tis music's diviner part
Which o'er the yielding spirit prevails.
They are not all sweet nightingales, etc.

In the eye of love, which all things sees,
The fragrance-breathing jasmine trees—
And the golden flowers—and the sloping hill—
And the ever melancholy rill—

Are full of holiest sympathies,
And tell of love a thousand tales.
They are not all sweet nightingales,
That fill with songs the cheerful vales;
But they are little silver bells,
Touched by the wind in the smiling dells,
Bells of gold in the secret grove,
Making music for her I love.

—*John Bowring.*

ROMANCE

The loveliest girl in all our country-side,
To-day forsaken, yesterday a bride,
Seeing her love ride forth to join the wars,
With breaking heart and trembling lips implores:
"My hope is dead, my tears are blinding me,
Oh let me walk alone where breaks the sea!

"You told me, Mother, what too well I know,
How grief is long, and joy is quick to go,
But you have given him my heart that he
Might hold it captive with love's bitter key,—
My hope is dead, my tears are blinding me.

"My eyes are dim, that once were full of grace,
And ever bright with gazing on his face,
But now the tears come hot and never cease,
Since he is gone in whom my heart found peace,
My hope is dead, my tears are blinding me.

"Then do not seek to stay my grief, nor yet
To blame a sin my heart must needs forget;
For though blame were spoken in good part,
Yet speak it not, lest you should break my heart.
My hope is dead, my tears are blinding me.

"Sweet Mother mine, who would not weep to see
The glad years of my youth so quickly flee,
Although his heart were flint, his breast a stone?
Yet here I stand, forsaken and alone,
My hope is dead, my tears are blinding me.

"And still may night avoid my lonely bed,
Now that my eyes are dull, my soul is dead.

Since he is gone for whom they vigil keep,
Too long is night, I have no heart for sleep.
My hope is dead, my tears are blinding me,
Oh let me walk alone where breaks the sea!"

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

LET ME GO WARM

Let me go warm and merry still;
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

Let other muse on earthly things,—
The fall of thrones, the fate of kings,
And those whose fame the world doth fill;
Whilst muffins sit enthroned in trays,
And orange-punch in winter sways
The merry sceptre of my days;—
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

He that the royal purple wears,
From golden plate a thousand cares
Doth swallow as a gilded pill;
On feasts like these I turn my back,
Whilst puddings in my roasting-jack
Beside the chimney hiss and crack;—
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

And when the wintry tempest blows,
And January's sleets and snows
  Are spread o'er every vale and hill,
With one to tell a merry tale
O'er roasted nuts and humming ale,
I sit, and care not for the gale;—
  And let the world laugh, an' it will.

Let merchants traverse seas and lands
For silver mines and golden sands;
  Whilst I beside some shadowy rill
Just where its bubbling fountain swells
Do sit and gather stones and shells,
And hear the tale the blackbird tells;—
  And let the world laugh, an' it will.

For Hero's sake the Grecian lover
The stormy Hellespont swam over;
  I cross without the fear of ill
The wooden bridge that slow bestrides
The Madrigal's enchanting sides,
Or barefoot wade through Yepes's tides;—
  And let the world laugh, an' it will.

But since the Fates so cruel prove,
That Pyramus should die of love,
  And love should gentle Thisbe kill;

My Thisbe be an apple-tart,
The sword I plunge into her heart
The tooth that bites the crust apart,—
And let the world laugh, an' it will.
—*H. W. Longfellow.*

THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST

Today from the Aurora's bosom
A pink has fallen—a crimson blossom;
And oh, how glorious rests the hay
On which the fallen blossom lay!

When silence gently had unfurled
Her mantle over all below,
And crowned with winter's frost and snow,
Night swayed the sceptre of the world,
Amid the gloom descending slow,
Upon the monarch's frozen bosom
A pink has fallen,—a crimson blossom.

The only flower the Virgin bore
(Aurora fair) within her breast,
She gave to earth, yet still possessed
Her virgin blossom as before;
That hay that colored drop caressed,—

Received upon its faithful bosom
That single flower,—a crimson blossom.

The manger, unto which 'twas given,
Even amid wintry snows and cold,
Within its fostering arms to fold
The blushing flower that fell from heaven,
Was as a canopy of gold,—
A downy couch,—where on its bosom
That flower had fallen,—that crimson blossom.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

LETRILLA

Riches will serve for titles, too,
That's true—that's true!
And they love most who oftenest sigh,
That's a lie—that's a lie!

That crowns give virtue—power gives wit,
That follies well on proud ones sit;
That poor men's slips deserve a halter;
While honors crown the great defaulter;
That 'nointed kings no wrong can do,
No right, such worms as I and you—
That's true—that's true!

To say a dull and sleepy warden
Can guard a many-portal'd garden;
That woes which darken many a day
One moment's smile can charm away;
To say you think that Celia's eye
Speaks aught but trick and treachery,
That's a lie—that's a lie!

That wisdom's bought and virtue sold;
And that you can provide with gold
For court a garter or a star,
And valor fit for peace or war;
And purchase knowledge at the U-
Niversity for P. or Q.—
That's true—that's true!

They must be gagged who go to court,
And bless, beside, the gagger for 't;
That rankless must be scourged, and thank
The scourgers when they're men of rank;
The humble, poor man's form and hue
Deserve both shame and suffering too—
That's true—that's true!

But wondrous favors to be done,
And glorious prizes to be won;

And downy pillows for our head,
And thornless roses for our bed;
From monarch's words—you'll trust and try,
And risk your honor on the die—
That's a lie—that's a lie!

That he who in the courts of law
Defends his person or estate,
Should have a privilege to draw
Upon the mighty River Plate;
And spite of all that he can do,
He will be plucked and laughed at too—
That's true, that's true!

To sow of pure and honest seeds,
And gather nought but waste and weeds;
And to pretend our care and toil
Had well prepared the ungrateful soil;
And then on righteous heaven to cry,
As 'twere unjust—and ask it why?—
That's a lie, that's a lie!

—*John Bowring.*

"CLEAR HONOR OF THE LIQUID ELEMENT"

Clear honor of the liquid element,
Sweet rivulet of shining silver sheen!
Whose waters steal along the meadows green,
With gentle step and murmur of content!
When she for whom I bear each fierce extreme,
Beholds herself in thee,—then Love doth trace
The snow and crimson of that lovely face
In the soft gentle movement of thy stream.

Then, smoothly flow as now, and set not free
The crystal curb and undulating rain
Which now thy current's headlong speed restrain;
Lest broken and confused the image rest
Of such rare charms on the deep-heaving breast
Of him who holds and sways the trident of the seas.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

LOPE FELIX DE VEGA CARPIO
(1562–1635)

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

Lope Felix de Vega Carpio, one of the greatest figures in Spanish literature, the "*monstruo*" of the critics, was born at Madrid, and after an irregular youth took part in the Invincible Armada, returning to receive priestly orders, but, also, to continue his dissolute courses. He is said to have written 1800 dramas of various kinds, establishing the style for all future writers for the Spanish theatre. His lyric talents are of the highest order, and his fluency makes him one of the most remarkable figures in the literature of the world. His *Obras sueltas* in twenty-one volumes appeared at Madrid in 1776. Menéndez y Pelayo died before completing the collection of his works which he was preparing for the Spanish Academy.

Shepherd! who with thine amorous, sylvan song

From a print in the Hispanic Society of America

Lope Felis de Vega Carpio

Hast broken the slumber that encompassed me,
Who mad'st Thy crook from the accursed tree
On which Thy powerful arms were stretched so long!
Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains;
For Thou my shepherd, guard, and guide shalt be;
I will obey Thy voice, and wait to see
Thy feet all beautiful upon the mountains.

Hear, Shepherd Thou who for Thy flock art dying,
Oh, wash away these scarlet sins, for Thou
Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow.
Oh, wait! to Thee my weary soul is crying,
Wait for me: Yet why ask it, when I see,
With feet nailed to the cross, Thou'rt waiting still for me!

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

O NAVIS

Poor bark of Life, upon the billows hoarse
Assailed by storms of envy and deceit,
Across what cruel seas in passage fleet

My pen and sword alone direct thy course!
My pen is dull; my sword of little force;
Thy side lies open to the wild waves' beat
As out from Favor's harbors we retreat,
Pursued by hopes deceived and vain remorse.

Let heaven be star to guide thee! here below
How vain the joys that foolish hearts desire!
Here friendship dies and enmity keeps true;
Here happy days have left thee long ago!
But seek not port, brave thou the tempest's ire;
Until the end thy fated course pursue!

—*Roderick Gill.*

TOMORROW

Lord, what am I, that with unceasing care
Thou did'st seek after me, that Thou did'st wait
Wet with unhealthy dews before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?

Oh, strange delusion, that I did not greet
Thy blest approach, and oh, to heaven how lost
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon Thy feet.

How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
"Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
How He persists to knock and wait for thee!"
And oh, how often to that Voice of sorrow,
"Tomorrow we will open," I replied,
And when the morrow came I answered still "Tomorrow."

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

BARTOLOMÉ LEONARDO DE ARGENSOLA
(1564–1631)

TO THE FATHER OF THE UNIVERSE

BARTOLOMÉ LEONARDO DE ARGENSOLA was the younger of the Argensola brothers of Aragon, who resisted the influence of Gongorism and who established their literary reputation in 1634 with the publication of *Rimas*.

Tell me, Thou common Father, tell me why,
(Since Thou art just and good) dost Thou permit
Successful fraud, securely throned, to sit
While innocence, oppressed, stands weeping by?
Why hast Thou nerved that strong arm to oppose
Thy righteous mandates with impunity,

From a print in the Hispanic Society of America

Bartolomé Leonardo de Argensola

While the meek man who served and reverenced Thee
Lies at the feet of Thine and virtues's toes?

Why (said I, in despair) should vice confound
All nature's harmony, and tower above
In all the pomp, and pride, and power of state?
Then I looked upwards— and I heard a sound
As from an angel, smiling through heaven's gate,
"Is earth a spot for heaven-born souls to love?"
—*John Bowring.*

TO MARY MAGDALEN

Blessed, yet sinful one, and broken-hearted!
The crowd are pointing at the thing forlorn,
In wonder and in scorn!
Thou weepest days of innocence departed;
Thou weepest, and thy tears have power to move
The Lord to pity and love.

The greatest of thy follies is forgiven,
Even for the least of all the tears that shine
On that pale cheek of thine.
Thou didst kneel down, to Him who came
from heaven,
Evil and ignorant, and thou shalt rise
Holy and pure and wise.

It is not much that to the fragrant blossom
The ragged briar should change, the bitter fir
Distil Arabian myrrh;
Nor that, upon the wintry desert's bosom,
The harvest should rise plenteous, and the
swain
Bear home the abundant grain.

But come and see the bleak and barren
mountains
Thick to their tops with roses; come and see
Leaves on the dry dead tree.
The perished plant, set out by living
fountains,
Grows fruitful, and its beauteous branches
rise,
Forever, to the skies.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

IV HISPANIC NOTES

JUAN DE ARGUIJO
(1567–1623)

THE TEMPEST AND THE CALM

Juan de Arguijo was a native of Seville where his abilities and character procured him a high position in the Sevillian school of letters. His sonnets are to be found in the edition of J. Colón y Colón (Seville, 1841).

Sudden I saw the ruddy sun to turn
  In cloudy trouble and to disappear;
  Across his hidden face the lightning drear
Upon the darkness then began to burn.
Full soon the furious south-wind came to churn
  In fury and tormenting far and near;
  And where the shoulders of great Atlas rear,
Olympus shook beneath the thunder stern.

But soon the heavy veil is swept away
By rains, and clear again the morning shines
With gladness full-renewed across the skies;
Marking the freshened splendors of the day,
I murmur—These perchance may be the signs
Wherein the image of my fortune lies.
—*Thomas Walsh.*

PEDRO VENEGAS DE SAAVEDRA
(1576–1609)

PASTORAL CHARMS

Pedro Venegas de Saavedra was born at Sanlúcar la Mayor, of a noble family belonging to Seville. He died at Granada in his thirty-third year. His *Remedios de Amor* was first published, together with the poems of Francisco de Medrano, in Palermo, 1617. It is an original poem written around the general scheme of Ovid's work of the same title.

How happy he, his idle thoughts unreined,
  Who here arrayed in calmness forth can go
With song amid his peaceful oxen trained
  And join his wearied flocks returning slow,
Dragging the plough as evening's shadow falls
And daylight all its broken host recalls.

Who when the earliest light of Phoebus warns
And earth awakes, is glad from out his bed
Beneath the farm-house eaves, nor laboring scorns
To trim his vines and train the nodding head
Of elms upon the hillsides tall and slight
Such as god Hymen takes for his delight.

Or through the heavy furrows wins his way
With ponderous team, and scatters the glad grain
In token of the Golden Age and sway
Of oldtime Bacchus and Silvanus' reign;
Till grateful gifts to Ceres here disclose,
And on her sacred altars sheaves repose.

Upon the earliest day the floods are free
From icy bondage, there he lightly turns
To seek his Filomena lovingly
When the sun's waning light no longer burns,
And heifers bleat, and doves' compelling song
Is music to the ears attentive long.

Fresh hives the busy husbandman prepares
The bees are out and soon the honey flows;
Whereon with covered face and arms he dares
'Mid smoke and fire invade their treasure close,
And robs their gatherings of sunny hours,
As they themselves have robbed the fragrant flowers.

Within their rangèd pastures graze the cows
And flocks upon the sloping hills afar;
Then in their yards, and folds, and cattle-house
To their accustomed stalls they gathered are;
And from their fragrant floods of milk arise
The nectar and the cheeses that we prize.

The air that never blasphemy profanes
Nor falsehood, blows an ample breath around;
The fields induce repose for all our pains,
And silence weaves its woof of balm profound,

Here where Astrea in her heavenward flight
Left her last footprint ere she passed from sight.

What nobler love can honest bosoms find
Than this sweet solitude and bland content?
Peace and no troubles for the weary mind,
Nor Fortune's fickleness nor blandishment;
Where high above the accidents of Fate
Man lives and dies, without a fear or hate.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

LUIS MARTÏN DE LA PLAZA
(1577–1625)

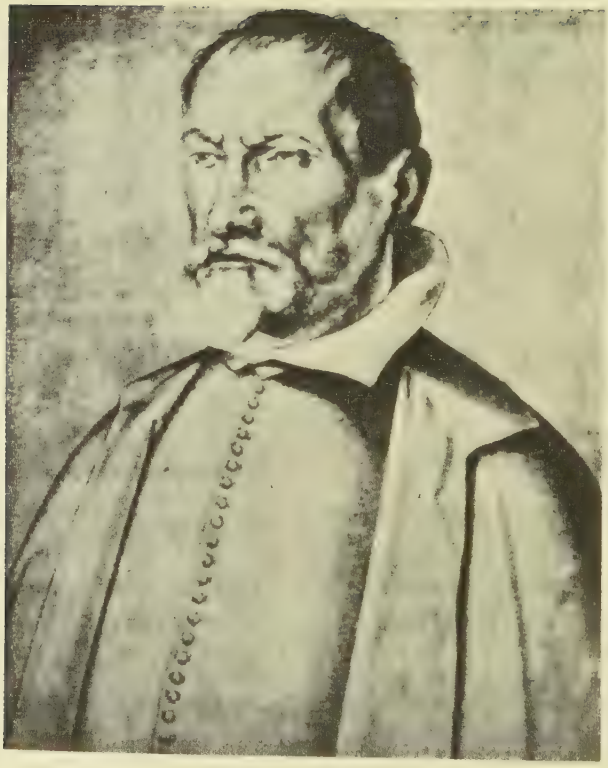
MADRIGAL

Luis Martín de la Plaza was a native of Antequera. His education was obtained at the University of Osuna, and he was ordained a priest in 1598. His poems may be found in *Flores de poetas ilustres de España*, by Pedro Espinosa.

On the green margin of the land
Where Guadalhorce winds his way
My Lady lay.
With golden key, Sleep's gentle hand
Had closed her eyes so bright,—
Her eyes, two suns of light,—
And bade his balmy dews
Her rosy cheeks suffuse.
The River God in slumber saw her laid,
He raised his dripping head
With weeds o'erspread,

Clad in his wintry robes approached the maid,
And with cold kiss, like Death,
Drank the rich perfume of the maiden's breath.
The maiden felt that icy kiss;
Her suns unclosed, their flame
Full and unclouded on the intruder came.
Amazed the bold intruder felt
His frothy body melt,
And heard the radiance on his bosom hiss;
And, forced in blind confusion to retire,
Leapt in the water to escape the fire.

—*Robert Southey.*



From "Pacheco's Album"

Rodrigo Caro

RODRIGO CARO
(1573–1647)

THE RUINS OF ITÁLICA

Rodrigo Caro was the son of distinguished parents of Utrera. He was graduated at the University of Osuna in 1596, being later named *Visitador* of the Archepiscopal estates, and becoming famous as a lawyer. He formed part of the literary circle of Francisco Pacheco in Seville and is supposed to be represented in the portrait marked as that of the unknown poet. His *Antigüedades* of Seville appeared in 1634. He left some few sonnets beside his famous ode on *The Ruins of Itálica.* See the edition of his works published by the *Sociedad de Bibliófilos Andaluces* (Seville, 1883), and *Rodrigo Caro,* by Santiago Montoto (Seville, 1915).

I

Fabius, this region desolate and drear,
These solitary fields, this shapeless mound
Were once Itálica, the far-renowned;

For Scipio the mighty planted here
His conquering colony, and now, o'er-
thrown,
Lie its once-dreaded walls of massive stone,
Sad relics, sad and vain
Of those invincible men
Who held the region then.
Funereal memories alone remain
Where forms of high example walked of
yore.
Here lay the forum, there arose the fane—
The eye beholds their places, and no more.
Their proud gymnasium and their sumptu-
ous baths,
Resolved to dust and cinders, strew the
paths;
Their towers that looked defiance at the sky,
Fallen by their own vast weight, in frag-
ments lie.

2

This broken circus, where the rock-weeds
climb,
Flaunting with yellow blossoms, and defy
The gods to whom its walls were piled so
high,

Is now a tragic theatre, where Time
Acts his great fable, spreads a stage that shows
Past grandeur's story and its dreary close.
Why, round this desert pit,
Shout not the applauding rows
Where the great people sit?
Wild beasts are here, but where the combatants?
With his bare arms, the strong athleta where?
All have departed from this once gay haunt
Of noisy crowds, and silence holds the air.
Yet on this spot, Time gives us to behold
A spectacle as stern as those of old.
As dreamily I gaze, there seem to rise,
From all the mighty ruin, wailing cries.

3

The terrible in war, the pride of Spain
Trajan, his country's father, here was born;
Good, fortunate, triumphant, to whose reign
Submitted the far regions, where the morn

Rose from her cradle, and the shore whose steeps
O'erlooked the conquered Gaditanian deeps.
Of mighty Adrian here,
Of Theodosius, saint,
Of Silius, Virgil's peer,
Were rocked the cradles, rich in gold and quaint
With ivory carvings, here were laurel-boughs
And sprays of jasmine gathered for their brows
From gardens now a marshy, thorny waste.
Where rose the palace, reared for Cæsar, yawn
Foul rifts to which the scudding lizards haste.
Palaces, gardens, Cæsars, all are gone,
And even the stones their names were graven on.

4

Fabius, if tears prevent thee not, survey
The long-dismantled streets, so thronged of old,

The broken marbles, arches in decay,
Proud statues, toppled from their place and rolled
In dust when Nemesis, the avenger, came,
And buried in forgetfulness profound,
The owners and their fame.
Thus Troy, I deem must be,
With many a mouldering mound;
And thou, whose name alone belongs to thee,
Rome, of old gods and kings the native ground;
And thou, sage Athens, built by Pallas, whom
Just laws redeemed not from the appointed doom—
The envy of earth's cities once wert thou—
A weary solitude and ashes now!
For Fate and Death respect ye not; they strike
The mighty city and the wise alike.

5

But why goes forth the wandering thought to frame

New themes of sorrow, sought in distant lands?
Enough the example that before me stands;
For here are smoke wreaths seen, and glimmering flame,
And hoarse lamentings on the breezes die;
So doth the mighty ruin cast its spell
On those who near it dwell.
And under night's still sky,
As awe-struck peasants tell,
A melancholy voice is heard to cry:
"Itálica is fallen!" the echoes then
Mournfully shout "Itálica" again.
The leafy alleys of the forest round
Murmur "Itálica," and all around
A troop of mighty shadows at the sound
Of that illustrious name, repeat the call
"Itálica" from ruined tower and wall.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

ORPHEUS

Oblivion's misty prison ceased its moan
Before the Thracian youth; ceased too the lyre
Its consonance; the tears and fond desire

Ceased in their gentle sweetness to intone.
Sisiphus, at hearing, rests his stone;
And Tantalus might have eased his hunger dire
With that elusive apple, and no ire
Attend him from dread Radamanthus' Throne.

But see, Eurydice is passing through
The deeps of Orcus, oh, behold her doom!
They turn, he to his moan, she to her chains!
O Love, how good and ill are joined in you!
In one poor lover how could you presume
To give his voice such power,—his eyes such pains?

—*Thomas Walsh.*

FRAY HORTENSIO FELIS DE PARAVICINO Y ARTEAGA
(1580–1633)

SONNET ON THE TOMB OF THE PAINTER WHO WAS *EL GRECO* OF TOLEDO

Fray Hortensio Felis de Paravicino y Arteaga was born at Madrid of a distinguished family. He studied with the Jesuits and graduated with honors at the University of Salamanca. At the age of nineteen he joined the Order of the *Trinitarios Calzados* and obtained the Doctorate of the University in 1601. In 1605 he preached the address of welcome to Philip II on his visit to Salamanca; after which he was called to court and made preacher to the King, on whose death he was made preacher to Philip III. He was a famous *predicador*, following the style of Góngora; he was also a friend of *El Greco* and noted for his wit and fancy. His poetical works did not appear until after his death,

From the painting by "El Greco"

Fray Hortensio

(F. de Paravicino y Arteaga)

being entitled *Obras póstumas divinas y humanas* de Fray Felix de Arteaga (Madrid, 1641).

Here all of Greco that can be confined
Doth Piety lay; here buries, and here seals;
Gently dispose him, gently, so he feels
No footsteps stir the part he left behind!
His fame no silence upon earth shall bind
Where men are born; though envy's breast be steel's
Against it; for no other star reveals
Such radiant glow on our horizon blind.

The higher life he wrought,—not mere applause,—
Greater Apelles!—and the wonderment
Of ages shall invoke his stranger ways!—
Crete gave him birth; the brush with which he draws,
Toledo;—and a better land is bent
To grant him rest eternal to his days!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE DIVINE PASSION

Pierced are Thy feet, O Lord, pierced are
Thy hands;
Thy head a shaggy grove of bitter thorn;
Thou hangest on the shameful tree of
scorn;
Thy woe my feeble sense half understands!
You who love God and who would light the
brands
Of righteous vengeance 'gainst such
outrage lorn,
Look, these are things of wonder made
to warn
The hearts of Jew and Greek and Roman
lands!

'Tis you have caused this anguish, of which
you,
Dishonest, are a witness, judge and part—
Your sin against this innocence makes
war!
O mortal, to your ceaseless wrongs are due
This silent victim—I would charge your
heart
With malice that against its God it
bore. —*Thomas Walsh.*

From "Pacheco's Album"

Francisco Gómez Quevedo y Villegas

FRANCISCO DE QUEVEDO Y VILLEGAS
(1580–1645)

LETRILLA: THE LORD OF DOLLARS

Francisco de Quevedo y Villegas was born at Madrid, the son of good family. His education was received at Alcalá de Henares, but after a duel he fled to Italy and took service under the Duke of Osuna, in whose disgrace he was involved in 1618. Returning to Spain, he found no favor with Olivares, being accused of having lampooned that favorite. He was imprisoned for four years in the monastery of San Marcos of Leon. He died at Villanueva, leaving a great reputation as diplomat, scholar, and poet. His poems are to be found in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. 69). *The Sociedad de Bibliófilos Andaluces* began the publication of his complete works at Seville in 1897.

Over kings and priests and scholars
Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.

Mother, unto gold I yield me,
He and I are ardent lovers;
Pure affection now discovers
How his sunny rays shall shield me!
For a trifle more or less
All his power will confess,—
Over kings and priests and scholars
Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.

In the Indies did they nurse him,
While the world stood round admiring;
And in Spain was his expiring;
And in Genoa did they hearse him;
And the ugliest at his side
Shines with all of beauty's pride;
Over kings and priests and scholars
Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.

He's a gallant, he's a winner,
Black or white be his complexion;
He is brave without correction
As a Moor or Christian sinner.
He makes cross and medal bright,
And he smashes laws of right,—
Over kings and priests and scholars
Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.

Noble are his proud ancestors
For his blood-veins are patrician;
Royalties make the position
Of his Orient investors;
So they find themselves preferred
To the duke or country herd,—
Over kings and priests and scholars,
Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars!

Of his standing who can question
When there yields unto his rank, a
Hight-Castillian Doña Blanca,
If you follow the suggestion?—
He that crowns the lowest stool,
And to hero turns the fool,—
Over kings and priests and scholars,
Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.

On his shields are noble bearings;
His emblazonments unfurling
Show his arms of royal sterling
All his high pretensions airing;
And the credit of his miner
Stands behind the proud refiner,—
Over kings and priests and scholars
Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.

Contracts, bonds, and bills to render,
  Like his counsels most excelling,
  Are esteemed within the dwelling
Of the banker and the lender.
  So is prudence overthrown,
  And the judge complaisant grown,—
Over kings and priests and scholars
Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.

Such indeed his sovereign standing
  (With some discount in the order),
  Spite the tax, the cash-recorder
Still his value fixed is branding.
  He keeps rank significant
  To the prince or man in want,—
Over kings and priests and scholars
Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.

Never meets he dames ungracious
  To his smiles or his attention,
  How they glow but at the mention
Of his promises capacious!
  And how bare-faced they become
  To the coin beneath his thumb!—
Over kings and priests and scholars
Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.

Mightier in peaceful season
(And in this his wisdom showeth)
Are his standards, than when bloweth
War his haughty blasts and breeze on;
In all foreign lands at home,
Equal e'en in pauper's loam,—
Over kings and priests and scholars
Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.
—*Thomas Walsh.*

ROME IN HER RUINS

Amidst these scenes, O Pilgrim, seek'st thou Rome!
Vain is thy search—the pomp of Rome is fled;
Her silent Aventine is glory's tomb;
Her walls, her shrines, but relics of the dead.

That hill, where Cæsars dwelt in other days,
Forsaken mourns where once it towered sublime;
Each mouldering medal now far less displays
The triumphs won by Latium, than by Time.

Tiber alone survives—the passing wave
That bathed her towers now murmurs by her grave,
Wailing with plaintive sound her fallen fanes.
Rome! of thine ancient grandeur all is past
That seemed for years eternal framed to last,
Nought but the wave, a fugitive—remains.

—*Felicia D. Hemans.*

SONNET: DEATH-WARNINGS

I saw the ramparts of my native land
One time so strong, now dropping in decay,
Their strength destroyed by this new age's way
That has worn out and rotted what was grand.
I went into the fields; there I could see
The sun drink up the waters newly thawed;

And on the hills the moaning cattle
pawed,
Their miseries robbed the light of day for
me.

I went into my house; I saw how spotted,
Decaying things made that old home
their prize;
My withered walking-staff had come
to bend.
I felt the age had won; my sword was
rotted;
And there was nothing on which to set
my eyes
That was not a reminder of the end.

—*John Masefield.*

FRANCISCO DE BORJA
(1581–1658)

CANCIÓN

Francisco de Borja, Prince of Esquilache, was partly of Italian origin. His verse is simple and natural with an occasional lapse into the Gongoristic style. His poems are to be found in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles.*

Ye laughing streamlets, say,
Sporting with the sands, where do ye wend your way
From the flowerets flying,
To rocks and caverns hieing;
When ye might sleep in calmness and peace
Why hurry thus in wearying restlessness?

Whither is she going?—whither is she going?
Sweetest maid of sweetest maidens,—she, our village-pride,—

Fresher than the daybreak,—lighter than the day,—
Whither is she going?
O she is gone to the greenest meadow's side,
Where the sweet flowers are growing.
She gathers and she scatters sweet flowerets on her way;
Look! how the flowerets are blowing.
'Tis the Day of Saint John,—the Evangelist's Day,—
Whither is she going?

—*John Bowring.*

JUAN DE TASSIS
(1582–1622)

TO A CLOISTRESS

Juan de Tassis, Count of Villamediana, was born at Lisbon. In 1611 he was expelled from court for gambling. He returned to Spain in 1617, where he satirised the Duke of Lerma and other court favorites. While gentleman-in-waiting to Isabel of Bourbon, wife of Philip IV, he was assassinated, it is said, by order of the King, who had discovered him to be a lover of the Queen. His works are to be found in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xlii). See also *El Conde de Villamediana*, by Emilio Cotarelo y Mori (Madrid, 1886).

Thou who hast fled from life's enchanted bowers
In youth's gay spring, in beauty's glowing morn,

Leaving thy bright array, thy path of flowers,
For the rude convent-garb and couch of thorn;

Thou that escaping from a world of cares,
Hast found thy haven in devotion's fane,
As to the port the fearful bark repairs,
To shun the midnight perils of the main;

Now the glad hymn, the strain of rapture pour
While on thy soul the beams of glory rise!
For if the pilot hail the welcome shore
With shouts of triumph swelling to the skies,
Oh, how should'st thou the exulting paean raise
Now heaven's bright harbor opens to thy gaze!

—*Felicia D. Hemans.*

ESTEBAN MANUEL DE VILLEGAS
(1589–1669)

SPRING-TIME

Esteban Manuel de Villegas was born at Matute, where he practised law and was prosecuted by the Inquisition, being exiled to Santa María de Ribarredonda in 1659. His works reveal him as an opponent of the Gongorists and as a classical scholar. His *Eróticas*, edited by Vicente de los Ríos, appeared at Madrid in 1774 and again in 1797.

'Tis sweet in the green spring
To gaze upon the wakening fields around;
Birds in the thicket sing,
Winds whisper, waters prattle, from the ground
A thousand odors rise,
Breathed up from blossoms of a thousand dyes.

Shadowy and clear and cool,
The pine and poplar keep their quiet nook;
Forever fresh and full,
Shines at their feet the thirst-inviting brook;
And the soft herbage seems
Spread for a place of banquets and of dreams.

Thou, who alone art fair,
And whom alone I love, art far away.
Unless thy smile be there,
It makes me sad to see the earth so gay;
I care not if the train
Of leaves and flowers and zephyrs go again.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

THE MOTHER NIGHTINGALE

I have seen a nightingale
On a sprig of thyme bewail
Seeing the dear nest which was
Hers alone, borne off, alas!
By a laborer. I heard,
For this outrage, the poor bird

Say a thousand mournful things
To the wind which on its wings
To the Guardian of the sky
Bore her melancholy cry,
Bore her tender tears. She spake
As if her fond heart would break,
One while in a sad, sweet note
Gurgled from her straining throat,
She enforced her piteous tale,
Mournful prayer and plaintive wail;
One while, with the shrill dispute
Quite outwearied, she was mute;
Then afresh, for her dear brood
Her harmonious shrieks renewed.
Now she winged it round and round;
Now she skimmed along the ground;
Now from bough to bough, in haste,
The delighted robber chased,
And, alighting in his path,
Seemed to say 'twixt grief and wrath,
"Give me back, fierce rustic rude,
Give me back my pretty brood,"—
And I heard the rustic still
Answer,—"That I never will."—

—*Thomas Roscoe.*

SAPPHIC ODE

Thou gracious dweller of the woodland green,
Companion ever of the April flowers,
And living breath of mother Venus's heart,
O gentle zephyr!—

If thou dost know the sorrows of my love,—
Thou that dost bear afar my sad lament,—
Hear me and frankly say to her I love
That here I perish!

Filis, who once my bitter yearnings knew,
Filis, who once my bitter yearnings wept,
Once did she love me, but, alas, I fear,
I fear her anger!

So do the gods with their paternal breasts,
So do the heavens with all their hearts benign
Withdraw themselves, what time thy glad-
some wing
The snows uncover;

Never the dark clouds' burden, at the break
Of morn along the lofty mountain chain,
Bruises thy shoulders, nor their bitter hail
Shatters thy pinions!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

FRANCISCO DE TERRAZAS
(Early Seventeenth Century)

TO A BEAUTIFUL BUT HEARTLESS COQUETTE

Francisco de Terrazas was born in Mexico early in the seventeenth century, the son of one of the generals of Hernán Cortés in his campaign in Mexico. Francisco de Terrazas is therefore the first native-born poet of Spanish-America.

Renounce those threads of twisted gold that close
In glinting ringlets round my captive will,
And on the virgin snowdrift in repose
The tinted whiteness of these roses spill.
Of pearls and precious corals that adorn
This mouth enticingly, be thou but shorn;
And to the heavens, by which thou'rt envied still,
Return the stolen suns that thou hast worn.

The grace and wisdom, which as symbols stand
Of knowledge springing from the Source Divine,
Surrender to the far angelic sphere;
And thus renounced the gifts of Nature's hand,
Behold, that which remains to thee is thine;
To be ungrateful, cruel, vain, austere!

—*Peter H. Goldsmith.*

FRANCISCO DE OCAÑA

(Early Seventeenth Century)

OPEN THE DOOR

FRANCISCO DE OCAÑA was a Castilian poet who flourished about the beginning of the seventeenth century. He adhered to the methods of the old Spanish poets and left a number of songs, mostly devotional in character.

O porter, ope the door for me!
I'm shivering in the cold and rain;
Take pity on the stranger's pain!
I and this poor old man have come
Tired wanderers from a foreign shore,
And here we stray without a home;
His weariness o'erwhelms me more
Than my own woe. Oh, ope your door
To shelter us from cold and rain!—
Take pity on the stranger's pain!

The night is dark, and dull and cold;
No inn is open on the road;
The dreary midnight bell hath tolled,
And not a straggler walks abroad;
We nought but solitude behold,
Pelted by driving hail and rain,—
Take pity on the stranger's pain!

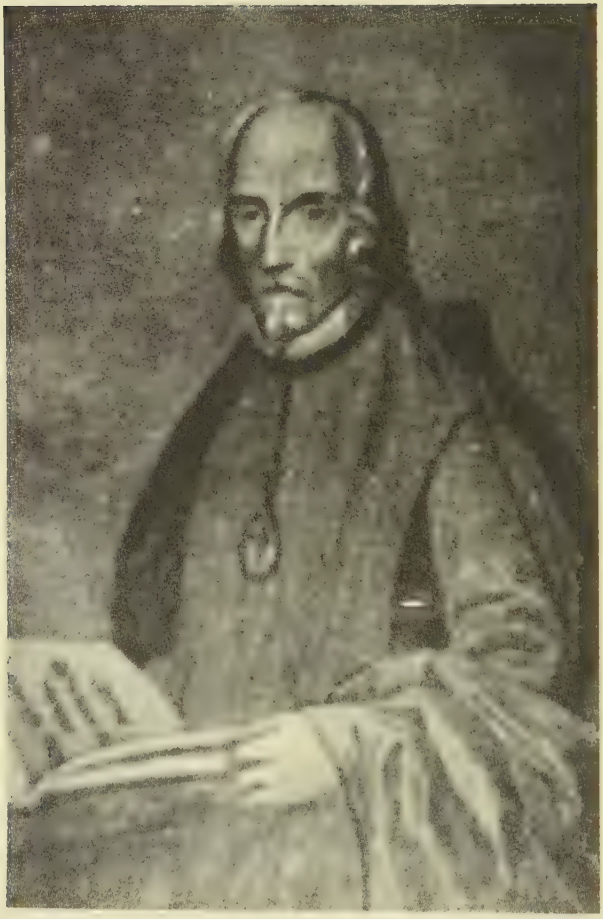
Be kind, be generous, friend! thy door
Throw open for the love of heaven;
We are but two—but two—no more,—
I and my poor old husband, driven
For refuge here; and we implore
A shelter. Shall we ask in vain?—
Take pity on the stranger's pain!

Here give us welcome; thou wilt be
Rewarded by God's grace, which can
Shower unexpected joys; though he
May be an old, defenceless man,
Yet God has recompense for thee;
Thou may'st a noble guerdon gain;—
Take pity on the stranger's pain.

Let us not tarry longer,—ope!
We're chilled with cold,—so ope, I pray!

Ope to the wanderers now, and hope
They well thy kindness may repay;
Time and eternity give scope
For recompense. The wind and rain,
Beat on,—relieve the stranger's pain!

—*Anonymous.*



From a print in the Hispanic Society of America

Pedro Calderón de la Barca

PEDRO CALDERÓN DE LA BARCA
(1600–1681)

THE DREAM CALLED LIFE

From *La Vida es Sueño*

PEDRO CALDERÓN DE LA BARCA, the supreme poet of the Spanish stage, was born at Madrid. He became the favorite dramatist of Philip IV, who created him Knight of Santiago in 1637. He took part in the hostilities in Catalonia in 1640, and became a priest in 1651, which did not, however, interfere with his writing for the theatre until his death at Madrid. Numerous translations of his plays have appeared in English, showing his superior lyrical gifts, even if his inventiveness does not equal that of Lope de Vega. See his *Poesías* (Cadiz, 1845); *Calderón und seine Werke* by Gunther (Freiburg, 1888); and *Calderon, His Life and Genius*, by R. C. Trench (New York, 1856).

A dream it was in which I found myself.

And you that hail me now, then hailed me king,
In a brave palace that was all my own,
Within, and all without it, mine; until,
Drunk with excess of majesty and pride,
Methought I towered so big and swelled so wide
That of myself I burst the glittering bubble
Which my ambition had about me blown
And all again was darkness. Such a dream
As this, in which I may be walking now,
Dispensing solemn justice to you shadows,
Who make believe to listen; but anon
Kings, princes, captains, warriors, plume and steel,
Ay, even with all your airy theatre,
May flit into the air you seem to rend
With acclamations, leaving me to wake
In the dark tower; or dreaming that I wake
From this that waking is; or this and that,
Both waking and both dreaming; such a doubt
Confounds and clouds our mortal life about.
But whether wake or dreaming, this I know
How dreamwise human glories come and go;

Whose momentary tenure not to break,
Walking as one who knows he soon may wake,
So fairly carry the full cup, so well
Disordered insolence and passion quell,
That there be nothing after to upbraid
Dreamer or doer in the part he played;
Whether tomorrow's dawn shall break the spell,
Or the last trumpet of the Eternal Day,
When dreaming, with the night, shall pass away.

—*Edward Fitzgerald.*

FROM "LIFE IS A DREAM"

We live, while we see the sun,
Where life and dreams are as one;
And living has taught me this,
Man dreams the life that is his,
Until his living is done.
The king dreams he is king, and he lives
In the deceit of a king,
Commanding and governing;
And all the praise he receives
Is written in wind, and leaves

A little dust on the way
When death ends all with a breath.
Where then is the gain of a throne,
That shall perish and not be known
In the other dream that is death?
Dreams the rich man of riches and fears,
The fears that his riches breed;
The poor man dreams of his need,
And all his sorrows and tears;
Dreams he that prospers with years,
Dreams he that feigns and foregoes,
Dreams he that rails on his foes;
And in all the world, I see,
Man dreams whatever he be,
And his own dream no man knows.
And I too dream and behold,
I dream I am bound with chains,
And I dreamed that these present pains
Were fortunate ways of old.
What is life? a tale that is told;
What is life? a frenzy extreme,
A shadow of things that seem;
And the greatest good is but small,
That all life is a dream to all,
And that dreams themselves are a dream.

—*Arthur Symons.*

THE CROSS

Tree which heaven has willed to dower
With that true fruit whence we live,
As that other death did give;
Of new Eden loveliest flower;
Bow of light, that in worst hour
Of the worst flood signal true
O'er the world, of mercy threw;
Fair plant, yielding sweetest wine;
Of our David harp divine;
Of our Moses tables new;
Sinner am I, therefore I
Claim upon thy mercies make;
Since alone for sinners' sake
God on thee endured to die.

—*R. C. Trench.*

THE HOLY EUCHARIST

Honey in the lion's mouth,
Emblem mystical, divine,
How the sweet and strong combine;
Cloven rock for Israel's drouth;
Treasure-house of golden grain
By our Joseph laid in store,
In his brethren's famine sore

Freely to dispense again;
Dew on Gideon's snowy fleece;
Well, from bitter turned to sweet;
Shew-bread laid in order meet,
Bread whose cost doth ne'er increase,
Though no rain in April fall;
Horeb's manna freely given
Showered in white dew from heaven,
Marvelous, angelical;
Weightiest bunch of Canaan's vine;
Cake to strengthen and sustain
Through long days of desert pain;
Salem's monarch's bread and wine;—
Thou the antidote shalt be
Of my sickness and my sin,
Consolation, medicine,
Life and Sacrament to me.

—*R. C. Trench.*

From an old Painting

Baltasar Gracián y Morales

BALTASAR GRACIÁN Y MORALES
(1601–1658)

SUMMER

BALTASAR GRACIÁN Y MORALES was a native of Belmonte near Calatayud. He became a Jesuit, and obtained great renown as a philosopher. In his poetry he follows and exceeds Góngora in extravagance of style.

After, in the celestial theatre
The horseman of the day is seen to spur
To the refulgent Bull, in his brave hold
Shaking for darts his rays of burning gold.
The beauteous spectacle of stars—a crowd
Of lovely dames, his tricks applaud aloud;
They, to enjoy the splendor of the fight,
Remain on heaven's high balcony of light.
Then is strange metamorphosis, with spurs
And crest of fire, red-throated Phoebus stirs,

Like a proud cock amongst the hens divine
Hatched out of Leda's egg, the Twins that shine,
Hens of the heavenly field.

—*J. H. Wiffen.*

SISTER VIOLANTE DO CEO
(1601–1693)

"WHILE TO BETHLEHEM WE ARE GOING"

SISTER VIOLANTE DO CEO was born, lived and died in Lisbon where, in 1630, she made her profession as a Dominican sister. Her works are to be found in *Rimas varias* (Rouen, 1646) and in the *Parnaso Lusitano de divinos e humanos versos* (Lisbon, 1733).

While to Bethlehem we are going,
Tell me, Blas, to cheer the road,
Tell me why this lovely Infant
Quitted His divine abode?—
"From that world to bring to this
Peace, which, of all earthly blisses,
Is the brightest, purest bliss."

Wherefore from His throne exalted,
Came He on His earth to dwell—

All His pomp an humble manger,
All His court a narrow cell?—
"From that world to bring to this
Peace, which, of all earthly blisses,
Is the brightest, purest bliss."

Why did He, the Lord eternal,
Mortal pilgrim deign to be,
He who fashioned for His glory
Boundless immortality?—
"From that world to bring to this
Peace, which, of all earthly blisses,
Is the brightest, purest bliss."

Well then! let us haste to Bethlehem,
Thither let us haste and rest;
For of all heaven's gifts the sweetest
Sure is peace,—the sweetest, best.

—*John Bowring.*

THE NIGHT OF MARVELS

In such a marvelous night, so fair
And full of wonder strange and new,
Ye shepherds of the vale, declare
Who saw the greatest wonder? Who?

First. I saw the trembling fire look wan.
Second. I saw the sun shed tears of blood
Third. I saw a God become a man.
Fourth. I saw a man become a God.

O wondrous marvels! at the thought,
The bosom's awe and reverence move;
But who such prodigies has wrought?
What gave such wonders birth? 'Twas love!

What called from heaven that flame divine,
Which streams in glory from above;
And bade it o'er earth's bosom shine,
And bless us with its brightness? Love!

Who bade the glorious sun arrest
His course, and o'er heaven's concave move
In tears,—the saddest, loneliest
Of the celestial orbs? 'Twas love!

Who raised the human race so high,
Even to the starry seats above,
That for our mortal progeny,
A man becomes a God? 'Twas love!

Who humbled from the seats of light
Their Lord, all human woes to prove;
Led the great source of day—to night;
And made of God a man? 'Twas love!

Yes, love has wrought, and love alone,
The victories all,—beneath,—above,—
And earth and heaven shall shout as one,
The all-triumphant song of love.

The song through all heaven's arches ran,
And told the wondrous tales aloud,—
The trembling fire that looked so wan,
The weeping sun behind the cloud.
A God—a God! becomes a man!
A mortal man becomes a God!

—*John Bowring.*

FRANCISCO MANUEL DE MELO

(1611–1667)

ON ASCENDING A HILL LEADING TO A CONVENT

Francisco Manuel de Melo, an historian and poet, was born of an illustrious family at Lisbon. His works may be found in *Obras métricas* (Lyons, 1665).

Pause not with lingering foot, O pilgrim, here,
Pierce the deep shadows of the mountain-side;
Firm be thy step, thy heart unknown to fear,
To brighter worlds this thorny path will guide.

Soon shall thy foot approach the calm abode
So near the mansions of supreme delight;

Pause not, but tread this consecrated road
'Tis the dark basis of the heavenly height.

Behold to cheer thee on the toilsome way,
How many a fountain glitters down the hill!
Pure gales inviting softly round thee play,
Bright sunshine guides—and wilt thou linger still?
Oh, enter there, where, freed from human strife,
Hope is reality and time is life.

—*Felicia D. Hemans.*

SISTER MARCELA DE CARPIO DE SAN FELIX

(Middle of Sixteenth Century)

AMOR MYSTICUS

Sister Marcela de Carpio de San Felix, a nun of the Trinitarian Order, was the daughter of the great poet Lope de Vega Carpio. She is a famous figure among the religious mystical writers of the period following that of Saint Teresa of Ávila. Her principal poem is *Soliloquios de un alma a Dios.*

Let them say to my Lover
That here I lie!
The thing of His pleasure,—
His slave am I.

Say that I seek Him
Only for love,
And welcome are tortures
My passion to prove.

Love giving gifts
Is suspicious and cold;
I have all, my Belovéd
When Thee I hold.

Hope and devotion
The good may gain;
I am but worthy
Of passion and pain.

So noble a Lord
None serves in vain,
For the pay of my love
Is my love's sweet pain.

I love Thee, to love Thee,—
No more I desire;
By faith is nourished
My love's strong fire.

I kiss Thy hands
When I feel their blows;
In the place of caresses
Thou givest me woes.

But in Thy chastising
Is joy and peace.

O Master and Love,
Let Thy blows not cease.

Thy beauty, Belovéd,
With scorn is rife,
But I know that Thou lovest me
Better than life.

And because Thou lovest me,
Lover of mine,
Death can but make me
Utterly Thine.

I die with longing
Thy face to see;
Oh! sweet is the anguish
Of death to me!

—*John Hay.*

GASPAR DE JAEN: "GASPARILLO"

(Middle of Seventeenth Century)

DIALOGUE

(*Between the* Asistente *of Seville and the River Guadalquivir, the latter being very swollen at the time.*)

GASPAR DE JAEN, "GASPARILLO," was a poet of singular satirical bitterness who flourished in Seville about the middle of the seventeenth century. The date and place of his birth and of his death are unknown, but he is supposed to have been of mulatto blood, and to have been possessed of a real mania of hatred for the officials of the government at Seville. See *Gasparillo*, by Santiago Montoto (Seville, 1913).

ASISTENTE:

Know, Guadalquivir, I am master here!

GUADALQUIVIR:

I know it, Señor; what is your desire?

ASISTENTE:

That you suspend your floods and go no higher;
Meseems you are excessive in career!

GUADALQUIVIR:

Your challenge is impertinent and queer,
For see you not, I am another's squire?

ASISTENTE:

So then you disobey me?—

GUADALQUIVIR:

Foolish, sire,
How can I stem my floods your course to steer?

ASISTENTE:

In Count of Olivares' name, then cease;
He is your offspring and my chief supreme,—
And you shall have a decoration high!

GUADALQUIVIR:

What, one of Manzanares' fripperies!—
I want it not, nor fear its hollow gleam!
Confer it, please, on Tagarete nigh,
Which being but a stream of poor supply

Would stoop its shoulders unto any crime,
And take your decoration as sublime!
—*Thomas Walsh.*

From the painting in the Convent of S. Jerónimo, Mexico City

Sister Juana Inés de la Cruz

SISTER JUANA INÉS DE LA CRUZ
(1651–1691)

THE LOST LOVE

Sister Juana Inés de la Cruz was born, Juana de Asbaje, at San Miguel de Nepantla in Mexico. From childhood she showed literary ability and some of her poems are considered the product of the years prior to her entrance into the convent in 1667. She died of the plague in Mexico City. For her poems, see the edition by Juan Gamacho Gayna (Madrid, 1725), and for her biography, *Juana de Asbaje* by Amado Nervo (Madrid, 1910).

Ah! when shall I, my glory,
Discern thy light in radiance shining,
Thy presence illusory,
To bring me sweet release from grief and pining?

When shall I see thine eyes, enchanting rapture,
And yield thee mine, as tender capture?

When will thy voice awaken
Mine ears with thrilling accents from their sadness,
And I, enthralled, o'ertaken
By the floods of its ineffable gladness,
Be swept away in ecstasy, and after
The marvel wanes, hasten to thee with laughter?

When will thy light effulgent
Reclothe with roseate glamour all my being?
And when shall I, indulgent,
The anguish of my sighs exhaled and fleeing,
No more bemoan the pangs of my past sorrow?
When thou shalt come, and glorify the morrow!

Come then, my soul's dear treasure,
Since fast through weariness my life is fading,
And absence without measure;

Come then, lest, heeding not my soft persuading,
Thou wound my love; e'en yet, despite mine anger,
With tears of hope I will refresh my languor!

—*Peter H. Goldsmith.*

CAPRICE

Who thankless flees me, I with love pursue,
Who loving follows me, I thankless flee;
To him who spurns my love I bend the knee,
His love who seeks me, cold I bid him rue;
I find as diamond him I yearning woo,
Myself a diamond when he yearns for me;
Who slays my love I would victorious see,
While slaying him who wills me blisses true.
To favor this one is to lose desire,
To crave that one, my virgin pride to tame;
On either hand I face a prospect dire,
Whatever path I tread, the goal the same:
To be adored by him of whom I tire,
Or else by him who scorns me brought to shame.

—*Peter H. Goldsmith.*

ARRAIGNMENT OF THE MEN

Males perverse, schooled to condemn
  Women by your witless laws,
  Though forsooth you are prime cause
Of that which you blame in them:

If with unexampled care
  You solicit their disdain,
  Will your fair words ease their pain,
When you ruthless set the snare?

Their resistance you impugn,
  Then maintain with gravity
  That it was mere levity
Made you dare to importune.

. . . . . .

What more elevating sight
  Than of man with logic crass,
  Who with hot breath fogs the glass,
Then laments it is not bright!

Scorn and favor, fâvor, scorn,
  What you will, result the same,
  Treat you ill, and earn your blame,
Love you well, be left forlorn.

Scant regard will she possess
  Who with caution wends her way,—
  Is held thankless for her "nay,"
And as wanton for her "yes."

. . . . . .

What must be the rare caprice
  Of the quarry you engage:
  If she flees, she wakes your rage,
If she yields, her charms surcease.

. . . . . .

Who shall bear the heavier blame,
  When remorse the twain enthralls,
  She, who for the asking, falls,
He who, asking, brings to shame?

Whose the guilt, where to begin,
  Though both yield to passion's sway,
  She who weakly sins for pay,
He who, strong, yet pays for sin?

Then why stare ye, if we prove
  That the guilt lies at your gate?
  Either love those you create,
Or create those you can love.

To solicitation truce,—
Then, sire, with some show of right
You may mock the hapless plight
Or the creatures of your use!

—*Peter H. Goldsmith.*

TO HER PORTRAIT

This that you see, the false presentment planned
With finest art and all the colored shows
And reasonings of shade, doth but disclose
The poor deceits by earthly senses fanned!
Here where in constant flattery expand
Excuses for the stains that old age knows,
Pretexts against the years' advancing snows,
The footprints of old seasons to withstand;

'Tis but vain artifice of scheming minds;
'Tis but a flower fading on the winds;
'Tis but a useless protest against Fate;
'Tis but stupidity without a thought,
A lifeless shadow, if we meditate;
'Tis death, 'tis dust, 'tis shadow, yea, 'tis nought.

—*Roderick Gill.*

SISTER GREGORIA FRANCISCA
(1653–1736)

ENVYING A LITTLE BIRD

Sister Gregoria Francisca was born, Gregoria Francisca Queynoghe, at Sanlúcar de Barrameda, the daughter of wealthy parents half Spanish, half Flemish. At an early age she entered the convent and in 1669 became a professed nun of the Order of Carmelites founded by Saint Teresa in Seville She rose to great eminence in her Order and left some precious mystical poetry to be found in the *Vida exemplar, etc. de la V. Madre Gregoria Francisca de Santa Teresa de Jesus*, by Diego de Torres Villaroel (Salamanca). Her *Poesías* were published by A. de Latour (Paris, 1865). See also *Discurso sobre Sor Gregoria Francisca* by Santiago Montoto (Seville, 1913).

Envying a little bird
His flight to heaven my heart is stirred,

So hardy is the wing he finds
To breast the bluster of the winds,
So lightly pulsing doth he fare,
Enamored of the sunset there—
And swaying ever higher, higher,
He mounts unto the realms of fire!
Would I were with thee in thy flight,
Fair plaything of the breeze tonight,
And from thy heart such impulse know
As spreads thy steadfast pinions so!
I follow with a lover's sighs
Impatient, where thou cleav'st the skies,
Feeling my body's prison bars
Withhold my spirit from the stars.
For of the Sun supreme am I
A love-delirious butterfly;
By tender dawns I sip,—but claim
The blossom of His noontide flame.
O little bird, my dismal cell
Reflects His sunlit splendors well—
His glorious beauties are for me
But shadowed in my misery!
In envy of thy boundless flight
But one desire can requite
My heart,—a salamander's soul
To brave His flames without control!—

Thy flight is joyous, little bird.
While I in prison am interred;
But seeing thee my soul is raised
Unto the skies thou seek'st amazed;
A lover and a captive bound
Am I amid my darkness found;
Would that some mighty power would rend
My chains and my harsh durance end!
O what a flight would then be mine,
Could I this shackle-weight resign!
With what warm impulse of the skies
My wing against thine own would rise!
Unto thy heart yon crimson tryst
Of sunset glory hath sufficed;
Thy spirit glad and free of care
Doth to its golden lattice fare;
But I who, knowing, love and pine
For Him that is the Sphere Divine,
Of griefs my only wings can make,
And flights alone on sighings take!
In His immensity of light
I fall into annulling blight;
In the vast clearness of His sphere
My feeble senses disappear.
His brilliance bids my wings expand
To rapid flight unto His hand,—

But, oh, my nature's heavy bond
Denies me freedom for beyond!
Do thou, fair bird, on tireless wing
Beyond the heavenly archway spring,
And breasting higher, higher, bear
This message of my fond despair;
Unto that Light and Sun to show
How love doth wound me here below;
Within the inaccessible sky
To say how of my love I die,
Since through my light of faith alone
His radiant beauteousness is known;
To say, the more His splendor shows
The more my dismal blindness grows;
And yet I glory in the dark
His steps in passing by me mark;
To say I wait the joyous hour
When He shall break the mortal power
That holds me prisoned here so long,
And loose me for the wingéd throng,
To say His rays through chink and bar
But only added torments are;—
That all the more His lights display
The more my wounds and burns by day;
That all the noons are full of Him,
Filling joy's goblets to the brim,—

That all my soul is in decline,
Beholding thus His glory shine!
Little bird, if thou of love
Ever the sweet pain didst prove,
Pity take upon my woes
And mourn o'er what my breasts disclose.
Speak to my sweet Lord on high,
That He may grant me liberty,
And lending thy fair wings the while
That I may seek His distant isle,
And from this prison dire be gone,
From this captivity whereon
So many a tear and groan I shed
Unto my dark and exiled bed;
Where gazing on thy happy flight
I realize my bitter plight,—
And love the more impatient glows
As brighter its far object shows!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

JOSÉ IGLESIAS DE LA CASA
(1748–1791)

SONG

José Iglesias de la Casa was a native of Salamanca who became a priest, and who indulged in satires of local abuses, and in purely lyrical compositions. His *Poesías* were published in Paris in 1821.

Alexis calls me cruel;
  The rifted crags that hold
The gathered ice of winter,
  He says are not more cold.

When even the very blossoms
  Around the fountain's brim,
And forest-walks can witness
  The love I bear to him.

I would that I could utter
  My feelings without shame,

And tell him how I love him
Nor wrong my virgin fame.

Alas! to seize the moment
When heart inclines to heart,
And press a suit with passion,
Is not a woman's part.

If man come not to gather
The roses where they stand,
They fade among their foliage;
They cannot seek his hand.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

TOMÁS DE IRIARTE
(1750–1791)

THE ASS AND THE FLUTE

TOMÁS DE IRIARTE was born at Orotava on the Island of Teneriffe. His death occurred at Madrid, where he had achieved great distinction with his *La música* in 1779 and his *Fábulas literarias* in 1782. See *Iriarte y su época* by E. Cotarelo y Mori (Madrid, 1897).

This little fable heard,
It good or ill may be;
But it has just occurred
Thus accidentally.

Passing my abode,
Some fields adjoining me
A big ass on his road
Came accidentally.

And laid upon the spot,
A Flute he chanced to see,
Some shepherd had forgot
There accidentally.

The animal in front
To scan it nigh came he,
And snuffing loud as wont,
Blew accidentally.

The air it chanced around
The pipe went passing free
And thus the Flute a sound
Gave accidentally.

"O then," exclaimed the Ass,
"I know to play it fine;
And who for bad shall class
This music asinine?"

Without the rules of art,
Even asses, we agree,
May once succeed in part,
Thus accidentally.

—*James Kennedy.*

JUAN MELÉNDEZ VALDÉZ
(1754–1817)

ODA

Juan Meléndez Valdéz was born at Ribera del Fresno, became a professor at Salamanca, and was patronized by Jovellanos. He is considered the leader of the Salamancan Gallic school; in the War of Independence he sided with the French, fleeing later to France where he died in dishonor. His *Poesías* were published at Madrid in 1785; and his *Life*, written by Quintana, may be found with his poems, in the edition of 1820. His poems are also to be found in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xix).

When first a gentle kiss
Upon Nisé I pressed,
Paradise-grain and cassia
Her lovely breath confessed.
And on her smiling lips
Such luscious sweets I found

As never knew the hills
Or bees of Hybla's ground.
To purify its balm
With love's essential dews,
A thousand and a thousand times
Each day her lips I choose;
Until the sum and total
Of all our score amount
To kisses more than Venus
Did from Adonis count.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

LEANDRO FERNÁNDEZ DE MORATÍN
(1760–1826)

ODE: THE DAY AT HOME

Leandro Fernández de Moratín, a son of the poet Nicolas Fernández de Moratín, was born at Madrid. He became involved in the revolutionary movements of his time, and spent his later years at Bordeaux in the circle of Goya. His dramas won complete success for the French school inaugurated by Luzan. His *Obras* were published at Madrid in 1830, and poems by his father and himself may be found in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xi).

Was there ever such a mess!
Just when I stay at home,
To find that such a press
Of visitors must come!
Boy,—go bar the door;
My neighbor now prepares

From the painting by Goya

Leandro Fernández de Moratín

With all her tribe and more
To climb my private stairs!
What then?—You cannot close—
The guests are now too near?
Doña Tecla and all those
Girls of hers I hear!
A coach has stopped below,
I hear it at the door.
'Tis Don Venancio
Who comes—that famous bore!
Then too comes in Don Luke
With stately twists and bows;
Don Mauro with his hook
Out for mitres for his brows;
Don Génaro, Don Zoïle
And Doña Basilissas
And all their nurseries vile
Of masters and of misses!
What stupid compliments,
What speeches they are aping!
Be Mount Torozos bent
To shield me in escaping!
And now they settle down
(And seats are not enough!)
To nibble cakes and drown
Their thirst with sticky stuff.

. . . . . .

The Devil!—I, who lead
A solitary life,
A bachelor, indeed,
Without a child or wife;
I who of wedded bliss
Resigned the calm delight,—
Must I give way to this
Invading insect blight?
And must I too submit
To this uproar and gabble,
And here in patience sit
Amid this endless rabble!—
But see, they all arise
And leave me in a hurry!—
Each fan, each bonnet flies;
And hats and hoop skirts scurry!—
Acknowledgments and thanks
For this your cordial visit—
Obliged—but should your ranks
Return,—I'll dodge and miss it!—
So they have peeped their measure,—
And they have had a chance—
Now if it be their pleasure
Let them go out and dance!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

MANUEL JOSÉ QUINTANA
(1772–1856)

ODE TO SPAIN—AFTER THE REVOLUTION OF MARCH

Manuel José Quintana was born at Madrid. He became in declared opposition to the French domination in Spain. On the return of Ferdinand VII to power, he was imprisoned for six years, dying poor after holding many offices under the Liberal Government. He and his friend Gallego submitted, however, to all the French rules of composition, and he produced odes of great power on patriotic subjects. His best edition of *Obras* is that of Madrid, 1897. He is also represented in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xix).

What nation, tell me, in the older day
Proclaimed its destiny across the world,
Through all the climes extending its broad sway

From east to west with golden pomp unfurled?
Where from the sunset the Atlantic swept
Its glorious fortunes—there was mighty Spain!—
America and Asia's confines kept
And Africa's upon its boundary main.
The hardy sail upon its fickle course
In vain would 'scape the reaches of its power;
All earth for mineral riches was its source,
All ocean was its pearls' and corals' bower.
Nor where the tempests raged the most
Met they on any but a Spanish coast.
Now to the depths of shame reduced,
Abandoned to the alien eye of scorn,
Like some poor slave unto the market used
To the vile whip and shackle basely borne!—
What desolation, God!—The plague respires
Its deadly breath of poison on the air
And Hunger scarce with feeble arms aspires
For a poor morsel there!
Thrice did the temple gates of Janus ope
And on Mars' trumpet was a mighty blast!

Thrice, but oh see, where even without a glance of hope
The tutelary gods have passed,
And on the sea and land have left us cast!
Throughout thy spreading realms what hast thou seen,
O Spain?—but bitter mourning spread,
Sorrow and misery between
Thy fruits of slavery full harvested?
Thus the sail rends, the hulk is smashed,
And broken goes the bark upon its way;
With every wave a torment it is lashed;
Its prows no more their garlands old display.
Nor sign of hope nor of content appears;
Its standard floats no more upon the air.
The voyager's song is broken by his tears;
The mariner's voice is hushed by weight of care,
And dread of death comes ever on his heart,
A dread of death in silence; there apart
He drifts where the destroying shoals prepare.
Then the fell moment! Reaching forth his hand
The Tyrant threatening the west, exclaims:

"Behold, thou now art mine, O Western Land!"
His brow with barbarous lightning flames,
As from the cloud the summer tempest brings
The horror spreading bolt's appalling wings.
His warriors afar
Fill the great winds with pæans ot their war;
The anvils groan, the hammers tall,
The forges blaze. O shame, and dost thou dream
To make their swords their toil, and that is all?
See'st thou not where within their fiery gleams
'Tis chains and bars and shackles they prepare
To bind the arms that lie so limp and bare?
Yea, let Spain tremble at the sound,
And let her outraged ire
From the volcano of her bosom bound,
High justice for its fire,
And 'gainst her despots turn,
Where in their dread they hide,
And let the echoes learn
And all the banks of Tagus wide

Hear the great sound of rage outcried,—
"Vengeance!"—Where, sacred river, where
The titans who with pride and wrong
Opposed our weal so long?
Their glories are no more, while ours prepare;
And thou so fierce and proud
Seeing Castile and thy Castilians there
Urgest thy ruddy waves in seaward pour,
Crying aloud:—"The tyrants are no more!"
Triumph! and glory! O celestial time!
Would that my tongue might speak our country's name
Unto the very winds sublime!
Gladly would I—but not on harp of gold—
My song acclaim; not in the prison hold
Where the inspired breast
Grows weak and cold,
With breathless lips opprest.
Old Tyrteus' lyre untomb,
In the bright sun and the uplifting wind
Of pineclad, rocky Fuenfría's bloom!
High be my flight consigned
To noble singing that shall rouse the plain
And wake Castilians to the sound again

Of glory and of war combined!
War, awful name and now sublime!
The refuge and the sacred shield in time
To stay the savage Attila's advance
With fiery steed and lance!—
War! War! O Spaniards, on the shore
Of Guadalquivir, see arise once more
Thy Ferdinand the Third's imposing brows!
See great Gonzalo o'er Granada rear!
Behold the Cid with sword in mad carouse!
And o'er the Pyrenees the form appear
Of brave Bernardo, old Jimena's son!
See how their stormy wraiths are interspun!
How valor breathes from out their hollow tombs
Where "War" upon the mighty echoes booms!
And then! Canst thou with face serene
Behold the fertile plains
Where endless greed would glean
Our heritage and gains,
And to destruction cast? Awake,
O hero-race, the moment is at hand
When victory thou must take—
Our glory owning thine more grand,—

Thy name a higher place than ours to take!—
It was no little day they raised
Nor vain—the altar of our fathers grand;
Swear then to keep its praise;
Swear,—"Rather death than tyrants in the land!"—
Yea, I do swear it, Venerable Shades,
And with the vow mine arm is stronger grown.
Give me the lance, tie on my helm and blades,
And to my vengeance bid me swift be gone!
Let him despairing bow his coward head
To dust and shame! Perchance the mighty flood
Of devastation on its course shall spread
And bear me on? What matter? One can shed
But once his mortal blood!
Shall I not go to meet
Our mighty ones upon the field of old?
"Hail, warrior forefathers!" there to greet
Their mighty "Hail." Where hero-Spain
Amid the horror and the carnage cold
Lifts up her bleeding head again,

And turns anew from her unhappy reign,
A Victress, her reconquered lands to sign
With golden sceptre and device divine!
—*Thomas Walsh.*

JOSÉ MARÍA BLANCO
(1775–1841)

NIGHT

José María Blanco was born of English parents at Seville where he became Canon of the cathedral. Succumbing to religious doubts, he resigned his ecclesiastical post and retired to England where he joined nearly every religious organization in search of peace of mind. Cardinal Newman bears testimony to the excellence of his moral character. He wrote both in Spanish and English, but he lives in literature chiefly through his beautiful sonnet in English entitled *Night*. See Menéndez y Pelayo's *Historia de los heterodoxos en España*, III, lib. vii; and *The Life of Rev. J. B. White* (London, 1845).

Mysterious Night! when our first parent
knew

Thee, from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,—
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus, with the host of heaven came,
And lo! creation widened in man's view.

Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O sun! or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we then shun death with anxious strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

—*Anonymous.*

ANDRÉS BELLO
(1781–1865)

DIALOGUE

ANDRÉS BELLO, a Venezuelan poet and patriot was long considered the most important figure in South American letters. His *Obras completas* appeared at Santiago de Chile in 1881–1885; see also the work of M. L. Amunátegui (Santiago de Chile, 1882).

TIRCIS
How I should love thee, Cloris, but—
CLORIS
But why?—
TIRCIS
And wouldst thou have me tell thee?—
CLORIS
And why not?
TIRCIS
It might annoy thee.—

CLORIS
What, annoyed! Not I!—
TIRCIS
Then I shall tell thee—
CLORIS
Quick—reveal the plot!—
TIRCIS
Fain would I love thee, Cloris, but I knew—
CLORIS
What knewst thou, Tircis?—
TIRCIS
That on Sunday last
Thou didst vow to love another lad that passed—
And never change—
CLORIS
My vows I will renew!—
—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE AGRICULTURE OF THE TORRID ZONE

Hail to thee, fertile zone,—
Where the enamored sun in daily round
Enfolds thee, where beneath thy kisses shows

All that each various climate grows,
Brought forth from out thy ground!—
In spring thou bindst her garlands of the ears
Of richest corn; thou giv'st the grape
Unto the sopping cask; no form nor shape
Of purple, red or yellow flower appears
Unknown to thy soft bowers;
The odors of thy thousand flowers
The wind's delight afford;
Across thy pasture sward
The countless flocks go grazing from the plain,
Whose only boundary the horizon sets,
Unto the surging mountains, where
Lifting the snows into the inaccessible air
They hold their parapets.
Thou givest, too, the beauty of the cane
Where honey sweet is stored
That leaves the beehive in disdain;
Thou in thy coral urns bring'st forth the bean
Which soon in chocolate in the cup is poured;
With blaze of scarlet are thy nopals seen

Such as the Tyrian sea-shell never knew;
Thy plant of indigo such hues afford
As ne'er from out the sapphire's heart looked through.
Thine is the wine the piercéd agave stores
To glad Anáhuac's joyous sons; and thine
The fragrant leaf whose gentle steaming pours
With solace when their hearts aweary pine.
Thy jasmines clothe the Arab brush,
Whose perfumes rare the savage rage refine
And cool the Bacchic flush;
And for the children of thy land
The stately palm-tree's fronds are far displayed
And the ambrosial pineapple's shade.
The yucca-tree holds forth its snowy breads;
And ruddy glow the broad potato beds;
The cotton bush to greet the lightest airs
Its rose of gold and snowy fleece prepares.

. . . . . .

Within thy hands the passiflower blooms
In branches of far-showing green;

And thy sarmentum's twining fronds afford
Nectarean globes and stripéd flowers' perfumes.
For thee the maize, the haughty lord
Of all thy ripened harvests, high is seen;
For thee the rich banana's heavy tree
Displays its sweetest store—
The proud banana, richest treasury
That Providence in bounteousness could pour
With gracious hand on Ecuador!
It asks no human culture for its aid,
Ere its first fruits are displayed,
Nor with the pruning-knife nor plough it shares
The honorable harvest that it bears.
Not even the slightest care it needs
Of pious hands about it shed,
And to its ripeness so it speeds
That hardly is it harvested,
Ere a new crop is ripened in its stead.

. . . . . .

Oh, youngest of the nations, lift your brow
Crowned with new laurels in the marveling West!

Give honor to the fields, the simple life endow,
And hold the plains and modest farmer blest!
So that among you evermore shall reign
Fair Liberty enshrined,
Ambition modified, and Law composed,
Thy people's paths immortal there to find
Not fickle nor in vain!—
So emulous Time shall see disclosed
New generations and new names of might,
Blazing in highest light
Beside your heroes old!
"These are my sons! Behold!"—
(You shall declare amain)—
"Sons of the fathers who did climb
The Andes' peaks in years agone,—
Of those who great Boyaca's sands upon,—
In Maipu and in Junín sublime,—
On Apurima's glorious plain,
Did triumph o'er the lion of old Spain!"

—*Thomas Walsh.*

FRANCISCO MARTÍNEZ DE LA ROSA
(1787–1862)

ANACREONTIC

FRANCISCO MARTÍNEZ DE LA ROSA is principally known as a dramatist and statesman. He was among the first to introduce romanticism into Spanish literature. An edition of his *Poesías líricas* was published at Paris in 1847.

Let thunder burst,
  Pour out and drink the wine!
Thou never saw'st a thunderbolt
  Strike the tender vine.

Vesuvius himself
  To Bacchus tribute pays,
And spares the vineyard flourishing
  Where his lava sways.

In Italy in vain
  I hero sought or sage;

Mine eyes but dusty ruins found,
Mouldering with age.

Of Rome the image scarce
Remains to be portrayed;
A tomb is Herculaneum,
Pompeii is a shade.

But I found Falernum,
His nectar rich remained,
And in memory of Horace
A bottleful I drained.

—*James Kennedy.*

ANGEL DE SAAVEDRA
(1791–1865)

TO THE LIGHTHOUSE ON MALTA

Ángel de Saavedra, Duke de Rivas, was a native of Cordoba, whose work marks the triumph of romanticism in Spain. He spent ten years in exile in France, England, and Italy after his participation in the War of Independence. He returned to hold high offices of state in Spain and died at Madrid. He is principally known as a dramatist; his works were published at Madrid in 1894–1904.

Black night enswathes the mighty world;
The hurricane and cloud confuse
With piling shadows measureless
The sky, the sea, the land;
But thou, invisible, lift'st up thy head,
Wearing thy faithful crown of light,
Like some old king of Chaos in the glow
That shines for peace and life.

In vain the sea hurls up its peaks
And shrinks to nought beneath thy feet,
Seeking amid its seething foam
The refuge of the port.
Thou with thy tongue of flame declare'st:
"Here, stand we!"—voiceless, to the pilot who
With pious eyes upon thee hails thy light
As his divinity.—
Or night is calm, against its royal robe
The gentle zephyr rustling on its gold and stars
Whereon the moon rolls forth!
Then thou, in filmy vapor clothed,
Showest thy mighty beauty forth,
And lift'st thy diadem among the stars.
The sea lies tranquil, and the hiding rocks
And treacherous shoals beneath their shifting gleam
Call to the passing ships;
But thou, whose splendor overcomes
All else,—but thou upon thy sturdy throne,—
Thou art the star to warn them of the snare.
Thus Reason's torch amid the raging flames

Of Passion or of Flattery's soft whine,
Before the straight gaze of the soul!
Down from the airy refuge of thy reign
So calm, O rescue me from angry Fate,
And grant thy peaceful hospitality
Unto my troubled soul!
Often and often with my cares I've come
To thee for sweet oblivion in thine arms,
Bowing before thee, lifting up mine eyes
To thy resplendent brows!
How often, ah! from off the raging seas
I've turned again to thee! With all in absence long
From spouse and sons,—
With all the fugitives, the poor, the scourged,
That seek asylum here afar where thou
Dost speak with light of welcoming!
Thou art the guiding star to nightly sails
That bear me from afar the news of wrongs
In letters writ of tears;
When first mine eyes beheld thee shine
Oh, how my breast upheaved with hopes
And happy omens!
From Latium's inhospitable shores
An exile coming tossed by sea and wind,

From out the shoals I first beheld
That signaling divine;
The mariners too beholding it on high
Forgetting all their cares and frightened vows
Amid the stormy darkness, murmured fond:
"Malta! Malta! We are there!"—
Thou wast the aureole that enshrines
A holy image that the pilgrim seeks
Afar for healing comfort!—
Never shall I forget thee, nevermore!
Thy splendor now would I alone exchange,—
Thou unforgettable bright king of night,
Beneficent pure flame—
For that fair light and those refulgent stars
That shine reflected in the morning sun
From off the gold Archangel on the dome
Of Cordoba's sweet tower!—

—*Thomas Walsh.*

MANUEL BRETÓN DE LOS HERREROS
(1796–1873)

SATIRICAL *LETRILLA*

MANUEL BRETÓN DE LOS HERREROS was a prolific author of the romantic period of the Spanish stage. His *Poesías* appeared at Madrid in 1883. See also *Bretón de los Herreros* by the Marqués de Molins (Madrid, 1883).

Whene'er Don Juan has a feast at home
I am forgotten as if at Rome;
But he will for funerals me invite,
To kill me with the annoyance quite;
Well, be it so!
Cœleste, with a thousand coy excuses
Will sing the song that set she chooses,
And all about her that environ,
Though like an owl, call her a siren;
Well, be it so!
A hundred bees, without reposing,

Work their sweet combs, with skill composing;
Alas! for an idle drone they strive,
Who soon will come to destroy the hive;
Well, be it so!
Man to his like moves furious war,
As if he were too numerous far;
Alone the medical squadrons wait
The world itself to depopulate;
Well, be it so!
There are of usurers heaps in Spain,
Of catchpoles, hucksterers, heaps again,
And of vintners too, yet people still
Talk about robbers in the hill;
Well, be it so!
In vain may the poor, O Conde, try
Thy door, for the dog makes sole reply;
And yet to spend thou hast extollers,
Over a ball two thousand dollars;
Well, be it so!
Enough to-day, my pen, this preaching;
A better time we wait for teaching;
If vices in vain I try to brand,
And find I only write on sand,
Well, be it so!

—*James Kennedy.*

IV HISPANIC NOTES

José María de Heredia

JOSÉ MARÍA HEREDIA
(1803–1839)

ODE TO NIAGARA

José María Heredia was born at Santiago de Cuba, whence he was exiled in 1823 for his participation in political conspiracies. He retired to the United States and, later, took up the practice of law in Mexico. He died at Toluca. There was an edition of his *Obras* published at New York in 1875. A convenient edition of his poems is that of E. Zerolo (Paris, 1893).

My lyre! Give me my lyre! My bosom finds
The glow of inspiration. Oh, how long
Have I been left in darkness, since this light
Last visited my brow! Niagara!
Thou with thy rushing waters dost restore
The heavenly gift that sorrow took away.

Tremendous torrent! for an instant hush
The terrors of thy voice, and cast aside
Those wide-involving shadows, that my eyes
May see the fearful beauty of thy face!
I am not all unworthy of thy sight,
For from my very boyhood have I loved,
Shunning the meaner track of common minds,
To look on Nature in her loftier moods.
At the fierce rushing of the hurricane,
At the near bursting of the thunderbolt,
I have been touched with joy; and when the sea
Lashed by the wind hath rocked my bark, and showed
Its yawning caves beneath me, I have loved
Its dangers and the wrath of elements.
But never yet the madness of the sea
Hath moved me as thy grandeur moves me now.
Thou flowest on in quiet, till thy waves
Grow broken 'midst the rocks; thy current then
Shoots onward like the irresistible course
Of Destiny. Ah, terribly they rage,—

The hoarse and rapid whirlpools there! My brain
Grows wild, my senses wander, as I gaze
Upon the hurrying waters, and my sight
Vainly would follow, as toward the verge
Sweeps the wide torrent. Waves innumerable
Meet there and madden,—waves innumerable
Urge on and overtake the waves before,
And disappear in thunder and in foam.
They reach, they leap,—the abyss
Swallows insatiable the sinking waves.
A thousand rainbows arch them, and the woods
Are deafened with the roar. The violent shock
Shatters to vapor the descending sheets.
A cloudy whirlwind fills the gulf, and heaves
The mighty pyramid of circling mist
To heaven. The solitary hunter near
Pauses with terror in the forest shades.
What seeks thy restless eye? Why are not here,
About the jaws of this abyss, the palms—

Ah, the delicious palms—that on the plains
Of my own native Cuba spring and spread
Their thickly foliaged summits to the sun,
And in the breathings of the ocean air,
Wave soft beneath the heaven's unspotted blue?
But no, Niagara,—thy forest pines
Are fitter coronal for thee. The palm,
The effeminate myrtle and frail rose may grow
In gardens, and give out their fragrance there,
Unmanning him who breathes it. Thine it is
To do a nobler office. Generous minds
Behold thee, and are moved, and learn to rise
Above earth's frivolous pleasures; they partake
Thy grandeur, at the utterance of thy name.
God of all truth! in other lands I've seen
Lying philosophers, blaspheming men,
Questioners of thy mysteries, that draw
Their fellows deep into impiety;

And therefore doth my spirit seek thy face
In earth's majestic solitudes. Even here
My heart doth open all itself to thee.
In this immensity of loneliness
I feel thy hand upon me. To my ear
The eternal thunder of the cataract brings
Thy voice, and I am humbled as I hear.
Dread torrent, that with wonder and with fear
Dost overwhelm the soul of him that looks
Upon thee, and dost bear it from itself,—
Whence hast thou thy beginning? Who supplies,
Age after age, thy unexhausted springs?
What power hath ordered, that when all thy weight
Descends into the deep, the swollen waves
Rise not and roll to overwhelm the earth?
The Lord has opened his omnipotent hand,
Covered thy face with clouds, and given voice
To thy down-rushing waters; he hath girt
Thy terrible forehead with his radiant bow.
I see thy never-resting waters run
And I bethink me how the tide of Time
Sweeps by eternity. So pass, of man,—

Pass, like a noonday dream—the blossoming days,
And he awakes to sorrow. I, alas!—
Feel that my youth is withered, and my brow
Ploughed early with the lines of grief and care.
Never have I so deeply felt as now
The hopeless solitude, the abandonment,
The anguish of a loveless life. Alas!
How can the impassioned, the unfrozen heart
Be happy without love? I would that one
Beautiful, worthy to be loved and joined
In love with me, now shared my lonely walk
On this tremendous brink. 'Twere sweet to see
Her sweet face touched with paleness, and become
More beautiful from fear, and overspread
With a faint smile, while clinging to my side.
Dreams,—dreams! I am an exile, and for me
There is no country and there is no love.

IV HISPANIC NOTES

Hear, dread Niagara, my latest voice!
Yet a few years, and the cold earth shall close
Over the bones of him who sings thee now
Thus feelingly. Would that this, my humble verse,
Might be, like thee, immortal! I, meanwhile,
Cheerfully passing to the appointed rest,
Might raise my radiant forehead in the clouds
To listen to the echoes of my fame.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

THE HURRICANE

Lord of the winds! I feel thee nigh,
I know thy breath in the burning sky!
And I wait, with a thrill in every vein,
For the coming of the hurricane!
And lo! on the wind of the heavy gales
Through the boundless arch of the heaven he sails;
Silent and slow, and terribly strong,
The mighty shadow is borne along,
Like the dark eternity to come;

While the world below, dismayed and dumb,
Through the calm of the thick hot atmosphere,
Looks up at its gloomy folds with fear.
They darken fast; and the golden blaze
Of the sun is quenched in the lurid haze,
And he sends through the shade a funeral ray—
A glare that is neither night nor day,
A beam that touches, with hues of death,
The clouds above and the earth beneath.
To its covert glides the silent bird
While the hurricane's distant voice is heard
Uplifted among the mountains round,
And the forests hear and answer the sound.

He is come! He is come! Do ye not behold
His ample robes on the wind unrolled!
Giant of the air! we bid thee hail!—
How his gray skirts toss in the whirling gale;
How his huge and writhing arms are bent
To clasp the zone of the firmament,

And fold at length in their dark embrace,
From mountain to mountain the visible space.
Darker—still darker! the whirlwinds bear
The dust of the plains to the middle air.
And hark to the crashing, long and loud,
Of the chariot of God in the thunder-cloud!
You may trace its path by the flashes that start
From the rapid wheels where'er they dart,
As the fire-bolts leap to the world below,
And flood the skies with a lurid glow.
What roar is that?—'Tis the rain that breaks
In torrents away from the airy lakes,
Heavily poured on the shuddering ground
And shedding a nameless horror round.

Ah, well-known woods, and mountains, and skies,
With the very clouds!—ye are lost to my eyes.
I seek ye vainly, and see in your place
The shadowy tempest that sweeps through space,

A whirling ocean that fills the wall
Of the crystal heavens, and buries all,
And I, cut off from the world, remain
Alone with the terrible hurricane.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

FELIPE PARDO
(1806–1886)

OUR SOVEREIGN KING

Felipe Pardo was a Peruvian dramatist, all of whose work may be found in the *Poesias y escritos en prosa de Don Felipe Pardo* (Paris, 1869).

A bit of topsy-turvy artifice
  Goes wandering like a monarch through our streets,
  A whiskey-soaked, be-daggered king that meets
To riot for whatever cause there is;
A wayward autocrat, whose services
  To earth seem but the deadly plagues he heats;
  A potentate of such ignoble feats
As nailed the Saviour to that cross of His.

A sultan whom no bond of law restrains,
  From whose injustice there is no appeal;

A king anoint with Satan's sulphur stains,
A red and white and black-faced Czar,
whose heel
America, our continent, profanes,—
And called "The Sovereign People"—
for his pains.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

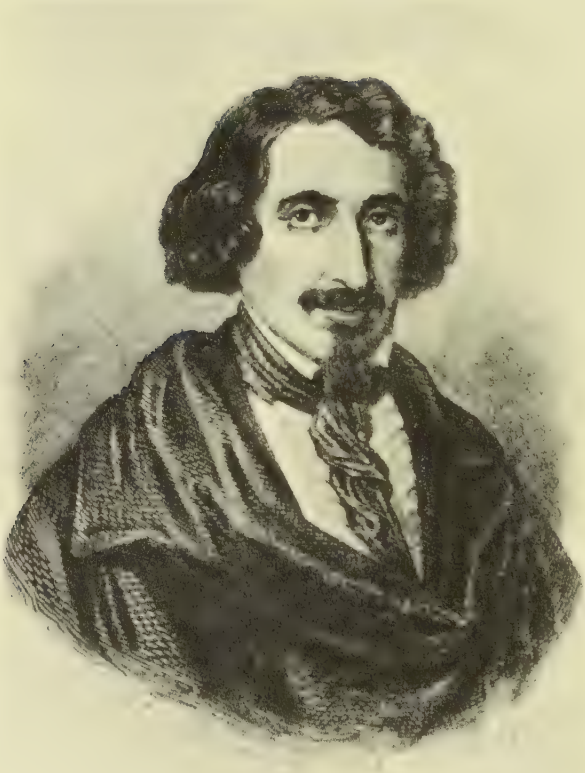
JUAN EUGENIO HARTZENBUSCH
(1806–1880)

TO CALDERÓN

Juan Eugenio Hartzenbusch was a romantic dramatist known principally as the author of *Los Amantes de Teruel.* His *Poesías* may be found in the *Colección de escritores castellanos*, vol. I. (Madrid, 1887).

Thou who, in accent of disdain profound,
Beholding man in all his littleness,
Declared: "Life is a shade, a dream, no less
For all the fantasy in living found!"
When shone thy luminous star o'er Spanish ground,
O Sun refulgent of our Stage, confess,
Did any doubt of genius e'er oppress
Thy mind of its own inspiration's bound?
From Tiber unto Manzanares, lo,
From Rhine to Andes, universal shrines

And homage to your masterpieces, show;
Thy name to such eternity has grown,
That it should teach thee to amend thy lines:
"All is a dream, *except my fame alone.*"
—*Thomas Walsh.*



José de Espronceda

JOSÉ DE ESPRONCEDA
(1808–1842)

THE BEGGAR

José de Espronceda was born at Pajares de la Vega, and educated at Madrid, whence, having engaged in political conspiracies, he was obliged to flee, going to Lisbon and thence to Paris. He returned in 1833 as a journalist and playwright and represented Almería in the *Cortes*. He died at Madrid. Many have considered him the leading Spanish poet of the nineteenth century, but it seems as though the current of criticism had set against him in later years. In his revolutionary and moral protestations he bore certain resemblances to Lord Byron, but it is not altogether fair to call him an imitator of the British poet. His *Obras poéticas* appeared at Madrid in 1884. See also *Espronceda, su tiempo, su vida y sus obras* by E. Rodríguez Solís (Madrid, 1883).

The world is mine; I am free as air;
Let others work that I may eat;

All shall melt at my piteous prayer:—
"An alms, for God's sake, I entreat."

The cabin, the palace,
Are my resort;
If the threat of the thunder
Shall break from the mountain,
Or the torrent's quick fountain
Shall drive me under,
Within their shelter
The shepherds make place,
Lovingly asking me
Food to grace;
Or by the rich hearthstone
I take my ease
Fanned by the odors
Of burning trees;
With the luscious banquet
And cushioned store,
Upon the couch
Of some proud *señor*.

And I say to myself:—
"Let the breezes blow
And the tempest rage

In the world without:
Let the branches crack
Where the high winds go,
As I slumber with nothing to trouble about.
The world is mine; I am free as air! "

All are my patrons,
And for all I ask
My God as I daily pray;
From peasant and noble
I get my pay,
And I take their favors
Both great and small.
I never ask them
Who they be,
Nor stop to task them
With thanks for fee.
If they desire
To give me alms,
'Tis but their duty
To tip my palms.
Their wealth is sinful
They must see;
And a holy state
Is my poverty,
And he is a miser

Who would deny
An alms, and a beggar
Blest am I.

For I am poor and they grieve to note
How I groan beneath my pain;
They never see that their wealth is a mine
Where I my treasures gain.
The world is mine; I am free as air!

A rebel and a discontent
Amid my rags am I;
To satirise their ease I'm sent
And with a sour-set eye
I boldly stare at the potentate
Who dares to pass me in his state.

The lovely maid
Of a thousand scents
In her joy arrayed
With her love-locks blent—
'Tis she I follow
Till she turns around,
And my evil smells
Her sense astound.
At the feasts and spreads
My voice is heard

And they bow their heads
At my merest word.
Their joy and revel
I come to stay,
At the sight of my rags
And my voice's brags
Their music dies away.
Showing how near
Dwell pain and joy;
No joy without tear
No pain *sans* glad alloy.
The world is mine; I am free as air!

For me no morrow
Nor yesterday;
I forget the sorrow
And the welladay.
There's nought to trouble
Or weary me here,—
It's a palace tomorrow
Or a hospital's cheer.
I live a stranger
To thoughts of care;
Let others seek glory
Or riches rare!
My one concern

Is to pass today;
Let the laws prevail
Where the monarchs sway!
For I am a beggar
And a poor man proud;
'Tis through fear of me
There are alms allowed.

A soft asylum
Where'er it be,
And a hospital bed
Will be ready for me;
And a cosy ditch
Where my bones shall lie
Will cover me over
When I die.

The world is mine; I am free as air;
Let others work that I may eat!
All hearts must melt at my piteous prayer:—
"An alms, for God's sake, I entreat!"
—Thomas Walsh.

CANCIÓN OF THE PIRATE

The breeze fair aft, all sails on high,
Ten guns on each side mounted seen,

She does not cut the sea, but fly,
A swiftly sailing brigantine;
A pirate bark, the "Dreaded" named,
For her surpassing boldness famed,
On every sea well-known and shore,
From side to side their boundaries o'er.
The moon in streaks the waves illumes
Hoarse groans the wind the rigging through;
In gentle motion raised assumes
The sea a silvery shade with blue;
Whilst singing gaily on the poop
The pirate Captain, in a group,
Sees Europe here, there Asia lies,
And Stamboul in the front arise.

"Sail on, my swift one! nothing fear;
Nor calm, nor storm, nor foeman's force,
Shall make thee yield in thy career
Or turn thee from thy course.
Despite the English cruisers fleet
We have full twenty prizes made;
And see their flags beneath my feet
A hundred nations laid.
My treasure is my gallant bark,
My only God is liberty;

My law is might, the wind my mark,
My country is the sea.

"There blindly kings fierce wars maintain,
For palms of land, when here I hold
As mine, whose power no laws restrain,
Whate'er the seas infold.
Nor is there shore around whate'er,
Or banner proud, but of my might
Is taught the valorous proofs to bear,
And made to feel my right.
My treasure is my gallant bark,
My only God is liberty;
My law is might, the wind my mark,
My country is the sea.

"Look when a ship our signals ring,
Full sail to fly how quick she's veered!
For of the sea I am the king,
My fury's to be feared;
But equally with all I share
Whate'er the wealth we take supplies;
I only seek the matchless fair,
My portion of the prize.

My treasure is my gallant bark,
My only God is liberty;
My law is might, the wind my mark,
My country is the sea.

"I am condemned to die !—I laugh;
For, if my fates are kindly sped,
My doomer from his own ship's staff
Perhaps I'll hang instead.
And if I fall, why what is life?
For lost I gave it then as due,
When from slavery's yoke in strife
A rover! I withdrew.
My treasure is my gallant bark;
My only God is liberty;
My law is might, the wind my mark,
My country is the sea.

"My music is the Northwind's roar;
The noise when round the cable runs,
The bellowings of the Black Sea's shore,
And rolling of my guns.
And as the thunders loudly sound,
And furious the tempests rave,
I calmly rest in sleep profound,
So rocked upon the wave.

My treasure is my gallant bark,
My only God is liberty;
My law is might, the wind my mark,
My country is the sea."

—James Kennedy.

GABRIEL DE LA CONCEPCIÓN VALDÉZ
(1809–1844)

PRAYER TO GOD

GABRIEL DE LA CONCEPCIÓN VALDÉZ (*Plácido*) was the son of a Spanish dancer and a mulatto hair-dresser in Cuba, who was reared in the asylum from which he takes his name. He developed a great love for liberty, and with the education which he managed to obtain, he followed a roving literary career until he was accused of taking part in a negro conspiracy. He is said to have recited the "Prayer to God" on his way to his execution. His *Poesías* were published at Palma de Mallorca in 1847.

O God of love unbounded! Lord supreme!
In overwhelming grief to thee I fly.
Rending this veil of hateful calumny,
Oh, let thine arms of might my fame redeem!

Thou King of Kings, my fathers' God and mine,
Thou only art my sure and strong defence.
The polar snows, the tropic fires intense,
The shaded sea, the air, the light are thine;
The life of leaves, the water's changeful tide,
All things are thine, and by thy will abide.

Thou art all power; all life from thee goes forth,
And fails or flows obedient to thy breath;
Without thee all is nought; in endless death
All nature sinks forlorn and nothing worth.
Yet even the Void obeys thee; and from nought
By thy dread word the living man was wrought.

Merciful God! How should I thee deceive?
Let thy eternal wisdom search my soul!
Bowed down to earth by falsehood's base control,
Her stainless wings not now the air may cleave.

Send forth thine hosts of truth and set her free!
Stay thou, O Lord, the oppressor's victory!

Forbid it, Lord, by that most free outpouring
Of thine own precious blood for every brother
Of our lost race, and by thy Holy Mother,
So full of grief, so loving, so adoring,
Who clothed in sorrow followed thee afar,
Weeping thy death like a declining star.

But if this lot thy love ordains to me,
To yield to foes most cruel and unjust,
To die and leave my poor and senseless dust
The scoff and sport of their weak enmity;
Speak thou, and then thy purposes fulfill;
Lord of my life, work thou thy perfect will.

—*Anonymous.*

GERTRUDIS GÓMEZ DE AVELLANEDA
(1814–1873)

TO HIM

GERTRUDIS GÓMEZ DE AVELLANEDA was born at Camagüey, Cuba. Early in life she removed to Spain, where in 1841 she published her poems. She was twice married, dying at Madrid. She holds a high place among the novelists and dramatists of modern Spain; her early influences were of the French school but in her later work she reveals native Spanish influences. Her *Obras literarias* appeared at Madrid in 1869.

No bonds withhold,—for all that held are broken;
So heaven ordained,—and blesséd be its name!
The bitter chalice I have drained in token,
And now is peace with nothing more to claim.

I loved thee—but no more—not even in fancy;
Never, if I have erred, the truth be said;
O'er all the dreary years in necromancy
I throw forgetfulness,—my heart is fed.

Thou hast made riot there with breast unsparing,
Struck down my pride beneath thy blows insane,
But never turned my lips reproaches bearing
To bring a charge against thy tyrant reign.

Of weighty faults, a scourge in venging hour
Thou fill'dst thy mission here—Ah, knowst it not?—
Not thine was all the irresistible power
Which left my forces conquered and forgot.

'Twas God I sought,—unto His name be glory!—
For all is over; I regain my breath.

Angel of Vengeance! Man, it was thy story;
I see and fear thee not, nor seek thy death!

Thy sceptre faller and thy sword-blade rusted,
Alas!—is this the liberty I gain?—
I made a world of thee, in thee I trusted,—
Now life around me is an empty plain.
Be happy thou! If thou shouldst e'er discover
This poor adieu that I address to thee,—
Know that the breast wherein thou once wert lover
Holds pardon for thee and sweet charity.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

From a print in the Hispanic Society of America

José Zorilla

JOSÉ ZORILLA
(1817–1893)

THE SPRINGLET

José Zorilla was born at Valladolid. Early in life he achieved reputation as a poet of high lyrical gifts. He emigrated to Mexico but returned after the execution of Maximilian, was granted a small pension, and died in comparative poverty at Madrid. He is still one of the most popular dramatists of the Spanish stage. His *Obras dramáticas y líricas* appeared at Madrid in 1895. An edition of his *Poesías escogidas* was published by the Academia de la Lengua (Madrid, 1894).

Hasting on, the springlet flows,
  Licking up its dark brown bed;
More and more its crystal grows
  As its course is sped.
Stirs the grasses, moists the sand,
  Plays a thousand tricks a day;

Wave on wave its face is fanned
With laughter light and gay.
Couch of down it lends the vale;
Cool its fan the birch-trees find;
Reeds its quiet pathway trail
To rest and shade resigned.
Bursts it on the open sky!
What was all its running for,
If beneath the cliff it die
Engulfed forevermore?

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE BULL AND THE *PICADOR*

Pawing the earth, and snorting in his rage
The Bull is tossing up the torrid sand;
The while the horseman's eye serene and bland
Seeks out a point for his red lance to gauge.
Steadied to take the charge, the fight to wage,
The picador holds his impatient stand;
His face, for all its blackness, whiter fanned
To anger as the bull obstructs the stage.

He hesitates; the Spaniard jeers at him;
He shakes his hornéd front; he tears the earth,
Heaving great breaths and straining every limb;
The taunter urges him to prove his worth;
Sudden he charges, fails, and bellows grim,
His shoulder bleeding, the great crowd in mirth!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

TOLEDO

No more the jousts and tourneys,
No more the Moorish songs,
No more dark battlements with throngs
Of hidden Moslem blades;
Today without their lattices,
Their terraces and glades,
No dance, no fair sultana
Glads with the old *pavana*
Her Sultan's garden shades.

No more the golden chambers
In the palaces of kings;

Nor hidden halls of pleasurings
Of Orient devise;
Nor are there dark-eyed women
On the velvet couches lain,
Where the Faithful may obtain
Their hint of Paradise.

No more the eastern songbirds
In their cages made of gold
Fill the air as once of old
With the color of their songs;
While within his bath reclining,
Half-asleep, with odors shining,
Dreams of love their lord enfold.

No more an age of pleasure
Like the Moorish days gone by;
Age no rival can supply,
Two alike could hardly be;
But beneath the Gothic spire
Of the Christian temple hangs
A great bell whose mighty clangs
Speak of God in verity.

There's today a temple standing
On its hundred Gothic piles;

Crosses, altars in its aisles,
And a creed of holiness;
There's a people bending low,
Lifting unto God its prayer
In the light that's burning there
For the faith their hearts confess!

There's a God the winds have heard
  Mid the foldings of the blast;
The earth trembles at His word,
  And the future mocks the past.
The mere cipher of His name
  On the sinful hearts of men,
Was adored of old the same
  Through the Arab darkness then.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

RAMÓN DE CAMPOAMOR
(1817–1891)

TWO MIRRORS

RAMÓN DE CAMPOAMOR was born at Navia. He prepared to join the clergy, but changed his mind, becoming a physician and, later, devoting himself exclusively to poetry and politics. He died at Madrid, where his *Obras completas* were published in 1901.

Into my mirror's glass I gaze
  At forty years of age,
And find myself so worn with days
  I break the glass in rage.

And then I turn my gaze and peer
  Across my mirrored soul;
And see within my conscience clear
  My woes beyond control.

The loss of faith, of love, of youth—
  I see my mortal curse!—

From the painting by Sala *in the Hispanic Society of America*

Ramón de Campoamor

Within my mirror—evil truth;
And in my conscience—worse!
—*Thomas Walsh.*

IF I COULD ONLY WRITE

I

Please, Señor Cura, write a line for me—
I know for whom; and so you needn't tell.
You know, because of that dark night when he
And I encountered you together.—Well!

Excuse us but—I did not find it strange;
It was the night,—a chance for everyone.
Hand me the pen and paper. Thanks. Arrange
Yourself while I begin—"*My dear Ramón*"—

My dear?—You have it down in black and white?—
But not if you object!—Yes, yes, I vow!—
"*How sad I am*"—Does that not put it right?—

It does. *"How sad I am without you now!"*

"There is an anguish gnawing in my heart"—
How do you know the sorrow that I feel?—
To an old man a maiden's secrets part
And show as though a crystal did reveal!

"What is this world without you?—Vale of tears!
And at your side?—An earthly Paradise!"
Be sure the writing there so clear appears
'Twill reach, good señor Cura, to his eyes!

"The kiss I gave you when you went away"—
But come, who then has told you all you know?—
When one arrives, or leaves or makes his stay,
Together—no offence—'tis always so.

"And if your love delays you from my sight
You do not know the sorrow it will cost!"

Sorrow?—no more?—No, Señor Cura, write,
With pain my very life will soon be lost!

Your life—and know you not you mock at heaven?—
Yes, yes, alas, Señor,—this life of mine!—
I shall not write it.—Man be unforgiven,—
If I could only write, myself and sign!—

2

O Señor Cura, Señor Cura,—vainly
Will all your efforts to oblige me prove,
If in your writing you will not state plainly
All that I feel and all the power of love!

For God's sake, write him that my very spirit
Can hardly in my mortal body keep,
That every day new sorrows I inherit,
That I can nothing do but sigh and weep!—

That my poor lips, whereon his breath found roses
I nowadays can hardly open more;

That they forget to smile, so pain opposes
The joy my heart was cherishing of yore;

That my poor eyes, that once he found so tender,
Are clouded over with such weight of pain,
That as they find no other eyes to render
Their loving glance they always close again;

That of the many griefs with which I languish,
His absence is the very worst of all—
That in my ears there sounds the ceaseless anguish
Of echoes that his voice in vain recall.

And such my state because of him, with blighting
My soul is falling into grief's decline;
My God!—the things my pen would be inditing,
If I could only write, myself, and sign!

Epilogue

That's fine!—Leave it to love!—Now the addressing,
"*To Don Ramón*"—Ah, me, how such a call
Shows me the uselessness of my professing
To know my Greek, and Latin, after all!
—*Thomas Walsh.*

TRADITIONS

I marked a cross upon a lonely spot
One day when in the country I took air;
A passer told me—"A base robber shot
And killed a soldier there."

O false tradition!—once again I passed
The site upon that lonely plain;
Another stranger told me, as the last—
"A robber here was by a soldier slain."
—*Thomas Walsh.*

JOSÉ EUSEBIO CARO
(1817–1853)

ON THE LIPS OF THE LAST OF THE INCAS

José Eusebio Caro was a native of the Republic of New Granada, now Colombia, who, together with a fellow-poet José Joaquín Ortiz, founded the first literary journal of his country *La Estrella Nacional* in 1836. He was a man of lofty political ideals and a poet of advanced thought and practice.

Today arriving on Pichincha's slope,
The deadly cannon of the whites I flee,
Like the sun a wanderer, like the sun aflame,
Like the sun free.

O Sun, my Father, hearken! Manco's throne
Lies in the dust; Thy altar's sanctity

Profaned; exalting thee alone I pray,
Alone but free.

O Sun, my Father, hearken! A slave
before
The nations of the world I'll not agree
To bear the mark. To slay myself I come,
To die though free.

Today Thou wilt perceive me, when afar
Thou dost begin to sink into the sea,
Singing Thy hymns on the volcano's top,
Singing and free.

Tomorrow though, alas! when once again
Thy crown throughout the east will shining
be,
Its golden splendor on my tomb will fall,
My tomb though free.

Upon my tomb the condor will descend
From heaven, the condor, bird of liberty,
And building there its nest, will hatch its
young,
Unknown and free

—*Alfred Coester.*

PABLO PIFERRER Y FÁBREGAS
(1818–1848)

CANCIÓN OF SPRING

PABLO PIFERRER Y FÁBREGAS was born and died at Barcelona. He devoted a large part of his life to the cultivation of musical appreciation among the Catalonians. He published a volume of *Poesías*.

Here the springtime comes again,—
  Wake the bagpipe—dance around—
Spreading o'er the hill and plain
  Her green mantle—Hope is found!
There is sighing of the breeze,—
  Wake the bagpipe—dance around—
And the cloud that swiftly flees
  Shows the blue vault—Hope is found!
From its blossom laughs the flower,—
  Wake the bagpipe—dance around—

And the murmur of its power
  Shows the streamlet—Hope is found!
Blue-birds' trill is on the air,—
  Wake the bagpipe—dance around—
Open to the swallow, there
  He comes winging—Hope is found!
Sweetheart, little sweetheart mine,—
  Wake the bagpipe—dance around—
May is stealing through the vine,
  With her promise—Hope is found!
Love is over all the land—
  Wake the bagpipe—dance around—
To its breath our hearts expand,
  Where it rises—Hope is found!
All the world is budding green,—
  Wake the bagpipe—dance around—
And the budding leaves between,
  Crops are growing—Hope is found!
Murmur, odor, color grow—
  Wake the bagpipe—dance around—
Into hymns of love to show
  What is stirring—Hope is found!
Soon the lightsome spring will die,—
  Wake the bagpipe—dance around—
Every year the meadows nigh
  Change her mantle—Hope is found!

Dear old days of innocence—
  Hush the bagpipe—dance no more—
Lost, they never re-commence,—
  Lost are mine—and Hope is o'er!—
—*Roderick Gill.*

RAFAEL MARÍA DE MENDIVE
(1821–1886)

A VIRGIN'S SMILE

RAFAEL MARÍA DE MENDIVE, a native of Cuba, published in 1847 a volume entitled *Pasionarias* which secured him a lasting hold upon appreciation at home and abroad. He traveled extensively, returned to Cuba, and founded a literary *Revista de Habana* which did important service to letters. He was exiled from the island in 1868, taking refuge in New York, where he remained until the general amnesty permitted him to return. He was greatly admired by the poet Longfellow.

Purer than the early breeze,
Or the faint perfume of flowers,
Maiden! through thine angel hours
  Pass the thoughts of love;
Purer than the tender thought
On the morning's gentle face,

On thy lips of maiden grace
Plays thy virgin smile.

Like a bird's thy rapture is,
Angel eyes thine eyes enlighten,
On thy gracious forehead brighten
Flashes from above;
Flower-like thy breathings are,
Free thy dreams from sinful strife,
And the sunlight of thy life
Is thy virgin smile.

Loose thou never, gentle child,
Thy spring garland from thy brow.
Through life's flowery fields, as now,
Wander careless still
Sweetly sing and gaily run,
Drinking in the morning air,
Free and happy everywhere,
With thy virgin smile!

Love and pleasure are but pains,
Bitter grief and miseries,
Withered leaves, which every breeze
Tosses at its will;
Live thou purely with thy joy,

With thy wonder and thy peace,
Blessing life till life shall cease,
With thy virgin smile.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

THE BROOK

Laugh of the mountain!—lyre of bird and tree!
Pomp of the meadow! Mirror of the morn!
The soul of April, unto whom are born
The rose and jessamine, leaps wild in thee!
Although where'er thy devious current strays
The lap of earth with gold and silver teems,
To me thy clear proceeding brighter seems
Than golden sands, that charm each shepherd's gaze.

How without guile thy bosom, all transparent
As the pure crystal, lets the curious eye
Thy secrets scan, thy smooth, round pebbles count!

How, without malice murmuring, glides
thy current!
O sweet simplicity of days gone by!
Thou shun'st the haunts of man, to
dwell in limpid fount!
—*H. W. Longfellow.*

ANTONIO DE TRUEBA
(1823–1889)

CANTABRIA

ANTONIO DE TRUEBA, a poet of the Basque provinces, won popularity through his pictures of the life of his own people and his own time. His *Libro de los cantares* appeared at Madrid in 1852.

Ancient groves from hardy days,
Sweeping rivers, fountains clear,
Breezes from high mountain ways,
Little valleys green and dear;
Houses white and turrets black,
Seas that ever heave and tumble,
Peace and joy in every track,
Holy dews on foreheads humble,—
This is what inspires my song,
This is my Cantabria fair!—
If you lose me, seek me long
'Twixt Higuer and Finisterre.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

NIGHTFALL

The moon is soft arising
  Behind its lattice far,
Serene the air surprising
  As where holy spirits are.
Calm is the sea untroubled,
  And calm the azure skies.
Lord,—when at peace of evening
  Our soul to seek Thee flies
To tell to Thee our sorrows,—
Oh, what despairing morrows,
  If nought to us replies!—

—*Thomas Walsh.*

JOSÉ SELGAS Y CARRASCO
(1824–1882)

THE EMPTY CRADLE

José Selgas y Carrasco was a native of Lorca who was prominent in Madrid as a journalist and editor. He enjoyed a great reputation during his lifetime. His *Obras* were published at Madrid in 1882–1894.

The angels bending
To kiss her brow,
Sang unending—
"Come with us now."

The child replying,
The angels drew
To her cradle lying:—
"I'll go with you."

The angel faces
'Mid wings of gold,

Took her embraces
Within their hold.

And with the breaking
Of pallid day,
The crib forsaking,
They flew away.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

RICARDO CARRASQUILLA
(1827–1887)

SPAIN AND AMERICA

RICARDO CARRASQUILLA was born of an Andalusian family at Quibdó, Chocó, Colombia. He early in life made his home at Bogotá, where he was closely identified with the development of Colombian culture.

Her race, her language, laws and creed
  Spain on America bestowed;
  Full soon the younger country showed
That she was of a ripened breed.

With Liberty her one desire,
  Full soon the battle volleys roared,
  When great Bolìvar drew the sword
And rose triumphant o'er the fire.

And wherefore, valiant from the start,
  Hath Spain beheld her power decay?—

Because herself hath taught the way
Of conquest to the victor's heart.

She gave her speech, she gave her blood,
And all her old traditions gave;
In her we glory with the brave;
In her our needs are understood.

—*Roderick Gill.*

MANUEL DEL PALACIO
(1832–1906)

SECRET LOVE

MANUEL DEL PALACIO was born at Lérida in Spain and received his education at Granada. He became very prominent in the literary circles of Madrid where he published many books of verse and prose.

Oft the confession of my changeless love
  Your close-drawn lattice in the night must hear:
  The moon, befriending hearts bereft of cheer,
Knows well my longing as she gleams above:
Your name is cooed to me by that wild dove
  Whose haunts I visit when the eve is near:
  At morn my madrigals glad-voiced and clear
Fill with their ecstasy the hill and grove.

To you alone my secret reaches never,
  Howe'er my heartbeat strives to tell the tale
Unbidden, ardent in a dear endeavor.
  Perchance for all time shall its message fail,
As falls unheard where Ocean throbs forever
  The rill's faint call that tinkles down the vale.

—*Joseph I. C. Clarke.*

RICARDO PALMA
(1833–1920)

SUN AND DUST

RICARDO PALMA is a native of Peru, who, banished from his country, produced in 1853 at Paris a volume of poems entitled *Armonías: Libro de un desterrado.* It was peculiarly successful on account of the number of *cantorcillos* which anticipated the author's best work among the traditions and history of Peru. This may be found in his *Papeletas lexicográficas.* His remarkable wit does not minimize the historical value of the material with which he deals.

In a swift whirlwind rises to the sky
A mighty cloud of dust, confused and dun;
It covers with its wings the glowing disc
Of the far-shining sun.
It says with mockery,—"Go upon your course!"

I have made dim your beams of topaz bright,
King of the sphere, I have brought low your pride,
I have obscured your light!

The sun makes answer: "Soon the wind will fall
You will become base mire, despised and dumb,
While I light up the heavens and the earth,—
Today,—and days to come!"
So stupid envy, insolent and false,
The laurel crown of genius fain would blight.
It is foul dust: intelligence, the sun—
Immortal is its light.

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

RAFAEL POMBO
(1833–1912)

OUR MADONNA AT HOME

RAFAEL POMBO, son of a family of mixed Irish and Spanish blood, was born at Bogotá, Colombia. He took part in the political upheavals of 1854 and later came on diplomatic service to the United States. Here his brilliance as a poet of romantic love came to its fullness. He returned to Bogotá where he passed his final years in honor. *Our Madonna at Home* was written originally in English and was much admired by William Cullen Bryant.

Couldst thou portray that face whose holy spell
Still sheds its peace o'er all the loved at home?
'Tis mine so long in other lands to roam
That her smile only I remember well.

Hers at whose shrine, when sickness on me fell
In childhood, suppliant thou didst kneel, my mother,
And I saw both smile, weep, embrace each other,
And which the sweeter was I could not tell.

When memory now in manhood would recall
Her features who with thee doth share my heart,
Her half-forgotten face seems like to thine;
And both are still to me the source of all
That's best in me of poesy and art,—
Nor either mother could my soul resign.

AT NIAGARA

Again I see thee!—once again I know
Mine oldtime witchery as in years gone by,
Titan of grace, white, fascinating, vast,
Sultan of torrents, calm in matchless power;

Eternally the same, Niagara!
Eternal in thine ecstasy, awake
In thy tremendous sway,—unwearying
Ever of thyself, as man untired
Of gazing upon thee.—How couldst thou tire?
Beauty, alive forever, acts and lives
In purity and cannot fail!—O thou,
The perfect daughter without human touch
Of His high Fiat, that perpetuates
The laws inviolable in their course,—
Fond sister of the skies, the light, the air!—
Guest unexpelled of Eden that we lost,
Thy beauty is creation's constant work,
Transcending even its high Creator's breath.
Here, something tells us, here is God!
Nectar of rapture, and of balm that sprang
In times of old; today beholding thee
There wake within our breast the seeds divine;
The ardent soul to Nature's wonder swells;
The warming love of family grips the heart
Eternal and indissoluble; thus

As to the sea the drop released from earth,—
Thus for the mother's breast the babe inclines,—
Dumb in our intimate delight we turn
To this communion with eternity.
Can God grow weary?—Ah, in things that cloy
There is a deadly, fatal principle,
Inertia, the germ of death at war
With God, the gangrene of a soul apart
From His restoring floods—But where, O mind,
Descendst thou?—O Niagara, recall,
And in thy image let me see, the boast
Of souls victorious, behold sublime
The hero in his martyrdom, and gaze
Upon the genius calm amid his powers!
Delight me, soothe me, O museum vast
Of cataracts, O foundry of the clouds!
O sea, without a depth despite thy waves,—
White colonnade some great Alcides reared
From out Olympus, here between the twain
Mediterranean oceans of the world!
Live on, eccentric giant, to delight
In solitary, immemorial mood

Of madness of the gods! Unchained fling forth
Thine ocean floods along the sloping gorge,
And lost in rapture, drunken with the joys
Of thine own strength, mind not that man has marked
Thy Titan play among the solitudes,—
No more than where the ant lifts up its head
To join itself with thee—What difference?
The earth cannot contain thee, in a burst
Thou surgest on unto thine ocean couch!

From the globe's confines ultimate, men come
To visit thee, to raise themselves on high
With contemplation of thy matchless charms.
A thousand tongues along thy banks acclaim
In Thee the grandeur of their God, the boast
Of nature's purest triumph over all.
Heredia came and paid his tribute here,
Hailing Niagara in his soul, in dread
More of himself than thee, for all thy floods!

The Anglo-Saxon cyclops quick to prove
Unto the world that he is lord of thee,
Spans thy great gorges with his airy bridge,
Embracing thee as with an iron hand,
In sign that man (the insect of the hour,
The dizzying hour!) proclaims his reign abroad!
'Tis heaven herself laid down beneath thy feet
These angel pillows colored for the spheres;
And for one bridge, hers are a thousand round,-
To art of man opposing that of heaven,
Hangs tremulous here, as though the smile of peace
Amid the heavy breathings about death,
Her tranquil bow amidst the wild abyss!

Sufficing glory is thy ceaseless spring
Of beauties, thou art shrine perpetual
Of man's deep wonder. What can I for thee,
Save but to add my little name to thine?
I am the trifling shadow at the gates,
A day to hover silent, a light breath
In silence moving through thine icy mist—

If to the surge volcanic of thy breast
The earth, thy trembling cradle, hears the wind
Groan through its stony hollows in reply,—
I know not, for my heart is hushed, nor stirs
Within my soul the ardent flame of song.
But what is this to thee, who, changelessly
Assert'st thy majesty and pomp,—while I
In years of exile stand and weariness
Of soul? Today I gaze on thee with eyes
Of sadness, Amphitheatre divine!—
Where 'mid thy gusts and mists eternal strifes
Of crags and whirlpools rage. In me there stirs
No combat; nay, thy presence, rather than
Thy lofty beauty wakes my wonderment,
Inspires prostration,—yea, and chills my soul!
This milky lake asleep beneath my feet,
These curdling waves of emerald that cloak
As in a mantle's fold thy rocky bed
Where floods are gasping—all unknowing where
Their destinies are urging; the dread pool

And maelstrom that awaits them where in power
As of an angry sea they writhe and lift
Their heads, like some lethargic boa, rolled
In his majestic, noiseless coils and poised
Magnetic for his dart; and so it is
With me; such is the mortuary sea
Of my existence, where the hidden plan
Sweeps in the whirlpool, gulfing, drowning me.

Whence, O Heredia, thy dread? I look
And find it not. Not so unhappy thou
Hadst thou known real fear. Thy hopes
Grew pale and trembled here unto their death.
Here over all rules desperation; here
She lifts her craggy altars; from these deeps
And Tartarous regions soars the mighty call
Of demon voices to infernal bliss!
No, Nature never overwhelms the soul
With dread; her very worst is but a boon.
Her very tomb is but a couch of rest.
She is a child, forever innocent
And candorous; a gentle nurse whom heaven

In goodness gave to man.—
To man, the asp,
The monster (O Heredia, how well
Thou knewst!) whose contact is affright to me;
The asp that poisons soul and body both;
Satan eternal of our brothers' lives,
As well as of our own; disturber born
Of every Paradise that Nature yields,
Of every scene with ordered peace that brings
His mind the memory of heaven,
His wasted destiny! Mankind, the link
Between the angel and the fiend, the foe
Of all who would ascend the heavenly stair
Toward the high model of Divinity!—
Away, abortion!—Here is Nature, here!
But at the sight of this vast, thunderous stream,—
This splendid comet of the waterways—
I would not seek its arms, like that light bow
That trembles o'er its radiant gates,—nor yield
My thoughts nor feelings!—
Thou art so supreme,

Niagara, so irresistible
Thy witchery and majesty combined,
That hapless man, amid his little day,
Can but adore thee; God grant happy death
To him who vainly turns to thee to ease
His overpowering woes!—
O mother mine,
Sweet martyr soul, thy pardon! 'Tis today
At home, that once was happy, we make feast
In honor of thy name. I now implore
On high thy pardon. 'Tis no fault of thine
That I should owe to thee my hapless life.
Today once more canst save me; once again
Through thy unfailing tenderness, thy son
Revived anew, makes offering anew
Of freshened vigor—
Here, through custom old,
Come first the wedded from their nuptial shrine;
Here is their second nave and altar-place
Of love; here are their seats beyond the world
Within the Love-God's arms of clemency.

Ah, may He bless them, casting on the surge
The pure white jasmine blossom of their wreaths!—
Rest, rest! chaste visioning! Unto the sound
Niagara thy parent rocks thee, rest!
Faithful shall be thy lullaby, O rest!
Until across thy garlands come the voice
Of the great requiem he chants for thee.
Let thy soul take my blessing upon thee,—
Keep it as benediction in thy heart;
Blesséd because thou lov'st; more blesséd still
When thou no more art woman, when thou die'st,
And disappear'st and fallest to repose—
My soul grows weary o'er thy silent grave!—
All is accomplished—all with perfectness,
As God decrees; today the absent turns
His way again to thee; again as one
We stand together,—thou within thy tomb,
Ah, dead, they say!—And I perchance, more dead
Than thou—surviving mine own heart!—
Peace! Peace!

Let not my woes disturb thee in thy rest!
Yet easier would it be, Niagara,
To speak across the tumult of thy falls!—

Thy waters seem like the beginning world
That leaps from out the hand of the Divine,
Inaugurating its eternal course
Throughout the ether deeps! Thou art like heaven
That bends upon the earth amid thy clouds
Half-veiling here the majesty of God.
Forever new and brilliant in thy sweep;
Forever fertile, and magnificent,
The vital spring of mother Nature's breasts
Shining with healthful savors,—thou dost show
Thy grandeur in thy fall, and raisest high
From thine abyss the hymn of praise and life.
But oh! to me life is a sarcasm now;
My world has finished, and my soul is dead;
In my desire to sing speaks but the rime
Of hate, or *De profundis* as of death.

It is to lighten weary days,
Niagara, my steps I hither press;
To turn indifferent shoulders to thy ways,
My brows immersed amid thine icy sprays,
Rendering back to thee—forgetfulness.
—*Thomas Walsh.*

GASPAR NÚÑEZ DE ARCE

(1834–1903)

THE DELUGE

GASPAR NÚÑEZ DE ARCE was born at Valladolid. After the restoration of the Bourbons, he served in the Liberal cabinets. Retiring through ill health some years before his death, he devoted himself to poetic and dramatic literature, obtaining great success in Spain and Spanish America. His *Gritos del combate* appeared in 1875; *Un idilio* in 1879. There has been no complete collection published of his works.

MISERERE

It is midnight; the great dwelling
Reared at Philip Second's will
The world's wonderment to fill—
All his mighty story telling,
Lies in haughty shadows, spelling

Gaspar Esteban Núñez de Arce

Out the history painfully
Of his vanished majesty,
Giving like some giant writhing
'Neath the mountain, the last tithing
That his ruined glories see.
From the Guadarramas waking
The chill winds have left their caves,
Breasting on the architraves
Of the shrine and ceaseless breaking.
All the stars above are shaking
With a red and sullen flame,
And at times in sorrow's name
Speaks the echo-starting bell
That lugubrious would tell
That the convent prays the same.
While the church morose and sombre
Slumbers in its vast repose,
In its icy silence close
As a tomb the ages cumber;
And the cresset lamps in umber
With uncertain gleam afar
Show the figures now that are
Half advancing, half retreating,
Mingling like the ghost-forms meeting
In a child's or old man's slumber.
Sudden from the royal fosses

Stirs a rumor strange and clear,
And an awesome form of fear
Lifts above the dust and crosses.
Charles the Fifth, the Cæsar, tosses
Back the clamping funeral stone,
And with face all fleshless grown,
Rises horrid from the mosses.
Striking hard his bony forehead,
As from lethargy so deep
He would shake his mind from sleep
And disperse his nightmare horrid.
And he stared upon the florid
Burial place so still and lone
Where there towered his funeral stone.
Forth he from the tomb advanced
And took his stand and never glanced
Where his ragged shroud was shown.
"Hark ye!—" cried his warlike voice
In the tone the whole world knew
When the ancient ages threw
At his feet its trembling choice;—
"Throw back your sepulchre's dark walls,
Ye glories of Imperial days,
Ye heroes of immortal rays,
Ye flames of old-time glory,
And from your places mortuary,

Come forth—'tis Cæsar's voice that calls!"—
And answering the haughty word
The very depths with rumor stirred,
And from their marbles surged
Spectres half unpurged;
And the graves opened wide;
And in a line dead kings began
To file before him, each one wan
And soiled with years, though every man
Still wore his crown of pride.
Grave, solemn, and remote
Came Philip Second, from his wars
Scourged, yet unbeaten, by his scars;
His son beside him grim did float;
And then the King, the all devout,
His humbleness beyond a doubt,
Who saw great Spain, the victim, torn
Like some great granite mountain, scorn
Of earthquakes, blotted out.
Then came the monarch of the blight,
Whose reign did shame employ
All our grandeur to destroy,
And shaking still with fever's might—
Oh, the dread conspiracy
That the eye might still remark

'Twixt that monarch of the dark
And his wasted monarchy!—
With a terrible confusion
Silently they herd along,
Kings now dead who once were strong!—
Teeming with the grave's profusion.
And the vanished embers start
Gleaming in those brows' dead part,
Throwing uncertain lights upon
Eyepits where the eyes are gone,
And empty skulls that grieve the heart.
And following their monarchs after,
In answer to the mighty call
As though the very hours fall
On Judgement Day, from floor to rafter,
Thronging come Spain's ancient glories,
Through the cloistered corridors,
Princes, Lords and Grand Señores,
Prelates, friars, warriors,
Favorites and counselors,
Theologues and Inquisitors.
Then with Charles's mandate shaking
From the scepter that he bore,
To the organ tottered o'er
A poor skeleton all quaking;
Bony hands the keyboard waking

Stirred a torrent of accord
Till the giant music poured
Litanies and requiems making.
And the voices all in one,
From the dead a holy chant,
At the shrine hierophant
To their God and Maker ran.
And the broken echoes, won
From the victims of the tomb,
Swelled and stirred the startled gloom,
And to such a fervor rose
That it seemed the very close
Of a world whose days were done.
"We were as the mighty stream
Of a river that is dry;
None the source can now espy;
Dry and parched the channels gleam!
Yea, O God, our little power
Was extinguished in an hour—
Miserere!
Curséd, curséd the device,
Portent over land and sea,
That spreads the word of life so free
And gives ideas wings of price,
The printed words that all suffice
And wound to death our Sovereignty.—

Miserere!
Curséd be the wire that starts
All lands and peoples into one,
By which to prayers and hopes are spun
All the world's pulsating hearts.
Nought in silence can be done;
No injustice lurks or darts—
Miserere!
Now no more each people thrives
In solitary state alone;
To chains of iron they have grown
The bonds where human nature strives;
No more are isolation's gyves
On liberty's strong muscles thrown—
Miserere!
A bitter and a brutal blow
Delivered with unsparing hand
Upon the shoulders of our band
Of priest and king, they did bestow.
And nought there is that we can know
To heal the wound their rage has fanned—
Miserere!
And see, alas, how human pride
Upon the heavens is placing hands!
In arrogance the haughty lands
Would even Thee, the Lord, deride!

Let not their voice blaspheming guide
To peace nor to contentment's strands—
Miserere!
Yet not in hostile turmoil caught,
Nor in their dismal pit of woe
Let Thy world perish, ere it know
That in itself its wrong was fraught.
Unpitying they ceaseless brought
Our death to us—they die also!—
Miserere!
O Life, thou great and mighty river
That hurries onward to the main,
Behold, our channels dust-heaps vain,
Where once did rushing streams deliver!
Let not the impious rule forever—
Nor evil have an endless reign—
Miserere!"
Then suddenly the organ ceased
Its mighty rumble, and the light
Fell swiftly off the throng of blight,
And all to darkness was released.
While in a vast and solemn feast
Of dread and tears the silence grew
And from the eyeless skulls poured through
A flood of weeping never ceased.
Meanwhile the light was fading out

Mysterious and vague, and all
The rumors died along the wall,
And the great vision shrank to doubt.
With daylight breaking from without,
The white procession paled away
And through the scattering mists of day
Came a far locomotive's shout.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

GUSTAVO ADOLFO BÉCQUER
(1836–1870)

"THEY CLOSED HER EYES"

GUSTAVO ADOLFO BÉCQUER was born at Seville. As a student of painting, he began a poverty-stricken career at Madrid, where, after an unhappy marriage, he died.

His *Obras* (Madrid, 1871) reveal a writer, who influenced greatly by Hoffmann and Heine, possessed one of the most original talents in Spanish literature. He is sometimes considered the founder of the modern Spanish school of poetry. His works have passed through many editions.

They closed her eyes
That were still open;
They hid her face
With a white linen,
And, some sobbing
Others in silence,

From the sad bedroom
All came away.

The nightlight in a dish
Burned on the floor;
It threw on the wall
The bed's shadow,
And in that shadow
One saw sometime
Drawn in sharp line
The body's shape.

The dawn appeared.
At its first whiteness
With its thousand noises
The town awoke.
Before that contrast
Of light and darkness,
Of life and strangeness
I thought a moment.
My God, how lonely
The dead are!

On the shoulders of men
To church they bore her,
And in a chapel
They left her bier.

There they surrounded
Her pale body
With yellow candles
And black stuffs.

At the last stroke
Of the ringing for the Souls,
An old crone finished
Her last prayers.
She crossed the narrow nave,
The doors moaned,
And the holy place
Remained deserted.

From a clock one heard
The measured ticking,
And from a candle
The guttering.
All things there
Were so dark and mournful,
So cold and rigid,
That I thought a moment:
My God, how lonely
The dead are!

From the high belfry
The tongue of iron

Clanged, giving out
A last farewell.
Crape on their clothes,
Her friends and kindred
Passed in a line
In homage to her.

In the last vault
Dark and narrow,
The pickaxe opened
A niche at one end;
They laid her away there.
Soon they bricked the place up,
And with a gesture
Bade grief farewell.

Pickaxe on shoulder
The gravedigger,
Singing between his teeth,
Passed out of sight.
The night came down,
It was all silent.
Alone in the darkness
I thought a moment,—
My God, how lonely
The dead are!

In the dark nights
Of bitter winter,
When the wind makes
The rafter creak,
When the violent rain
Lashes the windows,
Lonely I remember
That poor girl.

There falls the rain
With its noise eternal,
There the northwind
Fights with the rain.
Stretched in the hollow
Of the damp bricks,
Perhaps her bones
Freeze with the cold.

Does the dust return to dust?
Does the soul fly to heaven?
Or is all vile matter,
Rottenness, filthiness?
I know not, but
There is something—something—
Something which gives me
Loathing, terror,—

To leave the dead
So alone, so wretched.

—*John Masefield.*

THE WAITING HARP

There in the dusky alcove of the room,
Perchance forgotten by its owner now,
Silent beneath its covering of dust,
The harp was seen.
How many a song was slumbering in its strings,
As in some bird-breast sleeping on the boughs,
Waiting the snowy hand whose master touch
Shall waken it!
Alas, methought—how often genius halts
And drowses thus within the bosom's depth,
Hoping to hear a voice, like Lazarus,
To say its message,—"Soul, arise and walk!"

—*Thomas Walsh.*

SONG

"I am a passion; I am a flame;
I am a symbol of loves that go,

I am that desire which transcends shame—
Is it I you seek?"
"Not you: no!"

"My brow is pale, my hair is gold;
I can make your dreams come true.
Treasures of tenderness I hold—
Is it I you call?"
"No: not you!"

"I am a mystery; I am a dream;
A fleeting phantom of light and gloom;
A mist; a shadow; not what I seem,—
I cannot love you!"
"Oh, come, come!"
—*Muna Lee.*

RIMAS

The very atoms of the air
Seem warmed and stirring everywhere;
The sky with golden light suffused:
The earth grown bright with dawn unused;
I hear in waves of carolings
The sound of kisses, sweep of wings;
I close mine eyes,—what happens there?—
—The passing-by of Love the fair!—
—*Roderick Gill.*

ROSALÍA DE CASTRO

(1837–1883)

THE CARILLON

Rosalía de Castro was born at Santiago de Compostela. She is one of the greatest protagonists of regionalism in Spanish literature, and her intimate studies of the Galician province early brought her into literary prominence. Her *Cantares gallegos* appeared in 1863; her *En las orillas del Sar*, in 1884.

I love them—and I hearken
  As the winds their notes prolong,
Like the murmur of a fountain,
  Like a lambkin's distant song,

Like the birds serenely winging
  On their way across the skies,
At the break of daylight soaring
  To salute it with their cries.

Rosalía de Castro

In their voices saying ever
O'er the plain and mountain peak
Something that is frank and candid,
That a soothing charm would speak.

Should their voices cease forever,
What a sorrow for the air!
What a silence in the belfries!
And the dead—how strangely bare!

—*Garrett Strange.*

OLEGARIO VICTOR ANDRADE
(1838–1883)

ATLÁNTIDA

Olegario Victor Andrade, who is generally considered the greatest poet of Argentina, after some experience in politics, became editor of *La Tribuna*, the government organ of President Roca. His poems, mostly written within a period of about five years, display unusual patriotic fire and inspiration. His *Atlántida* won the national prize of Argentina in 1881.

The passing centuries the secret kept.
But Plato saw it dimly when beside
The Ægean Sea, he gazed upon the shadows
Falling softly on Hymettus' peak,
And spake mysterious words with restless waves
That groaned beneath his feet. He knew the name
Of this last child of Time, destined to be

The Future's bride, where dwells eternal spring;
And called it fair Atlantis.
But God thought best to give the mighty task
To Latin men, the race that tamed the world,
And fought its greatest battles.

And when the hour was struck, Columbus came
Upon a ship that bore the fate of Man,
And westward made his way.
The wild tumultuous Ocean hurled against
The tiny Latin ship the black north wind,
While whirlwinds roaring fiercely rode astride
The lightning's blood-red steed.
Forward the vessel moved, and broke the seal
Of Mystery; and fair Atlantis woke
At last, to find her in a dreamer's arms!

Often the victor over thrones and crowns,

The restless spirit of the ancient race
Had found fulfilment of its noblest dream,—
Abundant space and light in distant zones!
With armor newly forged, nor dragging now
The blood-stained winding-sheet of a dead past,
Nor weighted down by blackest memories,
Once more it ventured forth in eager quest
Of liberty and glory.

Before it lay a vast, unconquered world.
Here, resting on the sea, 'neath tropic skies,
And bathed in the white light of rising dawn,
The Antilles lift their heads, like scattered birds
That utter plaintive cries,
And dry their snowy wings that they may fly
To other, distant shores.

Here rises Mexico above two seas,
A granite tower that even yet would seem

To spy the Spanish fleet as it draws near
Across the Aztec gulf;
And over there Colombia, lulled to sleep
By the deep roar of Tequendama's fall,
Within its bosom hides unfailing wealth.

Hail, happy zone! Oh fair, enchanted land,
Belovéd child of the creative sun
And teeming home of animated life,
The birthplace of the great Bolìvar,—hail!
In thee, Venezuela, all is great:
The flashing stars that light thee from above;
Thy genius and thy noble heroism,
Which with volcanic force and deafening crash
Burst forth on San Mateo's lofty peak!

Outstretched below the Andes' mighty chain,
Like one who weeps above an open grave,
The Incas' Rome doth lie.
Its sword was broken in the bloody strife,
And in obscurity its face was sunk.
But still Peru doth live!
For in a virile race

Defeat doth spell a new, a nobler life.
And when propitious toil, which heals all wounds,
Shall come to thee at last,
And when the sun of justice shines again
After long days of weeping and of shame,
The ripening grain shall paint with flowers of gold
The crimson cloak that o'er thy shoulder floats.

Bolivia, namesake of the giant born
At Mount Avila's foot,
Hath kept his lively wit and valiant heart,
With which to face the storm and stress of life.
It dreams of war today; but also dreams
Of greater things, when 'stead of useless guns,
The engines made of steel
Shall boldly bridge the vales and scale the hills.

And Chile, strong in war and strong in toil,

Hangs its avenging arms upon the wall,
Convinced that victory by brutal strength
Is vain and empty if it be not right.
And Uruguay, although too fond of strife,
The sweet caress of progress ever seeks;
Brazil, which feels the Atlantic's noisy kiss,
With greater freedom were a greater state;
And now the blesséd land,
The bride of glory, which the Plata bathes
And which the Andean range alone doth bound!

Let all arise, for 'tis our native land,
Our own, our native land, which ever sought
Sublime ideals. Our youthful race was lulled
E'en in the cradle by immortal hymns,
And now it calls, to share its opulence,
All those who worship sacred liberty,
The fair handmaid of science, progress, art. . . .
Our country turns its back on savage war,
And casts away the fratricidal sword,
That it may bind upon its haughty brow
A wreath of yellow wheat,

Lighter to wear than any golden crown. . .
The sun of ultimate redemption shines
On our belovéd land, which strides ahead
To meet the future, and with noble mien
Offers the Plata's overflowing cup
To all the hungry nations. . . .

—*Elijah Clarence Hills.*

JOSÉ ROSAS MORENO

(1838–1883)

THE SPIDER'S WEB

José Rosas Moreno was born and died in Mexico. He was known for his dramas, as well as for his lyrical poetry of a simple domestic kind. His fables have been much appreciated.

A dext'rous spider chose
The delicate blossom of a garden rose
Whereon to plant and bind
The net he framed to take the insect kind.
And when his task was done
Proud of the cunning lines his art had spun,
He said, "I take my stand
Close by my work, and watch what I have planned.
And now, if heaven should bless
My labors with but moderate success,
No fly shall pass this way,

Nor gnat, but they shall fall an easy prey."
He spoke, when from the sky
A strong wind swooped, and whirling, hurried by,
And far before the blast
Rose, leaf and web and plans and hopes were cast.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

THE EAGLE AND THE SERPENT

A serpent watched an eagle gain
On soaring winds, a mountain height
And envied him, and crawled with pain
To where he saw the bird alight.
So fickle fortune oftentimes
Befriends the cunning and the base,
And many a groveling reptile climbs
Up to the eagle's lofty place.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

THE CATERPILLAR AND THE BUTTERFLY

"Good-morrow, friend," so spoke, upon a day
A caterpillar to a butterfly.

The wingéd creature looked another way,
And made this proud reply:
"No friend of worms am I."
The insulted caterpillar heard
And answered thus the taunting word.
"And what wert thou, I pray,
Ere God bestowed on thee that brave array?
Why treat the caterpillar tribe with scorn?
Art thou then nobly born?
What art thou, madam, at the best?
A caterpillar elegantly dressed."

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

JOAQUÍN ARCADIO PAGAZA

(1839– ?)

IN THE NIGHT

JOAQUÍN ARCADIO PAGAZA, Bishop of Vera Cruz, Mexico, was a poet of the classic school. Many of his Castilian sonnets are much admired, although he is chiefly remembered as the translator into Spanish of the famous Latin poem *Rusticatio mexicana* by the Jesuit Rafael Landivar (1731–1793), a work sharing, with Balbuena's *Grandeza mexicana*, the merit of fixing the classical style of letters in Hispanic America.

It seems like noon, so bright the lustre shed
On the damp forest by the moon's white glow.
The breeze scarce moves yon oak tree to and fro,
That mid a thousand others rears its head.

O'er Zempoala, on an azure bed,
The evening star rests just above the snow,
And dimly in the fields the brooklet's flow
Shows like a silver ribbon far outspread.

The heavens shine; the hoophoe's note of pain
Sounds on the mountain, and the echoes send
Its wail across the broad plains plaintively.
Phyllis, come follow me, for I would fain
Enjoy this night; shut up the cot, my friend;
Upon the hillside I will wait for thee.

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

TWILIGHT

Slowly the sun descends at fall of night,
And rests on clouds of amber, rose and red;
The mist upon the distant mountains shed
Turns to a rain of gold and silver light.

The evening star shines tremulous and bright

Through wreaths of vapor, and the clouds
o'erhead
Are mirrored in the lake, where soft they
spread,
And break the blue of heaven's azure
height.

Bright grows the whole horizon in the west
Like a devouring fire; a golden hue
Spreads o'er the sky, the trees, the plains
that shine.
The bird is singing near its hidden nest
Its latest song, amid the falling dew,
Enraptured by the sunset's charm divine.

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

ANTONIO SELLÉN

(1840–1888)

THE BROKEN BRANCH

ANTONIO SELLÉN, younger brother of the Cuban patriot and poet Francisco Sellén, was born at Santiago de Cuba. He became prominent in the periodical literature of the Cuban revolutionary period, publishing with his brother, *Estudios poéticos* (1882), and during his residence in New York *Cuatro poemas de Lord Byron* (New York, 1877).

Poor branch that broken from the tree
  Is at the mercy of the wave—
How swift your flight, how rapidly,
  It sweeps you to your grave!—

A moment in the angry pool
  You struggle with its might in vain—
Amid the fury of its rule
  How useless to complain!—

What matters it to me should tide
  Arise and gulp me down below—
A withered branch and lone, beside
  A world of which I nothing know?

When sharp winds blow in hurricane
  The branches leafless sad and bare,
And lorn they strive against the strain—
  What poor dried bough proves sturdy there?

The branch that severs from the tree
  From which it took its parent birth
Is a soul that in its misery
  Is lost to love and life on earth.

—*Garret Strange.*

DIEGO VICENTE TEJERA

(1848–1903)

JULIET

DIEGO VICENTE TEJERA was born and died in Cuba. He passed some years in the United States endeavoring to organize a socialist party to figure in the Revolution of 1895. His *Ramo de violetas* appeared in 1878.

"Another kiss, then, Juliette, farewell!—
  Another, nay, another thousand more!—"
She holds him back with her adoring spell;
  Careless of all, her ardent kisses pour.
O secret transports what mere words can
    tell!—
  O hour of love with all its promised
    store!—
Through the still chamber how the quick
    sighs spell
  The ecstasies their hearts have thirsted
    for!

Delight! — forgetfulness! — The dawning breaks
Across the casement panes. The lover flies
Before the coming of the ancient day,
Down the high balcony where lightly shakes
His ladder,—where the swallows' punctual cries,
And swift and polished wings begin to play.—

—*Thomas Walsh.*

TO THEE

And art thou dead?—No, Death oblivion brings,
And still I dream of thee!
Death, gentle Mother, a dark ruin flings,
Yet still thy face I see!
But if thou haply hast not died as yet—
To-morrow—shalt thou live?
Oh, if to-day—there is no morrow set
When Death the end can give.
Never! Though destiny untimely wrought,
Shalt thou his rigor know;

Thou wert my all of glory,—now my thought
Shall be my love to show!
Throughout the lonely world by night and day
Shalt thou with me remain;
Nor any hour I breathe, O Mother, may
Death unto thee attain!
And longer still with me shalt live until
In God I seek thee far;
Until thy rays of heavenly bliss fulfil
And light our double star.
Despite the moans my broken accents raise—
"Where art thou, Mother, now?—"
Despite the tear that ceaseless comes and stays,—
O Mother, dead art thou?—
To adoration of my inmost breast
Thy memoried form shall glow.
The world may lay the mothers to Death's rest,
But not their children, no!—

—*Roderick Gill.*

LUIS MONTOTO Y RAUTEN-STRAUCH

(1851–)

OUR POET'S BREED

LUIS MONTOTO Y RAUTENSTRAUCH was born at Seville, where he has always been prominently identified with all civic activities. His works embody the brilliant life of the Andalusian capital. His publications include *Noches de luna*, *Sevilla*, *La sevillana*, and most popular of all *Toros en Sevilla*, *Toros*. He is a member of the Spanish Academy.

"Now whither go ye?"—Would that we
did know—
But who can trace the leaves at midnight
torn
From off the storm-swept branches as they
go
Upon the mighty tempest's path of scorn?

"And where abide ye?"—In the refuse heap,
Our walls and rafters rotting in the dust,—
Dust watered only by the tears we weep—
Tears bitter with our need and broken trust.

"Had ye no father?"—Yea, he dreamt of fame
And scorned the thrifty hoardings of the heart,—
He whom the midnight fever overcame
To sit, his brows with laurel crowned, apart.

"What seek ye now?"—His legacy decreed,
The dreamer's treasure buried in the sod;
We are the children of the poet's breed—
Refuse us not an alms, for love of God!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE DAY'S ACCOUNT

Night closes fast my gloomy door,
The hour when I must make account

Of how the world has paid me for
My toilsome day, and what amount.

Ingratitudes, and mean disdain,
And friendship's smirking likelihood,
And promises no deeds sustain,
And many ills, and scanty good,

And all the bitter pangs that start,
And tears that are so prone to course,—
But O what blessing in my heart!
I carry home no grim remorse!

—*Roderick Gill.*

THE INGRATE

The traveller on his torrid way
Will quench his thirst at any spring
Whose cooling waters chance to stray
Beside his road of wandering.

Then on upon his way he goes
Without another thought or glance
Upon the fountain that bestows
Its all of joy and sustenance.

And so 'tis with the ingrate's heart;
  Who once he can his need obtain
Will on his journey lightly start
  And never turn his cheek again.
—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE BULLS IN SEVILLE

I

Bulls in Seville! Bulls in Seville!
Come the shouts and flutter white
Of the programmes they are selling
To the experts of the fight.
Bulls in Seville! Bulls in Seville!
Murmur, touching glass to glass,
All the patrons of the cafés
While the weekly journals pass.
Bulls in Seville! is the whisper
Of the damsel in her best;
Bulls in Seville! Bulls in Seville!
Says the *grande dame* with the rest.
Bulls in Seville! is the rumor
Of the palace and the slum;
Child and man and woman murmur
That the noisy feasts have come.
And the brilliant sun of Maytime
And the gentle airs of spring,

The aroma of the flowers
And the orange breaths that fling,
O'er the gracious Guadalquivir
Where the crystal waters shine
And the shadows from the Tower
On the surface rest benign.
Then the joyous festivation
Of the lofty bells is heard,
And Giralda, the most lovely,
Speaks the loudest, highest word
And it seems as if the message
"Bulls in Seville" is refrain
Of the very winds ablowing
Through the length and breadth of Spain.

2

Dandy dons his little jacket,
Ties his double sash around,
Whispering "Now for the Bull-ring!"
Breathless hurries to the ground.
With her light shawl of Manilla
Mariquita makes her fair;
Puts a spray or two of flowers
To give scent and deck her hair,
And she murmurs,—"To the Bull-ring!"

As she hurries from her door,
Down the crowded streets and plazas,
In her gladness brimming o'er.
All the city's throng is hasting
Through the quarter on its way;
Every breast a bursting brasier
With the gladness of the day.
"To the Bull-ring! To the Bull-ring!"
Every tear is brushed and dried.
"To the Bull-ring! To the Bull-ring!"—
The to-morrows put aside!

3

In the shining blue of heaven
Not the slightest cloud is seen;
Spring with every dower is filling
All the world with joys serene.
All the great arena glitters
'Mid the crowds awaiting there,
Like a mighty bee-hive buzzing
For the sport that would prepare.
All the women in the boxes
With their shining shawls of white;
And their raven hair agleaming
With carnations red and bright.

Here are all Triana's neighbors,
And from Macarena too;
Many from San Roqué's parish,
And Calzada's not a few.
Here within the shade, awaiting
As in faculty of state,
All the bachelors and doctors
Of the bull-ring up-to-date.
All the bachelors and doctors
Who hold professorial seat
On the street where the Sierpes
And the proud Campaña meet.
Friends are they to the bull-fighters;
They the fates to-day can spell;
When the others shout, they're hissing;
When the others hiss, they yell.
And the peddlars hurry calling,
"Water of Tomares, buy!"—
"Almond cakes of cinnamon!"—
"Hazel-nuts and seeds, who'll try!"
The President gives salutation;
The gates of entry fling ajar;
See, the cavaliers are coming,
With their coats that shine afar!
Lightly spur the *alguaciles*,
Formal license to obtain,

Then return where their companions
Wait to start with all their train.
All the air with noise is ringing,
As the entrance march is heard,
And the bull-fighters are sighted
Through the gateway at the word.
"Blesséd be thy mother, brave one!"—
"Mezquita, hail!" "Giralda hail!"—
"Let us see thee, Manuelo!"—
"Rafael, long may you prevail!"—
First of all the gallant cohort
You the matadors behold,
Covered with their silken mantles
And their garments wrought in gold.
Two by two, their distance keeping,
Banderilleros then advance
In their little capes distinguished
By the people at a glance.
Then upon their Baviecas
Come the picadors along,
With their monkey-like retainers
And their badges in a throng.
And the mules are driven after,
Gay with all their fringe and bells;
Red and yellow in their ribbons,—
Nought their sorry duty tells.

Then the sounding of the trumpets,
Warns that the great bull arrives;
Bellowing the mighty monster
Down the sandy circle drives.
Lighter than the snake or lizard
Through the ranks of lads he goes,
While the crowd is growing frantic,—
"Let them catch him!" shouts arose.—
"Good for that *verônica*, bully!"—
"Bravo, that *navarra's* fine!"
"Hurra for the Rondeña method.—
Sturdy foot and fearless sign!—"
Picadorès! Picadorès!
To your work, the bull is hot!
Good defence! But hold you steady!
He has not discharged his shot!
"On the sand a fighter's lying!"—
"Is he injured?"—"Not at all!"
Picadorès! Picadorès!
"There's another!—God, we call!"—
"Señor President, I offer
Toasts for you and all the band!
Toasts for all the strangers present!
Toasts for all from Seville grand!
Toasts for those who die in Cuba,
Fighting there the war for Spain!

Toasts for all the lovely ladies!
And the gentlemen again!"—
Then the matador arises,
Seeks the bull at last grown still;
Fixes 'twixt the horns and forehead
His red point designed to kill.
Altos three, two *naturalês*
One *de pecho* that's for grace,
Muttering,—"Here's to your worships!"
Stabs the blade unto its place.
And the bull in anguish rocking,
Hears the victor shouts around,
Mingling with the burst of music
And the clapping hands that sound.
While the public in its frenzy
Flings both hat and parasol,
Walking-stick and cloak and jacket,
To the matador's control.—
Then another bull, another,
Other horses, other cries!
On the sands a fresher blood-stain,
On the benches other sighs!
For the afternoon is closing
And the hollow night is near;
All the joy of day is over,
And the plaza dark and drear.

Whither goest? To the Bull-ring!—
Gaily Hope doth make reply.
Whence art coming?—From the Bull-ring!
Sad reality doth sigh.
To the Bull-ring! From the Bull-ring!—
Thus it is we live and die!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

SALVADOR DÍAZ MIRÓN
(1853–)

TO PITY

SALVADOR DÍAZ MIRÓN is a Mexican poet of Vera Cruz, showing force and originality in thought, and expression. Rubén Darío paid tribute to his greatness in his *Azul.* His only acknowledged work is entitled *Lascas* (Xalapa, 1906).

You come to me in pride of gentle beauty.
What various forms hath pride! It shows to view
In the strong lion, rough mane and mighty roaring,
And in the dove, soft note and changeful hue.

A heavenly power comes with you to my sorrow;
It dawns upon the cavern's darksome night,

And enters in and spreads there like a music,
Like a sweet fragrance, like a shining light.

You give to sadness, like a good magician,
A happy truce; moved sweetly by your graces,
I bless the wound because of its pure balsam;
I love the desert for its green oasis!

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

SNOW-FLAKE

To soothe my pain because thou canst not love me,
Gazing upon me with an angel's air,
Thou dost immerse thy fingers, cool and pallid,
In the dark mane of my tempestuous hair.

'Tis vain, O woman! Thou dost not console me.
We are a world apart, in naught the same.
If thou art snow, then why dost thou not freeze me?

Why do I melt thee not, if I am flame?
Thine hand, so spiritual and transparent,
When it caresses my submissive head,
Is but the snow-cap crowning the volcano,
Whose burning lava-depths beneath it spread!

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

ENRIQUE HERNÁNDEZ MÍYARES
(1854–1914)

THE FAIREST ONE

ENRIQUE HERNÁNDEZ MÍYARES was a Cuban poet who contributed extensively to the *Revista Cubana* and whose sonnet, *La más fermosa*, has been greatly admired.

Keep on, O knight! with lance uplifted ride,
To punish every wrong by righteous deed;
For constancy at last shall gain its meed,
And justice ever with the law abide.
Mambrino's broken helmet don with pride,
Advance undaunted on thy glorious steed;
To Sancho Panza's cautions pay no heed;
In destiny and thy right arm confide!

At Fortune's coy reserve display no fear;
For should the Cavalier of the White Moon

With arms 'gainst thine in combat dare
appear,
Although by adverse fate thou art o'er-
thrown,—
Of Dulcinea even in death's hour swear
That she will always be the only fair!

—*Alfred Coester.*

J. RODRÍGUEZ LA ÓRDEN

(1853-)

TO AN ANDALUSIAN FAN

J. Rodríguez la Órden was born at Seville, where for many years he has acted as editor of the journal *El Baluarte.* Under the pen-name of "Carrasquilla" he has achieved success in poetry, criticism, and in the theater. His works include *El puñado,* and *Cuentos y trozos literarios.*

I wish I were the little man
So deftly painted on your fan,
That when you smile, you'd press its tips
To school the laughter of your lips;
And I the secret kiss might hear
And mock at them who think it queer
That you with pictured rivals try us
And give the fan what you deny us.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

JESÚS E. VALENZUELA

(1856–1911)

A SONG OF HANDS

JESÚS E. VALENZUELA was born at Guanacevi in the State of Durango, Mexico. He passed most of his life in Mexico City where he founded the *Revista Moderna*, in the pages of which most of his poems made their first appearance.

Hands—like soft blossoming buds—
  Of children that search for the breast,
In the calm sea of love's gaze
  Cradled and sweetly caressed!
Small hands of Jesus the Christ,
  In glory ineffably bright;
Hands like soft blossoming buds,
  Hands bathed in milk and in light.

Fairy hands, nimble and fair,
  O'er the piano that stray
Like a vague dream of life, or the void—

A dream from some realm far away!
The winged expression are ye
Of a sigh, or some cry on the air,
Floating in infinite space,
Fairy hands, nimble and fair.

Hands of an ivory white,
In the shade of the mantle obscure
Brightening prayer with their gleams
Gentle and starlike and pure!
Through their whiteness have passed all the woes
That ever humanity knew,
With the rosary's beads, one by one—
O hands of the ivory's hue!

Hands full of charity's grace,
Which to the hungry by night
Carry forth comfort and food,
Bread of hope's joy, of truth's light!
Noble, mysterious hands,
Of kindness unending, sincere!
Brothers are we, one and all,
Hands full of charity dear!

O pale, perished hands of the dead
For love or as martyrs who died!

Leaves of one lily are ye,
  Hands that were clasped or spread wide;
Hands full of questions, desires,
  Aspirations and yearnings unsaid—
Hands to the heavens outstretched,
  O pale, perished hands of the dead!

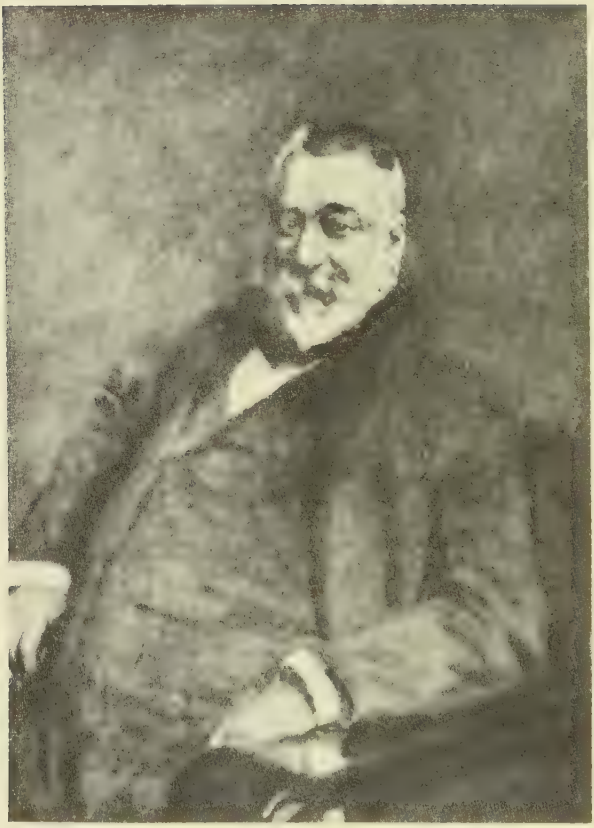
Hands with the sword in their grasp,
  That by warfare a sceptre have won,
And fill the whole world with the flood
  Of rivers of blood that o'errun!
Hands of the common folk, armed
  When quarrels or battles have birth—
Hands with the sword in their grasp,
  Red hands of the great of the earth! . . .

Hands that are bleeding and hard,
  That plough up the stern, arid soil,
And scarce feel the flight of the hours,
  So heavy and cruel the toil;
Hands in the workshop that sweat,
  That set up the type in all lands,
Hands that meet death in the mines—
  Hard, rough, and blood-spotted hands!

Hands that are wonted to toil,
  Strong hands of the brave and the free!

When on the heights, in the depths,
  Vibrates o'er land and o'er sea,
Stirring the world from its roots,
  The anger of justice on fire—
Hands that are wonted to toil,
  You shall that day hold the lyre!

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*



From the painting by Sorolla in the Hispanic Society of America

Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo

MARCELINO MENÉNDEZ Y PELAYO
(1856–1912)

ROME

MARCELINO MENÉNDEZ Y PELAYO was the great literary scholar of modern Spain. Much of his prose work may be considered pure poetry, as well as history and philosophy. His marked humanistic bent comes out clearly in his metrical work, which may be found in *Odas, epístolas y tragedias* (Madrid, 1883).

Age with devouring fingers spareth naught,—
Nor populous realm, nor consecrated laws;
See, now an alien flock to pasture draws
Within the shade where once the Tribunes taught;
No more, behind triumphant chariots caught,

Go kings in chains to swell the victor's cause;
Nor the Clitumnian oxen—'mid the pause
Move toward the altar pompously enwrought.

Like cloud or shadow or swift-fleeting bark,
Laws, armies, glories, all, are swept away;
Alone a cross above the ruins, see!
Tell me, O cross, what destiny you mark?—
Of old Rome's greatness shall the future say,
'Twas human glory, or God's majesty?

—*Roderick Gill.*

MANUEL JOSÉ OTHÓN

(1858–1906)

THE RIVER

MANUEL JOSÉ OTHÓN was a Mexican poet famous for his studies of nature in poems arranged for the most part in sonnet-sequences. The best known of these is the *Noche rústica de Walpurgis.*

With graceful waves, ye waters, frolic free;
Uplift your liquid songs, ye eddies bright;
And you, loquacious bubblings, day and night,
Hold converse with the wind and leaves in glee!
O'er the deep cut, ye jets, gush sportively.
And rend yourselves to foamy tatters white,
And dash on boulders curved and rocks upright,
Golconda's pearls and diamonds rich to see!

I am your sire, the River. Lo, my hair
Is moonbeams pale: of yon cerulean sky
Mine eyes are mirrors, as I sweep along.
Of molten spray is my forehead fair;
Transparent mosses for my beard have I;
The laughter of the Naiads' is my song.
—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

MANUEL GUTIÉRREZ NÁJERA
(1859–1895)

OUT OF DOORS

MANUEL GUTIÉRREZ NÁJERA, the Mexican precursor of the modernist movement in Spanish poetry, endeavored to amalgamate French spirit and Spanish form and so produce a type of poetry with the qualities of intellectual music. He was one of the founders of *La Revista Azul* and is generally considered one of the greatest of Mexican poets.

The Gardenia pleaded—"See how white
am I!"—
"White, but not so white as She!"—Was
my reply.
"My light is of the heavens!"—said Sirius
afar;
"But not so Paradisiac as hers!"—I told
the star.

The swallow twittered in the boughs,
To nightingale amid the flowers,
Singing in a glad carouse
As I listened through the hours.
"What a pair of tuneless voices
When compared to notes of hers!
Nor is there a star rejoices
With the glow her soft glance stirs,
Simply telling me—I love thee.
Take away, O God, the light,
The scents, the birds, the stars above me!—
Take away all beauty bright,
But leave her to my sight!"

—*Thomas Walsh.*

WHITE

What thing than the lily unstained is more white?
More pure than the mystic wax taper so bright?
More chaste than the orange-flower, tender and fair?
Than the light mist more virginal—holier too

Than the stone where the eucharist stands, ever new,
In the Lord's House of Prayer?

By the flight of white doves all the air now is cloven;
A white robe, from strands of the morning mist woven,
Enwraps in the distance the feudal round tower.
The trembling acacia, most graceful of trees,
Stands up in the orchard and waves in the breeze
Her soft, snowy flower.

See you not on the mountain the white of the snow?
The white tower stands high o'er the village below;
The gentle sheep gambol and play, passing by.
Swans pure and unspotted now cover the lake;
The straight lily sways as the breezes awake;

The volcano's huge vase is uplifted on high.

Let us enter the church: shines the eucharist there;
And of snow seems to be the old pastor's white hair;
In an alb of fine linen his frail form is clad.
A hundred fair maidens there sit robed in white;
They offer bouquets of spring flowers, fresh and bright,
The blossoms of April, pure, fragrant and glad.

Let us go to the choir; to the novice's prayer
Propitiously listens the Virgin so fair;
The white marble Christ on the crucifix dies;
And there without stain the wax tapers rise white;
And of lace is the curtain so thin and so light,

Which the day-dawn already shines
through from the skies.

Now let us go down to the field. Foaming
white,
The stream seems a tumult of feathers in
flight,
As its waters run, foaming and singing in
glee.
In its airy mantilla of mist cool and pale
The mountain is wrapped; the swift bark's
lateen sail,
Glides out and is lost to our sight on the
sea.

The lovely young woman now springs from
her bed,
On her goddess-like shoulders fresh water
to shed,
On her fair, polished arms and her
beautiful neck.
Now, singing and smiling, she girds on her
gown;
Bright, tremulous drops, from her hair
shaken down,
Her comb of Arabian ivory deck.

O marble! O snows! O vast, wonderful whiteness!
Your chaste beauty everywhere sheds its pure brightness,
O shy, timid vestal, to chastity vowed!
In the statue of beauty eternal are you;
From your soft robe is purity born, ever new;
You give angels wings, and give mortals a shroud.

You cover the child to whom life is yet new,
Crown the brows of the maiden whose promise is true,
Clothe the page in rich raiment that shines like a star.
How white are your mantles of ermine, O queens!
The cradle how white, where the fond mother leans!
How white, my belovéd, how spotless you are!

In proud dreams of love, I behold with delight

The towers of a church rising white in my sight,
And a home, hid in lilies, that opens to me;
And a bridal veil hung on your forehead so fair,
Like a filmy cloud, floating down slow through the air,
Till it rests on your shoulders, a marvel to see!

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

IN THE DEPTHS OF NIGHT

O Lord! O Lord!—how are the seas of thought
Tonight with waves of direst tempest torn!—
My spirit is in darkness terror-caught
Like Peter's, on Tiberiades borne!

The waves are cleaving so my little bark
That to its last destruction it seems nigh;
Thou who didst shed Thy light on blindness dark,
Oh, let it now unto my faith reply!

Rise, rise, O Star of Jesus, on the world
That lightly mocks the weakness of my arms!
My soul is chilled; our earthly hopes are furled;
Our eyes are closing 'mid the dread alarms!

Appear across the blackness of the night!—
Our spirits call Thee!—here alone we wait!—
And coming swiftly let Thy garment white
Appease the waves where there was tumult late!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

LOLA RODRÍGUEZ DE TÍO

(1859–)

MIST

Lola Rodríguez de Tío is a distinguished figure in the history and literature of the Antilles. She was born in Puerto Rico, but has passed many years of her life in Habana. Her several volumes of poems have enjoyed great appreciation.

O faint remembrances of vanished days
That stole away on such a velvet wing
O'er meads and groves, o'er plains and mountain ways,
What grief and sorrow to my heart you bring!

Come back without the shadow of your care,
Come back in silence and without a moan,

As the birds cross the unregarding air
Till none may tell the whence or whither flown.

Come back amid the pallor of the moon
That silvers all the azure rifts at sea,
Or in the deadly mist that in a swoon
Engulfs afar the green palm's royal tree.

Bring back the murmur of the doves that made
Their little nests so neighborly to mine;
The vibrant airs—the fragrances that played
Around the peaks that saw my cradle shine.

Sing in my ear the melodies of old,
So sweet and joyous to my inmost heart;
O faint remembrances two breasts should hold,
Two breasts that Destiny was loath to part!

What matter if a sigh steals through the dream
That shows the withered vine in flower again?—
So that remembrances in singing seem,
O tremulous lyre, to speak my endless pain!

—*Roderick Gill.*

ENRÍQUE MENÉNDEZ Y PELAYO

(1861–)

THE CYPRESS

ENRÍQUE MENÉNDEZ Y PELAYO, the brother of Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo, was born at Santander. He wrote many successful novels and comedies. For his poems, see *Desde mi huerta* (1890) and *Cancionero de la vida inquieta* (1915).

There is a cypress in the neighboring grove
As black as is the image of my pain;
Whose topmost branches in the moon attain
Such aspect as some ghostly world would prove.
Then vagrant fancy ceaselessly would move,
Transforming all the woodland scene again;

Where yesterday a lawn, now sand-
wastes reign;
Where was a wood, today a road would
rove.

Alone it stands, resisting every change!—
And I, in agony from life's dire wound,
Gaze on its heights and all my moan is
hushed;
Learning that,—memory or hope!—there
range
To grow within my life's own garden
ground
High things that man nor wind hath ever
crushed!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

JULIÁN DEL CASAL

(1863–1893)

TO MY MOTHER

JULIÁN DEL CASAL was born in Habana, Cuba. He early became imbued with the ideas of the French decadent poets. He loved Greece as well as Paris, but never visited either. An early death closed a career marred by ill-health and pessimism. His works are *Hojas al viento* (1890), *Nieve* (1891), and *Bustos y rimas* (1893).

More than a mother as a saint to me
You were in truth. You gave me birth and died,
But Oh! my mother when you left my side
God kissed an angel in eternity.
Today when in my dreams méthinks I see
Your smiling face, I gaze on you with pride,
And sigh, sweet mother, as I oft have sighed,
While tears I shed when I remember thee.

Julián del Casal

And should we never, never meet again
How sad 'twould be, but I shall always keep
Your image in my heart, and not complain;
For something tells me that you lie asleep
Because my suff'ring would have caused you pain—
Because my weeping would have made you weep.

—*Jorge Godoy.*

MY LOVES—SONNET *A LA POMPADOUR*

My loves are bronzes, crystals, porcelains,
Windows aglow like jewelled treasuries,
Hangings of florid, golden argosies,
And salvers brilliant with Venetian stains.
My loves are damosels of ancient reigns,
The old world's troubadour sweet harmonies,
The steed that bounds to Arabic caprice,
The German ballad with its tear refrains,

The ivory-carved piano-keys aflood,
The sounding horn within the forest glade,

The soft aroma from the censer fumed,
The couch of ivory, gold, and sandal-wood,
Where virgin loveliness at last is laid,
A broken flower of innocence entombed.

—*Roderick Gill.*

CONFIDENCES

Why weepest thou, my sweetheart pale,
Why bendest down thy lovely head?—
A dread idea doth assail
My mind and turn my heart to lead.—

Tell me: have they not loved thee well?—
Never!—Come, tell the truth to me.—
Ah, then; one lover only I can tell
Was faithful.—Who?—My misery.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE PEARL

Hovering o'er a lovely pearl
That the depths of earth were guarding
As an offering divine

From the hands of the Eternal,
Were two birds of rapine set
With their eyes upon its gleaming,
One with plumage all of gold,
One with plumage black as jet.

Seeing that the pearl was bursting
In its shell within the slime,
They made ready with their beaks
To dissect its broken pieces,—
These two birds of rapine set
With their eyes upon its gleaming,
One with plumage all of gold,
One with plumage black as jet.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

RAMÓN DOMINGO PERÉS

(1863-)

THE AEOLIAN HARP

RAMÓN DOMINGO PERÉS is a native of Havana but settled at Barcelona, where he has revealed his fine sense of critical values in *Musgo* (Barcelona, 1903). He has also written many poems.

Deep in my dreamland garden sways
  A harp aeolian none remembers more;—
Who cares, or listens what it says
  In music that is o'er?

No fingers wake it; 'tis by chance
  Alone its notes unechoed wake;
Think you the flower of beauty's glance
  Through its dim tones could break?

With none to hearken, all alone
Its breathings fugitive it keeps;
When the wind strikes a listless tone
It either sings—or weeps.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

OLAVO BILAC

(1865–1919)

FROM *CAÇADOR DE ESMERALDAS*

Olavo Bilac was born at Río de Janeiro. He devoted his entire life to the practice of letters in his native country, his earliest writings appearing in the *Gaceta de Noticias*. He also became famous as an orator. Among his works are *Cronicas e Novelas*, *Criticas*, *Conferencias literarias*, *Poesias infantiles*, *Cuentos patrios*, *A Patria Brazileira*. His greatest poem is entitled *Caçador de Esmeraldas*.

Over his dying head the shadowed veil of heaven
Pales and grows thin, its nocturn darkness riven
By the argent lance of the moon a-sail on high.
His eyes, renewed with radiance, seek in the lighted space,

The wraith of a smile hovers and passes
over his face;
Fernan Dias opens his arms to earth and
sky.

In a green heaven the stars break into
flames of green;
In the green forest glade green flowers
dance between
Emerald trunks, as oreads dancing on
grassy floors;
Lightning flashing green all the still heaven
fills,
The sullen flood of the river breaks into
emerald rills;
Green from out green skies a rain of
emeralds pours.

Now as a man from death raised by the
hands of a lover,
Resurrected, he rises; his dying eyes recover
Sight for the vision that tells again of his
seven-year seeking;
Life in his veins flows new; his eager senses
rejoice,

And to his hearing comes the sound of a clarion Voice,
Clear in the hush of the night, from that bright glory speaking:

"Die! As in thine hands the stones that thou hast sought
Dissolve as a dream fades, in dust returned to nought;
What matter? Sleep in peace! Sleep, for thy toil is ended!
Link after link, over plain and on rugged mountain slope
As a belt of emeralds strewn, as a shining pledge of hope,
Green in the desert sands, the towns of thy heart are extended.

"Their hands in Fortune's hands, linked to what whim of hers,
Marched from the camp each dawn thy band of wanderers;
North and south sought they, through plain and forest maze,
Shelter and surcease of care. Now on each wild hillside,

The walls of a homestead stand erect with a victor's pride,
And the beacon light of a hearth on the desert sheds its rays.

"In all thy wandering, adventure compassless,
Thou, like the sun, wert a very fount of fruitfulness;
Behind each weary step lay a highway for man's tread;
Victory hailed thy name by every charted stream;
And as thou wanderedst on, dreaming thy selfish dream,
As stirred by the step of a god, the desert blossomèd.

"Die! From each drop of sweat, from the fount of each burning tear,
Fertile, a newer life shall spring in a newer year;
Fruitful shall be thy thirst, thy vigil and thy fast.
Under the kiss of the sun, harvests shall ripening lie,

Under the kiss of love thy race shall multiply,
And the land whereon thou liest shall burgeon. Then at last

"In the voice of the plough thou shalt sing, in the bell's daily song
In the tumult of crowded streets, in the midst of the laughing throng,
In hymns of blessed peace, in the clamour of man's endeavour;
Through veiling mists of time shall rise thy bright renown,
Thou ravisher of the desert, thou planter of many a town!
In the heart of thy fatherland thy name shall live forever."

The fateful voice is stilled. All the earth hushes:
The fair high-sailing moon her silver fingers pushes
Through the sleeping leaves of the forest majesties;
In the maternal arms of Earth, content, enwrapped,

In the eternal peace of the starry spaces
lapped,
Forever free from questing, Fernan Dias
dies.

—*Lilian E. Elliott.*

MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO

(1865–)

DOMESTIC SCENES

MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO is a native of Galicia who for many years has been attached to the University of Salamanca, where for some time he acted as Rector. His works on literature and philosophy are numerous, and he has published several books of travel.

I

When shades of night have come
And all my house is sleeping,
The silent peace of home
Its arms about them keeping,
And the only sound I hear
Is my children's measured breathing,—
Then my dream sees life appear
Toward a larger meaning wreathing;

Then their breathing seems a prayer
Through their voice of dream repeating,
While their consciousness is bare
In their God the Father meeting.
Dream, O Dream, thou art the sign
Of the life that knows no ending,
Of that stainless life divine
On this present life attending!

2

Look not upon me with such eyes, my son;
I would not have thee read my secret clear,
Nor would I so deceive my little one
That poison through thy fragile veins should sear.
Never, O never, may thy father's gloom
Obstruct thee from the joy and glow of day—
To speak of joy does voice presume?—
I do not wish thee joy,
For on this earth
To live in mirth
One must be saint or fool;—
And fool,—God save thee, boy!—
And saint—I know not of the school.

3

Go, stir the brazier coals, my child;
The fire is growing cold.
How brief today the sun has smiled!
To think the orb that you behold
One day shall cinder turn,
And God's great brow, the heavens, enfold
Its ashes like an urn.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

JOSÉ ASUNCIÓN SILVA

(1865–1896)

A POEM

José Asunción Silva, one of the founders of the modernist school of Spanish poetry, was born at Bogotá, Colombia. He modeled many of his reforms on the practice of Edgar Allan Poe, and displayed unusual genius throughout his short and unhappy life, which was ended by his own hand. His works were published in Paris by Baldomero Sanín Cano in 1913.

I planned one time to perpetrate a song,
One of the new kind, pulsing, free and
strong.

I balanced subjects tragic and grotesque,
Conjuring all the rhythms unto my desk;

And then the skittish metres gathered round
Joining in shadowy swing and leap and bound

Metres sonorous, metres potent, grave,
Some with the shock of arms, some, bird-songs brave;

From East and West, from South as well as North,
Metres and stanzas bowing hurried forth.

Chafing their golden bridles, loose of rein,
Approach the Tercets, as if coursers vain.

And opening up amid the gallant ring,
Purple and gold, arrived the Sonnet king.

And all began to sing—Among the rabble
There rose the spirit of a charming gabble.

One pointed strophe wakened my desire
With the clear tinkling of a little spire;

So above all, I chose it for the bride
Adding my crystal, silver rhymes beside.

And thus I told a tale, with subtle grace,
A tragical, fantastic, never base,—

Though sad enough, a story straight and terse—
Of a fair lady loved and in her hearse;

And to sustain the mournful note I added
Soft lisps with *ex professo* kisses padded:

I decked the phrase with gold, and music rare
Of lute and mandolin was sounded there.

I drew the light of distances profound
With solemn mists and melancholies bound;

And 'mid the dim obscure, as in a feast
Of mortals, dancers to the dance released;

Clothed them in words that cloud like heavy veils,
With midnight masks of satin, velvet trails;—

And in the background intertwining, wound
The mystical and fleshly, as if bound.

Then in my author's pride, I added there
Heliotrope scent and light of jacynth rare—

And brought the poem to a critic grand,
Who sent it back—"I fail to understand."
—*Thomas Walsh.*

NOCTURNE

One night,
One night all full of murmurs, of perfumes and the brush of wings,
Within whose mellow nuptial glooms there shone fantastic fireflies,
Meekly at my side, slender, hushed and pale,
As though with infinite presentiment of woe
Your very depths of being were troubled,—
By the path of flowers that led across the plain,

You came treading,
And the rounded moon
Through heaven's blue and infinite profound was shedding whiteness.

And your shadow
Languid, delicate;
And my shadow,
Sketched by the white moonlight's ray
Upon the solemn sands
Of the path, were joined together,
As one together,
As one together,
As one together in a great single shadow,
As one together in a great single shadow,
As one together in a great single shadow.—

Another night
Alone—all my soul
Suffused with infinite woes and agonies of death,
Parted from you, by time, by the tomb and estrangement,
By the infinite gloom
Through which our voices fail to pierce,

Silent and lonely,
Along that road I journeyed—

And the dogs were heard barking at the moon,
At the pale-faced moon,
And the croaking
Of the frogs—

I was pierced with cold, such cold as on your bed
Came over your cheeks, your breasts, your adorable hands,
Between the snowy whiteness
Of your mortuary sheets;
It was the cold of the sepulchre, the chill of death,
The frost of nothingness.—
And my shadow
Sketched by the white moonlight's ray,
Went on alone,
Went on alone,
Went on alone over the solitary wastes;
And your shadow, slender and light,
Languid, delicate,

As on that soft night of your springtime death,
As on that night filled with murmurs, with perfumes and the brush of wings,
Came near and walked with me,
Came near and walked with me,
Came near and walked with me—Oh, shadows interlaced!—
Oh, shadows of the bodies joining in shadow of the souls!—
Oh, shadows running each to each in the nights of woes and tears!—

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE SERENADE

The street is deserted, the night is cold,
The moon glides veiled amid cloud-banks dun;
The lattice above is tightly closed,
And the notes ring clearly one by one
Under his fingers light and strong,
While the voice that sings tells tender things,
As the player strikes on his sweet guitar
The fragile strings.

The street is deserted, the night is cold,
A cloud has covered the moon from sight.
The lattice above is tightly closed,
And the notes are growing more soft and light.
Perhaps the sound of the serenade
Seeks the soul of the girl who loves and waits,
As the swallows seek eaves to build their nests
When they come in spring with their gentle mates.

The street is deserted, the night is cold,
The moon shines out from the clouds aloft;
The lattice above is opened now
And the notes are growing more low, more soft.
The singer with fingers light and strong
Clings to the ancient window's bar,
And a moan is breathed from the fragile strings
Of the sweet guitar.

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

LUIS MUÑOZ RIVERA

(1865–1916)

TO HER

LUIS MUÑOS RIVERA was a native of Puerto Rico, who became prominent at the time that island became part of the United States. He was editor of *La Democracia* and served as Commissioner of Puerto Rico to the United States Government. His poems, under the title of *Tropicales*, were published in New York in 1902.

When on my lyre I touch the strings apart
  In search of melody serene and rare,
Her memory comes stealing o'er my heart
  And gentle thoughts in thousands gather there.

Her image floats before me in a glance
  Of golden wonder hovering at my eyes;
An atmosphere delirious would entrance
  My soul with perfumes out of Paradise.

The sparkle of her glances sets aflame
The hearth-place of the inmost of my soul;
It glows with inspiration; strings acclaim;
The chant begins and swells beyond control.

Then as the radiant vision dies away,
As melts afar some white cloud full of dew,
My verses through my mind begin to play,
And on the page my pen would catch a few.

—*Roderick Gill.*

FABIO FIALLO

(1865-)

NOSTALGIA

FABIO FIALLO is a native of San Domingo, one of the leaders of the *modernista* movement, and known widely for his writings in prose and verse.

There we were and the good St. Peter
  Who came to God on high—
A dauntless fellow of a crusader,
  A pretty maid, and I.

The soldier prayed that he might ever
  Fight as on earth he fought:
And St. Michael gave his own picked legion
  As the boon he sought.

The maid sobbed out a stammering prayer
  To return to her lover's sight,
And she became the kiss of dawn by day,
  A ray of the moon by night.

My turn next; and God said blandly,
"Already I know your will;
You desire the harp of My singer David!"
—My pride leapt up—but still—

"Oh, no, Lord; another thing!
To be a tree on the tropic shore
Watered by my own Ozama,
And there, deep-rooted, to live once more!"

—*Muna Lee.*

Rubén Dario

RUBÉN DARÍO

(1867–1916)

TO ROOSEVELT

RUBÉN DARÍO, the leading modernist poet in Spanish, was born at León, Nicaragua. He devoted his early life to journalism in various parts of South America. Later he took up his residence at Madrid where he greatly influenced the writers of his generation. His principal publications are *Azul* (1888), *Prosas profanas*, and *Cantos de vida y esperanza* (1896), *El canto errante* (1907). Darío returned to León shortly before his death there.

I

'Tis only with the Bible or with Walt
Whitman's verse,
That you, the mighty hunter, are reached
by other men.

You're primitive and modern, you're simple
and complex,—
A veritable Nimrod with aught of Wash-
ington.
You are the United States;
You are the future foe
Of free America that keeps its Indian blood,
That prays to Jesus Christ, and speaks in
Spanish stil
You are a fine example of a strong and
haughty race;
You're learnéd and you're clever; to Tol-
stoy you're opposed;
And whether taming horses or slaying
savage beasts,
You seem an Alexander and Nebuchadnez-
zar too.
(As madmen today are wont to say,
You're a great professor of energy.)
You seem to be persuaded
That life is but combustion,
That progress is eruption,
And where you send the bullet
You bring the future.

2

The United States are rich, they're powerful and great
(They join the cult of Mammon to that of Hercules),
And when they stir and roar, the very Andes shake. . . .

But our America, which since the ancient times . . .
Has had its native poets; which lives on fire and light,
On perfumes and on love; our vast America,
The land of Montezuma, the Inca's mighty realm,
Of Christopher Columbus the fair America,
America the Spanish, the Roman Catholic, . . .
O men of Saxon eyes and fierce, barbaric soul,
This land still lives and dreams, and loves and stirs!
Take care!
The daughter of the Sun, the Spanish land, doth live!

And from the Spanish lion a thousand
whelps have sprung!
'Tis need, O Roosevelt, that you be God
himself . . .
Before you hold us fast in your grasping,
iron claws.

And though you count on all, one thing is
lacking: God!

—*Elijah Clarence Hills.*

SONATINA

The Princess mourns—Why is the Princess
sighing?
Why from her lips are song and laughter
dying?
Why does she droop upon her chair of
gold?
Hushed is the music of her royal bower;
Beside her in a vase; a single flower
Swoons and forgets its petals to unfold.

The fool in scarlet pirouettes and flatters,
Within the hall the silly dueña chatters;

Without, the peacock's regal plumage
gleams.
The Princess heeds them not; her thoughts
are veering
Out through the gates of Dawn, past sight
and hearing,
Where she pursues the phantoms of her
dreams.

Is it a dream of China that allures her,
Or far Golconda's ruler who conjures her
But to unveil the laughter of her eyes?—
He of the island realms of fragrant roses,
Whose treasure flashing diamond hoards
discloses,
And pearls of Ormuz, rich beyond sur-
mise?

Alas! The Princess longs to be a swallow,
To be a butterfly, to soar, to follow
The ray of light that climbs into the sun;
To greet the lilies, lost in Springtime
wonder,
To ride upon the wind, to hear the thunder
Of ocean waves where monstrous billows
run.

Her silver distaff fallen in disfavor,
Her magic globe shorn of its magic savor,
The swans that drift like snow across the lake,
The lotus in the garden pool—are mourning;
The dahlias and the jasmin flowers adorning
The palace gardens, sorrow for her sake.

Poor little captive of the blue-eyed glances!
A hundred negroes with a hundred lances,
A hound, a sleepless dragon, guard her gates.
There in the marble of her palace prison
The little Princess of the roving vision,
Caught in her gold and gauzes, dreams and waits.

"Oh" (sighs the Princess), "Oh, to leave behind me
My marble cage, the golden chains that bind me,
The empty chrysalis the moth forsakes!
To fly to where a fairy Prince is dwelling—
O radiant vision past all mortal telling,
Brighter than April, or the day that breaks!"

IV HISPANIC NOTES

"Hush, little Princess," whispers the good fairy,
"With sword and goshawk; on his charger airy,
The Prince draws near—the lover without blame.
Upon his wingéd steed the Prince is fleeting,
The conqueror of Death, to bring you greeting,
And with his kiss to touch your lips to flame!"

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

NIGHTFALL IN THE TROPICS

There is twilight grey and gloomy
Where the sea its velvet trails;
Out across the heavens roomy
Draw the veils.

Bitter and sonorous rises
The complaint from out the deeps,
And the wave the wind surprises
Weeps.

Viols there amid the gloaming
Hail the sun that dies,
And the white spray in its foaming
"Miserere" sighs.

Harmony the heavens embraces,
And the breeze is lifting free
To the chanting of the races
Of the sea.

Clarions of horizons calling
Strike a symphony most rare,
As if mountain voices calling
Vibrate there.

As though dread, unseen, were waking,
As though awesome echoes bore
On the distant breeze's quaking
The lion's roar.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

CANCIÓN OF AUTUMN IN SPRING-TIME

Days of youth, my sacred treasure,
Unreturning ye pass by!—

Would I weep?—no tears I measure;—
Then my tears—I know not why!—

My poor heart hath been divided
In its days celestial here;
There was a gentle maid, unguided
Through this world's affliction drear;

Like the white dawn was her vision;
Like the flower her gentle smile;
And her dusky locks elysian
Seemed of night and grief the style.

I was but a lad unknowing,—
She, as natural, would play
Through my love's fond ermine, showing
Herodias and Salomé.

Days of youth, my sacred treasure,
Unreturning ye pass by!—
Would I weep?—no tears I measure;—
Then my tears,—I know not why!—

There was another then, more tender,
More sensitive, more subtly kind,
More soothing, more delight to render
Than ever I had thought to find;

But 'neath her gentleness unceasing
A violent passion was concealed
And through her filmy robe releasing,
A wild Bacchante was revealed.

To breast she took my young ideal,
And nursed it softly as a child;
Then slew it, left it sad, unreal,
Of all its light and trust defiled.

Days of youth, my sacred treasure,
Unreturning ye pass by!—
Would I weep?—no tears I measure;—
Then my tears—I know not why!—

There was another took my kisses
To be the casket of her flame;
She laughed amid our wildest blisses,—
Her teeth against my heart-strings came!

Amid the maddest of her passion
She looked across with wilful eyes,—
As though our fond embrace could fashion
The essence of eternal skies;

As though our fragile flesh were tying
The boughs of endless Edens here;
Unmindful that with Springtime dying
The joys of body disappear.

Days of youth, my sacred treasure,
Unreturning ye pass by!—
Would I weep?—no tears I measure;—
Then my tears—I know not why!—

And all the others! In how many
Lands and climes,—they ever were!
Pretexts for a rhyme,—or any
Notion in my heart astir!—

Vain my search for that high lady
For whom I have awaited long.
But life is hard and grim and shady,—
There was no princess, save in song!

In spite of Time's unyielding measure,
My thirst for love has never died,—
My gray head bends to scent with pleasure
The roses of the garden-side—

Days of youth, my sacred treasure,
Unreturning ye pass by!—
Would I weep—no tears I measure;—
Then my tears—I know not why!—

Mine is still the Dawn of golden treasure!—
—*Thomas Walsh.*

PORTICO

I am the singer who of late put by
The verse azulean and the chant profane,
Across whose nights a rossignol would cry
And prove himself a lark at morn again.

Lord was I of my garden-place of dreams,
The heaping roses and swan-haunted brakes;
Lord of the doves; lord of the silver streams,
Of gondolas and lyres upon the lakes.

And very eighteenth century; both old
And very modern; bold, cosmopolite;
Like Hugo daring, like Verlaine half-told,
And thirsting for illusions infinite.

From infancy, 'twas sorrow that I knew;
My youth—was ever youth my own indeed?—
Its roses still their perfume round me strew,
Their perfume of a melancholy seed—

A reinless colt, my instinct galloped free,
My youth bestrode a colt without a rein;
Drunken I went, a belted blade with me;
If I fell not—'twas God who did sustain—

Within my garden stood a statue fair,
Of marble seeming yet of flesh and bone,
A gentle spirit was incarnate there
Of sensitive and sentimental tone.

So timid of the world, it fain would hide
And from its walls of silence issue not,
Save when the spring released upon its tide
The hour of melody it had begot—

The hour of sunset and the hidden kiss;
The hour of gloaming twilight and retreat;
The hour of madrigal, the hour of bliss,
Of "I adore thee" and "Alas" too sweet.

And 'mid the gamut of the flute, perchance,
Would come a ripple of crystal mysterics
Recalling Pan and his old Grecian dance
With the intoning of old Latin keys.

With such a sweep and ardor so intense
That on the statue suddenly were born
The muscled goat-thighs shaggy and immense
And on the brows the satyr's pair of horn.

As Góngora's Galatea, so in fine
The fair marquise of Verlaine captured me;
And so unto the passion half divine
Was joined a human sensuality;

All longing, and all ardor, the mere sense
And natural vigor; and without a sign
Of stage effect or literature's pretence—
If there was ever soul sincere—'twas mine.

IV HISPANIC NOTES

The ivory tower awakened my desire;
I longed to enclose myself in selfish bliss,
Yet hungered after space, my thirst on fire
For heaven, from out the shades of my abyss.

As with the sponge the salt sea saturates
Below the oozing wave, so was my heart
Tender and soft, bedrenched with bitter fates
That world and flesh and devil here impart.

But, through the grace of God, my conscience
Elected unto good its better part;
If there were hardness left in any sense,
It melted soft beneath the touch of Art.

My intellect was freed from baser thought,
My soul was bathed in the Castalian flood,
My heart a pilgrim went, and so I caught
The harmony from out the sacred wood.

O sacred wood! O rumor, that profound
Stirs from the sacred woodland's heart divine!
O plenteous fountain in whose power is wound
And overcome our destiny malign!

Grove of ideals; where the real halts,
Where flesh is flame alive, and Psyche floats;
The while the satyr makes his old assaults,
Let Philomel loose her azure-drunken throats.

Fantastic pearl and music amorous
A-down the green and flowering laurel tops;
Hypsipyle stealthily the rose doth buss
And the faun's mouth the tender stalklings crops.

There, where the god pursues the flying maid,
Where springs the reed of Pan from out the mire,

The Life Eternal hath its furrows laid
And wakens the All-Father's mystic choir.

The soul that enters there, disrobed should go
A-tremble with desire and longing pure,
Over the wounding spine and thorn below,—
So should it dream, be stirred, and sing secure.

Life, Light, and Truth, as in a triple flame
Produce the inner radiance infinite;
Art, pure as Christ, is heartened to exclaim:
"I am indeed the Life, the Truth, the Light!"

The Life is mystery; the Light is blind;
The Truth beyond our reach both daunts and fades;
The sheer perfection nowhere do we find;
The ideal sleeps a secret in the shades.

Therefore to be sincere is to be strong.
Bare as it is what glitter hath the star;
The water tells the fountain's soul in song
And voice of crystal flowing out afar.

Such my intent was,—of my spirit pure
To make a star, a fountain music-drawn,
With horror of the thing called literature—
And mad with madness of the gloam and dawn.

From the blue twilight such as gives the word
Which the celestial ecstasies inspire,
The haze and minor chord,—let flutes be heard!
Aurora, daughter of the Sun,—sound, lyres!

Let pass the stone if any use the sling;
Let pass, should hands of violence point the dart.
The stone from out the sling is for the waves a thing,
Hate's arrow of the idle wind is part.

Virtue is with the tranquil and the brave;
The fire interior burneth well and high;
The triumph is o'er rancor and the grave;
Toward Bethlehem—the caravan goes by!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

LUIS G. URBINA

(1867–)

THE MOONBEAM

LUIS G. URBINA is a Mexican poet of the modernist school, much of whose work has been inspired by the natural beauties of Cuba. His principal works are *Poema del lago* and *Poema del Mariel.*

Moonbeam, come in! Thou art a welcome guest.
'Tis long since I have seen thy silver flame.
Although I left the casement open wide,
Shadows alone into my chamber came.

Ungrateful comrade, thou art still the same—
The beam transparent, gliding through the night,

The beauteous gleam of splendor from on high,
Diaphanous with amber's yellow light.

Come in! She is not here; naught canst thou spy.
Moonbeam, thou canst not now be indiscreet,
Even if thou upon the nuptial couch
Shouldst cast thy pearly radiance, clear and sweet.

O'erflow the carpet like a glittering rain,
Flood all the silent room from wall to wall,
And, clinging to the darksome drapery,
Give it the semblance of a silver shawl!

See'st thou, all things are dusty and unkempt;
The heart is chilled to view their mournful air.
Upon the blackened nail the bird cage hangs
Empty and hushed; the songbirds are not there.

See'st thou, around the railing rough the vine
Its faded blossoms wreathes; no flower we spy
Upon the rose-tree; all the lilies now
Are withered, the sweet basil plants are dry.

Thou brightness indiscreet, from heaven above!
She loved thee in the past: I love thee now.
How often have I seen thy glimmering light
Reflected from her pure and pensive brow!

The girl with golden hair is here no more,—
The dreamer, pale and white as ocean foam,
Who said, as on thy shifting light she gazed,
"It is the smile of God within our home!"

Ungrateful comrade, only thou and I
Are in this chamber, now a place of dole:
Yet welcome, heavenly brightness indiscreet!
If thou would'st see her, come into my soul!

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

IV HISPANIC NOTES

RUFINO BLANCO-FOMBONA

(1868-)

AT PARTING

RUFINO BLANCO-FOMBONA is a Venezuelan poet whose political fortunes were bound up with those of President Cipriano Castro, who appointed him governor of the wild Territory of Amazonas. He was imprisoned by President Gómez, and in later years has resided in Paris, associated with the *Revista de América*. His poems appeared in *Pequeña ópera lírica* (Paris, 1904) and *Cantos de la prisión y del destierro* in 1911. He has also published an annotated edition of the correspondence of Bolívar the Liberator.

My love had known fifteen springs—
I kissed, and I pressed to me
Her lips like a flower, her chestnut hair,
Beside a lyric sea.

"Think of me; never forget,
No matter where I may be!"
—And I saw a shooting star
Fall suddenly into the sea.

—*Muna Lee.*

ANTONIO GÓMEZ RESTREPO

(1869–)

EYES

ANTONIO GÓMEZ RESTREPO is a native Colombian, prominent in the life and national affairs of Bogotá. Besides his own admirable work in poetry, he has edited for the Colombian Government the writings of *Rafael Pombo* (Bogotá, 1917–18) and the work of *Miguel Antonio Caro* (Bogotá, 1918).

There are eyes so full of dreams
  That they show us scenes of yore;
  Eyes whose pensive glances pour
Light of other skies and streams;
Eyes of grief that nourish themes
  Dimly seen, as from the shore
  Halcyon wings that wander o'er
Broken waves and clouded gleams.

Eyes there be whose sorrows fair
Teach oblivion from the skies
To the hearts whose cross is there;
Eyes that sweet old gladness prize,
Whose ethereal cloudings bear
Stars from a lost Paradise.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

TOLEDO

Perched on its yellow peak beneath a sky
Inclement as of Africa, there lifts
Toledo, with its brows of wrinkled rifts
Crowned with the belfries of the long gone-by.
The sacred city shuts its midday eye
To take siesta 'mid the Orient wifts;
Only from out the forge the rumor drifts
Where on the sword-blade still the armorers ply.

Deep in the choir's ancient glooms, behind
The Gothic lattices, there bends in prayer
A pallid monk upon his ritual.

And on the balcony outside there wind
The garlanded carnations burning there
Fresh as the lips love's earliest sighs enthrall.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE *GENERALIFE*

Alone it stands, an idle heap of dust,
The dreamland Arab palace on its hill;
And should Boabdil, its old lord, come still,
His grief would find an equal in its rust.
The sweet Granada spring herself doth trust
Ungrudging here, and her green charms fulfil;
The fountains play, and dream would have its will
Over the perfumes spilled on every gust.

Who in this gracious tower-retreat, remote,
Could muse an hour upon the languid charm
Of beauty, and the smiling thought of love,

And find not through his drowsy senses
float
Another voice that sounds the soft alarm
Of tears, as in the nightingale's full
throat?

—*Thomas Walsh.*

JOSÉ MARÍA GABRIEL Y GALÁN

(1870–1908)

TO A RICH MAN

JOSÉ MARÍA GABRIEL Y GALÁN was born at Frades de la Sierra, Salamanca, Spain. He gave his life to school-teaching and farming. He enjoys great popularity among the Spanish peoples for his sincere and powerful singing of the simpler things of life. His *Obras completas* (Madrid-Sevilla, 1909) have gone into several editions.

Where did you get this money and estate?
'Twas by your labor honestly acquired,
Or left you when your relatives expired,
Else it is robber's booty, miser's bait.
That which you give the beggar at your gate
Is noble if your arms to get it tired;
If 'twas a legacy, 'tis nobly squired,
If 'twas a theft—good sir, your pride abate!

I once beheld a wolf that from his feast
Unto a starving cur the bones released
When he himself was gorged and sated through;
So thou, rich glutton, drop the leavings there,
And let the pauper have the mongrel's share,—
Unless the wolf be kinder still than you—?

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE LORD

In the name of God—who shall open—
I close the doors of my ancestral dwelling—
closing my life out from the horizons,
closing my God as in a temple!

Oh, there is need of a heart of stone,
blood of hyenas, and a breast of steel,
to speak the farewells that in my throat
are struggling from my brooding breast.

Oh, there is need of a martyr's lips
to meet today

the icy chalice trembling in my hold
beneath my clouded eyes of hope.—

Now is the house deserted;
the elders silently have stolen forth;
alone it is for me to seek the loving
Christ,
there with His arms stretched wide—
—*Thomas Walsh.*

AMADO NERVO

(1870–1919)

TRANSLUCENCY

AMADO NERVO was a prolific poet of Mexico, much of whose life was passed in France and other parts of Europe. His *Perlas negras* and *Misticas* reveal the hidden character of the man, whose later poems took on a patriotic tone not so artistically effective.

I am a pensive soul. Do you know
What a pensive soul is?—Sad,
But with that cool
Melancholy
Of all soft
Translucencies.—All that exists,
Turning diaphanous, is serene and sad.

A Sabine pilgrim
Beholds in the quick
Transparencies of the voicy water

Amado Nervo

All the fugitive
Changes of his hair—
O Sabine pilgrim!

A cloud, making a twin of its image, a cloud
Floats on the fountains, rises on high.

God, in deep silences, God
Sees Himself in the mirror of Himself—

Life knocks at the door
Like a wild woman who wastes her nights:
—"Open to me! It is time!
You singers, listen
To the external noises!"
"Open and listen
To the external voices! . . ."

My soul does not hear her, my senses are asleep,
My soul and my senses are slumbering deep.

The river's sin is in its flowing;
Quietness, my soul,
Is the wisdom
Of the fountain.
The stars fear
To be shipwrecked in the perennial turmoil
Of water curling in spirals:
When the wave is in ecstasy, the stars
people its crystals.

Conscience,
Be clear;
But with that rare
Inconsistency
Of all projections on a mirror.
To importunate Life, return
Only a reflection
Of its furtive passage in the moonlight.

Soul, become deep;
That flower and foliage
May print on you their fugitive trace;
That star and hirsute cloud
May mistake their route
And in your clear stretches find
A divine prolonging of their own abyss.

So, by the virtue of a singular fortune,
The infinite and you will be the same.
—*Ernest F. Lucas.*

THE CORTÉGE

I march in a cortége perpetual—
I, part of the cortége;—my footsteps fall
Behind the Sacrament that leads ahead
Into the temple. Are our minds at one—?
Or individual—; Does the same sun
Light all?—O Lord!—what trifling prayers we said!—

I march in a cortége perpetual,—
Not knowing if my death shall end it all.
Or if through other cycles I am led;
Where with an exile's footsteps I shall go
Through dusty roads forever,—or shall know,
O humble pilgrim, at the end, instead,
Thy grateful shoulder bending low
Where my last rest is spread.
—*Thomas Walsh.*

MYSTICAL POETS

Bards of brow funereal
With your profiles angular
As in ancient medals grand,

Ye with air seignorial,
Ye whose glances lie afar,
Ye with voices of command;

Theologians grave and tried,
Vessels of love's meted grace,
Vessels full of sorrows found.

Ye who gaze with vision wide,
Ye whose Christ is in your face,
Ye in tangled locks enwound,—

My Muse—a maid marmoreal
Who seeks oblivion as her star,
Can find alone her raptures fanned

Amid your air seignorial,
Amid your glance that lies afar,
Amid your voices of command.

My soul that doth your spirits trace
Behind the incense's rising tide,
Within the nave's calm shadow ground.

Hath loved the Christ upon your face,
Hath loved your sweep of vision wide,
Hath loved your tangled locks enwound.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

ALLEGRO VIVACE

Listen, O child of woe,
What is the band below
Starting to play?
Where the great halls aglow
Gladness betray?

Let us begin the dance,
Waltz in a dizzy trance;—
Madame, the pleasure?—
In the mad whirl to prance
To the wild measure!

Waltzing and spinning,
In lovely beginning
To twirl to the brink;

With a kiss at the inning
Ere deathward we sink!

Paolo, thy memory,—
Thine too, Francesca, be
Clear in my mind;
Wild be our dance and free,
Dizzy and blind!—

Waltzing and spinning,
In lovely beginning
To twirl to the brink;
With a kiss for our sinning
Ere deathward we sink!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

BALBINO DÁVALOS

(1870–)

MY GLORY

BALBINO DÁVALOS was born in the city of Colima, Mexico. He was one of the favorite contributors to the *Revista Azul* and entered the diplomatic career, serving as secretary of the Mexican embassy at Washington, London, and Lisbon. He has translated much of the poetry of the Greeks, and English, German, and Italian poets.

The azure of thine eyes, the crimson glow
Upon thy lips, thine ambrous locks, thy cheek
With wondrous texture of white lilies,—show
Where for his honey my soul's bee may seek.

Thy smile with all the fulness of its grace,
Its witchery benign and generous,—

The silvery fall thy laughter's courses trace,
In sweeping pearl and crystal tremulous,—

Thy full surrender to my arms and kiss,
Thine humbleness before my passion's claim,—
What glory can life give me more than this,
My treasure, my ambition's utmost aim!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

SERAFÍN AND JOAQUÍN ÁLVAREZ QUINTERO

(1871–)
(1873–)

PATRIA CHICA OR OLD ANDALUSIA

THE brothers Serafín and Joaquín Álvarez Quintero, were born at Utrera, near Seville, and have earned a commanding position in Spanish letters through their success in a long series of plays. Their poems are marked by great finish and dash. They are much admired as poets.

Of all Spain I'm the Don!
I hail from the opulent region
Of wine and of sun!
To build me a castle of fancy
I but need a cigar;
To take for a day to my pillow,
A touch of catarrh.

I'm a general—I that can conquer
Without cannon or frays;
I plan every winning maneuver
While I sit in *cafés*.
I'm a Turk with my wine without water—
But Inquisitor too;
I am off to the bulls in the *plaza*
When the sermons are through.
"*Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus*"—
As I thump at my breast;
"*Señor presidente*,—a word to your honor,
'Gainst this bull I protest!"—
There's no time for repining,
For of Spain I'm the Don!
I hail from the opulent region
Where they barter and barter forever,
for seats in the shade and the sun!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

AT THE WINDOW

Within the little street the shadows hide,
And there a lattice wears a garden smile;
There is a rose behind its grate, the while
A faithful gallant makes his court outside.

The happy pair lets not a thought divide
The love that holds them in its honeyed wile;
She at the grating joys without a guile;
He at his post with ne'er a woe is tried.

Night spreads her veil o'er both; with chatter bright
And laughter free they pass the hours away,
Breathing in love their mutual delight;
If to that lover you, perchance, would say:
"I give you heaven for your place tonight,"
He'd answer, "Heaven is here and here I stay!"

—*Thomas Walsh.*

ABANICO

Thy fan is as a butterfly
Upon thy fingers lighted
Since nowhere else it could espy
A rose to take its loving eye
Until thy hand it sighted.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

ENRIQUE GONZÁLEZ MARTÍNEZ

(1871–)

THROTTLE THE SWAN

ENRIQUE GONZÁLEZ MARTÍNEZ was born at Guadalajara, Mexico. He became a professor of physiology and a politician. His poetry represents the full revolt against European affectations among American poets, and he urges "that the swan's neck be wrenched," intending an attack on the merely decorative writers. He is greatly admired throughout Spanish America.

Wring the neck of the lying-feathered swan
That gives a white note to the fountain's blue:
Its prettiness is well enough, but on
The soul of things it can't say much to you.

Make away with every speech and every fashion
In which deep life's latent rhythm does not live;
Only Life itself adore with passion,
And make Life feel the homage that you give.

Observe the sober owl that takes his flight
From the Olympian refuge Pallas made,
And gets himself in silence to that tree.
Although he has no swan's grace, you can see
His restless profile sharp against the shade,
Interpreting the mystery of night.

—*Muna Lee.*

THE PRAYER OF THE BARREN ROCK

Lord, round my brow the winds of heaven are hurled,
Under the burning sun I bend my head;
The cloud that passes, like a bird is sped
Forth to another world.

I know the Winter blasts that freeze and sting,
The long monotony of Summer rain;
My eyes upturned to heaven implore in vain
The miracle of Spring.

No forests crowd upon my barren crest,
No singing streams of water, running bright
Through beds of moss and drowsy flowers, invite
The traveller to rest.

But even as spectres in their tombs awake,
Haunted by dreams of paradise denied,
My dull heart stirs, and in my soul I hide
A thirst I may not slake.

My feet are buried in the mountain height,
My feet are chained; my hope soars to the sky.
Men know me not, like strangers they pass by
My prison bars of light.

And since I am denied the friendly flowers,
The fragrant beds of moss, the singing stream,
Lord, let the nesting eagles mate and scream
Above my mountain towers.

Yet by my loneliness would I express,
As in a symbol, that exalted mood
Which in impassioned, godlike solitude
Finds everlastingness.

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

JOSÉ JUAN TABLADA

(1871-)

PRE-RAPHAELITISM

José Juan Tablada was born in Mexico City. He has given his whole life to politics and letters. He has also contributed widely to the reviews and has published *El Florilegio* (Mexico, 1899) *Florilegio* (Paris, 1904), *El sol y bajo la luna* (1917).

You have the grace that through a book of hours
Some patient monk enscrolls on vellum fair;
Or in the imaged dawn and sunset bowers
Your figure shines in holy windows rare.
Your parted locks are radiance round your brow;
White hosts and lilies are upon your cheek;

Your forehead bears the starlight's crowning glow;
Behind you, peacock wings of splendor speak.

Your hands two lilies fold upon your breast
Veiled as two lovely and half-hidden flowers;
Cherubs with timbrels round your feet are pressed,
And angels lost amid their viol's powers.
Thus as in some mysterious triptych framed,
Your face adown from other ages shines;
Thus 'mid the gleam of some mosaic, flamed
With gold and purples, rise your beauty's shrines.

Soaring aloft to heaven in Gothic spires
Beyond the shadowed cypress groves on high,
Surge from my dream the old Chartreuse's choirs
Where you were virgin, and the abbot, I.

Putting aside my beads of olive worn,
My hands grew anxious for the brush and paint;
Light from my ogive windowed cell was borne;
The halls with laurel shadows were acquaint.
There from the stroke of dawn, the sacred hour
Of Eucharistic joy, until the bell
Of Angelus enswathed the cloister bower
With the vague sadness of its evening spell,

I painted in a fever mystical
Thy breast's enchantment all in aureole;
Decking your robe with gems purpureal,
Forming your face of hosts and roses whole.
And as I worked upon your gentle smile
And taught your forehead fairer, whiter words,
From out a cornice spoke to me the while
The singing voices of Saint Francis' birds.

Alas, my habit white! My Gothic spire!
My heavenly blues, my lilies all in flower!—
This loneliness for that old Chartreuse choir
Where you were virgin, mine the Abbot's power!—
Today is dead, the Umbrian lily, dead!
From off the friar's palette light hath fled,
Nor doth the slightest gleam of joy remain;
The bitter etching of his grief hath fed
Upon the red blood of his heart's last vein.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

RAMÓN PIMENTEL CORONEL
(1872–1909)

JESUS

RAMÓN PIMENTEL CORONEL was born in Caracas, Venezuela, being at the time of his death, Venezuelan Consul at Hamburg, Germany. His poetry, which is well known in his native country, has never been collected.

Dear Sons of God,—of Him whom Sinai saw
Mid rolling thunders trace the road of Right,
Clear carven on the tables of the Law,—
A road, rough cast or smooth, for day and night.

I come not from My Father to enslave,
But with the lamp of knowledge that ye crave,

To hear the prayers of those who grace implore,
Drying wet eyes and soothing bosoms sore;
Yea, dying on the Cross the world to save.

Behold the King of whom the Prophet told!
The Son of God—Messiah—see in Me.
I quench the flame and quiet down the sea,
I guide the child and help the weak and old!

If to a stiffened corpse my cry "Arise
And live again" be spoken,
Look where the cere-cloth fallen lies,
And death's cold seal upon the tomb is broken.

No kingly robe I wear; no golden sceptre bear;
No haughty frontlet can My brows endure;
Love and the lowly heart My treasures rare;
My law, the law of all the good and pure.—

Mine is the army of the worn and sad,
Beaten by sun and wind,
No spearsmen have I in brave armor clad,
Yet thus I come to rule mankind!

The works that smile to God as things of worth
Can lend no glow to the satanic fires:
Strike down the things of evil at their birth,
And stifle in your robe-folds base desires.

Let little children gather at My knees;
Their snow-white innocence shall be
The garb of those who mount to Heaven with Me.
Verily I say, be ye as one of these!

Drive from your soul the vengeful thought;
Vengeance is His who rules the realms above,
Give good for evil that your foe has wrought;
I am the Lord of Hope, the Lord of Love!

Do good, do good, but free of vaunt or boast,
Without vainglorious show,
So that of which your right hand knows the cost,
Your left hand shall not know.

No golden key of wealth may ope the door
Of God's great temple in the heavenly mead;
Yea, I who give you precepts, go before,
To give example of the deed;

Behold Me humbled and a-hungered, poor;
The fishes have their homes beneath the waves,
The birdling holds his downy nest secure,
The wild things of the forest have their caves,
The insect has its place of lure. . . .

Jesus alone
Who comes from sin to bring release
And free man's life from dread,
Preaching the faith of poverty and peace,
Yea, Jesus, Son of God, has not a stone
Whereon to lay His head!

—*Joseph I. C. Clarke.*

GUILLERMO VALENCIA
(1872–)

SURSUM

GUILLERMO VALENCIA is a native of Popayán, Cauca, Colombia, and stands high in the estimation of South American critics as a poet. A short experience in politics was followed by his withdrawal to a literary career in his native city. His *Ritos* were published in London in 1914. See also the article by Baldomero Sanín Caro in *La Revista de America* (1913, vol. i, pp. 126–36).

A pallid taper its long prayer recites
  Before the altar, where the censers spread
  Their lifting clouds, and bells toll out their dread,
In grief's delirious sanctuary rites.
There—like the poor Assisian—invites

A cloistered form the peace All-Hallowéd;
Against the dismal portals of the dead
Resting his wearied brows for heavenly flights.

Grant me the honey-taste of the Divine;
Grant me the ancient parchments' ruddy sign
Of holy psalmody to read and prize!
For I would mount the heights immortal crowned,
Where the dark night is 'mid the glories drowned,
And gaze on God, into His azure eyes!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE TWO BEHEADINGS

Omnis plaga tristitia cordis est et omnis malitia nequitia mulieris.—Ecclesiastes.

JUDITH AND HOLOFERNES

(THESIS)

White and round were the breasts that subtly stirred

And shone in rhythm with the Hebrew's tread,
Waking the murmurous harmonies of the red
Of rubies and the cincture's starlight gird.
Her lip's two jacinths made of every word
A vase of lurking essence harvested;
Her flesh a treasury with honey fed;
Her cheeks by tear or pallor yet unblurred.

Stretched on his sandal couch the Assyrian
Lay prone, the while the uncertain shadows ran
Lugubrious patterns from the torch's glow;
And she, as in his sloth he slumbered there,
Lone and inscrutable, the sword laid bare,
Made ready in the darkness for her blow.

As the sleek tigress crouches in the vine,
So Israel's daughter for the deed prepared;
Then, the sheer blade in silent fury bared,
She clave the head from the great form supine.

In floods, as from some broken jar of wine,
The sudden stream broke round her, as she dared,
A murderess amid the crimson snared,
To raise on high her haggard countersign.

In the blank eyes, the bloodless cheek, the beard
Entangled in the blackened moist that clung
In baleful knots of shadow where the white
Steel bit the ripened pomegranate as it seared,—
The trunkless head amid the darkness hung,
A rose unhallowed in the bowers of night.

Salomé and Jaokanann

(antithesis)

A woman and a serpent formed in one,
The dancer Salomé swung round and round
Lasciviously unto the crotals' sound,
Her body bared in perfumed unison.

All of the Orient through her dance was spun,
Pacings that fire the sleeping blood to bound,
Or bow to earth the human despot crowned,
And leave life flowerless and the soul undone.

His eyes inflamed within his parchment face,
The ghastly Tetrarch leans him from his place
Upon the fair one, murmuring in his greed:
"For thy lips' honey, my Tiberiades!"—
And she: "Keep thy dead cities; on my knees
Grant me the Esenian's head mine eyes to feed!"

As the swift wind amid an ancient wood,
So passion through the aged Tyrant played;
His eyes gave signal; the great slave obeyed

Whose gleaming sword against his muscles
stood.
Vast was the silence as the Just Man's
blood
Burst in a scarlet stream beneath the
blade;
Then Antipas signed to have the salver
laid
Before the siren in her bestial mood.

A light immortal gleaming from afar
Lit with the radiance of a dying star
The martyr's pallid lips and marble
brows;
And like the foam of some death-brooding
deep,
The holy head all bloodless seemed to keep
The breath of myrrh as from the censer
blows.

THE WORD OF GOD

(SYNTHESIS)

When Jonathan the Rabbin (incarnate
The soul and body of all Bible lore)

My poem heard,—his lips were smiling for
The thought he from the Inspired Text would state.
"To womankind," he said, "trust not your fate;
She breedeth madness; she is mandragore;
Drink of her cup, your conscience lives no more,
Your songs are done, your roads are desolate!"

And more he added, "Yet withhold your fear;
Woman, man's ancient enemy, is here
Among us flaming like a comet dread;
She cleanses earth from love that is but vice,
And makes—to ease her burning thirst—suffice
The very dews the wounds of martyrs shed."

—*Thomas Walsh.*

MANUEL MACHADO

(1874–)

THE HIDALGO

MANUEL MACHADO was born at Seville. He is noted for very fine technical qualities, as shown in his volumes, *Alma*, *Museo*, and *Cantares* (1907).

In Flanders, Italy and Franche-Compté
And Portugal he made his twelve campaigns;
Now he is forty, and in all the Spains
He is the oldest soldier, so they say.
Retired with honors, now he passes through
The arches of the plaza, solemnly,
The sunlight shedding native glory due
Unto his medals—stately champion he!—

Claiming the battlefield of Nancy still
As lost but at the Duke of Alba's will;—
His daughter's hand refusing haughtily

To rich Don Bela's scant nobility;—
Telling his deeds of prowess on a scroll
To Olivares for the pension roll.
—*Thomas Walsh.*

ADELFOS

I am like all who from my country hail—
Of Moorish blood, close ancients of the sun,—
Who have gained all and losing all have failed.
Firm is the soul we Arab-Spaniards won.

My longings died one night beneath the moon
Wherein I learned neither to dream or love;
My one ideal, disillusioned swoon;—
And now and then a woman's kiss to prove.

Within my soul, a sister of the night,
There are no labyrinths; my passion's rose

Is but a simple flower, exotic, quite
Without a perfume, form, nor colored shows.

Kisses,—why not give them? Glory?—What belongs.
Their atmosphere be my full breath awake!
Let the waves drive or draw me in their thongs,—
But never force me any path to take!

Ambition!—None of that! Love I know not.
I burn not e'er for faith or gratitude.
Mine was a vague desire for art—now half-forgot.
No vice controls me, though I seek not good.

My aristocracy no man can doubt;
One gains not, one inherits blazonment;
But the devise ancestral is rubbed out
To a poor blur; the sun eclipse hath sent.

I ask you nought, nor love you, nor would hate;
Letting you pass, pray do for me the same.
Let life itself arrange my mortal fate;
As for myself, I shall not take the blame.

My longings died one night beneath the moon
Wherein I learned neither to dream or love.
From time to time a kiss—a simple boon
Of generous lips—that seek no more to prove!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

ANTONIO MACHADO

(1879–)

COUNSELS

ANTONIO MACHADO is a younger brother of the poet Manuel Machado. He was born at Seville and is distinguished in his *Soledades* (1903) and *Campos de Castilla* (1912) for great simplicity and force.

Learn how to hope, to wait the proper tide—
As on the coast a bark—then part without a care;
He who knows how to wait wins victory for bride;
For life is long and art a plaything there.
But should your life prove short
And never come a tide,
Wait still, unsailing, hope is on your side
Art may be long or, else, of no import.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

LEOPOLDO LUGONES

(1874–)

HOW THE MOUNTAINS TALK

(From *Gesta magna*)

LEOPOLDO LUGONES, recently editor of the *Revue Sud-Amerique*, was born at Cordoba, Argentina. His earlier poems appeared in *Montañas del oro* and *Crepúsculos del jardín*. Later he published *Lunario sentimental*.

One day to Tupungato came a sound from far away,
Of waves or of battalions, rolling upwards to the height.
It rose from out the forests deep upon the swelling slopes
To mighty Tupungato, mountain of craters white.

Who from his veins pours waterfalls, whose peak is like a lance,

Submerged in dawnlight when the sun, with eye of blazing gold,
Looks from that giant balcony of heaven to explore
The moveless host of granite rocks, far stretching, manifold.

And Tupungato, turret of the winds, the home of storms,
White like a pillow vast whereon the age-long dreams repose
Of countless generations—he lifted up his voice,
And all the world around him heard; the sea, which darkly flows,

The forests where on stormy nights the wind wakes deep laments,
The green plains, wrinkled over with cattle where they spread.
In his great voice, unwonted for a thousand years to speak,
He called to Chimborazo: "Be on the watch!" he said.

Asleep was Chimborazo. Dead pride of conquered faiths,

The vanquished, lost religions, that hoary grandsire now
Was but a corpse, mute, motionless, a pillar of the sky,
Above a waste of ruin lifting a silent brow.

He let a hundred winters make white his shoulders broad,
And in his beard the condors nest, and rear their fledgings there.
In vain the stormy hurricane plucked with its wild, fierce hand
At the enormous cataract of his white-flowing hair.

The roots of oak trees pierced his sides; the sunsets and the dawns
Spread o'er his grim and savage pride their colors delicate.
That summit in the distance was terrible to see!
When a cloud nimbus veiled his rest, he seemed to meditate.

Perhaps the clouds that floated around him were his thoughts.

The tempests talked to him, the winds
hurled at him insults deep,
And in her blooming purity the Dawn upon
him smiled.
The giant kept the silence ot disdain.
He was asleep.

But when he heard the cry that stirred the
mountains far and near,
He lifted from his eyes their veil of
hoary lashes white;
He looked and saw the glaciers of the
mighty mountain chain
All flushed and shining, gilded with an
ecstasy of light;

The ocean calm, the cloudless day, just
breaking, diamond clear;
The caravans of trees far off, outlined
o'er vale and hill;
And yonder, almost at his feet, the great
fire of the sun.
All things were swimming in its light,
and all was hushed and still.

The frosty summits mingled the outlines
of their backs

Like sheep that journey in a flock, upon a long march led.
The sky its cup inverted above the picture fair—
And to the stern, steep mountain the lofty mountain said:

"I hear a sudden tempest approaching through the vales;
It sweeps on, roaring. It would seem the sea is drawing nigh!
The trees are bending, dust-clouds vast rise from the troubled plains;
Black, shapeless masses surge along, a torrent wild and high."

The other mountain answered and said, "It is the wind."
Heavy with sleep, his brow he veiled among the clouds once more.
But Tupungato reared his head far upwards to behold
The cause of that broad galloping the mountain echoes bore.

Higher it came, all streaked with flame, that sparkled in the sun.

The mountain on his shoulder huge
lifted the arching sky;
He saw, and spake: "'Tis not the wind.
He fancies that in vain!"
He said to Chimborazo, "'Tis God who
passes by!

"No, it is Freedom! Bronze and steel
have crowned her brow with stars.
The flashes glitter keen and bright, far
shining in the sun!"
Then Chimborazo raised his voice above
the deep abyss,
And, with a crash of breaking rocks,
replied, "The two are one!"

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

THE GIFT OF DAY

Amid the glory of the sun, the world
A-tremble lifts in tossing clouds and blue
Melodious architraves, with towers un-
furled
Like festal banners to the daylight's
view.

Afar prophetic, sounds the cock's loud call
Hierophant before the gates of light;
Amid his radiant canticle stirs all
His emerald plumage in its joyous might.

And every little pebble shines with gold;
The harvest fields exhale their fragrant heat;
Swept are the woods with waves of shadows old;—
Day is like bread, a blessing clean and sweet.

—*Garret Strange.*

JOSÉ SANTOS CHOCANO

(1875–)

THE MAGNOLIA

José Santos Chocano, the greatest exponent of Americanism in Spanish poetry, is a native of Peru. His literary career began in prison on account of the revolutionary activities celebrated in his volume *Iras santas* of 1894. He has spread the gospel of Americanism throughout the south, influencing not only the later poems of Darío, but most of the younger writers of Spanish America.

Deep in the wood, of scent and song the daughter,
Perfect and bright is the magnolia born;
White as a flake of foam upon still water,
White as soft fleece upon rough brambles torn.

Hers is a cup a workman might have fashioned
Of Grecian marble in an age remote.
Hers is a beauty perfect and impassioned,
As when a woman bares her rounded throat.

There is a tale of how the moon, her lover,
Holds her enchanted by some magic spell;
Something about a dove that broods above her,
Or dies within her breast— I cannot tell.

I cannot say where I have heard the story,
Upon what poet's lips; but this I know:
Her heart is like a pearl's, or like the glory
Of moonbeams frozen on the spotless snow.

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

ODA SELVAJE

Woods of my fathers, sovereign deity,
To whom the Incas and the Aztecs bowed,

I stand and greet you from the trembling sea
That like some white-haired slave before a queen,
With all its shining foam, fawns at your feet.
I greet you from the sea above whose combers
Your heavy perfumes break upon the wind;
Behind them tower your mutilated trunks
And beckon me to the Americas.
I greet you from the sea that woos you still,
Like some wild chieftain with disheveled locks,
Knowing that from your undeciphered heart
Is born the hollow ship that scars its face
And mocks its depths with straining keel and sail,
Woods of my fathers, sovereign deity,
To whom the Incas and the Aztecs bowed,
I stand and greet you from the shining sea.

I turn to you and feel my soul set free:
Forgotten is the stress of modern ways.

I have become for very sight of you,
Like one of your wise tribal patriarchs,
Who slept of old upon your tender grass,
And drank the milk of goats and ate their bread
Sweetened with honey of the forest bee.
I look on you and I am comforted,
For the thick ranks of all your tufted trees
Recall to me how centuries ago
With twice ten thousand archers at my heels,
I led the way to where the mountains smoke
And lift their craters from the shores of lakes:
And how, at length, I wandered to the realm
Of the great Inca, Yupanqui, and went,
Following him upon the mountain tops,
Down to Arauco and its peaceful slopes,
And rested in a tent of condors' wings.
I look on you and I am comforted,
Because the centuries have marked me out
To be your poet, and to raise the hymns
Of joy and grief, that in heroic dawns
The Cuzco smote upon his lyre of stone—

Legends of Aztec Emperors and songs
Of bold Palènkes and Tahuantisúyos,
Vanished like Babylon from off this earth.

Here in your presence, with your savage spell
Leaping in all my veins, the centuries
Lift like a vision from the abyss of time
And pass before me in unfading youth.
So I evoke the ages still unformed
That saw your first tree burst its bonds of stone,
And all the others headlong on its track,
With the ordained disorder of the stars.
So I evoke the endless chain of time,
Of creeping growth and slow monotony,
That passed before your roots were fired with sap,
And all your trunks took form beneath their bark;
And all the knots of every branch were loosed,
To join the hymn of your primeval Spring.
And now your flowering branches are a cage
For singing birds—fantastic orchestra—,

Above whose din the fickle mocking-bird
Pours its strange song; and only one is mute:
The solemn *quetzal*, that in silence flaunts
His rainbow plumage with heraldic pomp
Above the tombs of a departed race.

Your countless blue and rosy butterflies
Flutter and fan themselves coquettishly;
Your buzzing insects glitter in the sun,
Glimmer and glow like gems and talismans
Encrusted in the hilts of ancient swords.
Your crickets scold, and when the day is spent,
And fire-flies light your depths, where beasts of prey
Stalk in the gloom, as through a nightmare gleam
The sulphurous pupils of satanic eyes.

Yours is the tapir, that in mountain pools
Mirrors the shape of his deformity,
And rends the jungle with his monstrous head;
Yours the lithe jaguar, nimble acrobat,

That from the branches darts upon his prey;
And yours the tiger-cat, sly strategist,
With gums of plush and alabaster fang.
The crocodile is yours, that venerable
Amphibious guardian of crops and streams,
Whose emerald eyes peer from the oozy caves;
And yours the boa, that seems a mighty arm
Hewn from the shadow by a giant axe.

But like a sponge, into your labyrinth,
Of tropic growth, you suck each living thing—
The strength of muscles and the blood of veins—
There to beget in your exuberance
The warlike plumes of your imperial palms,
Whose milky fruits refreshed in by-gone day,
The tribes grown weary with long pilgrimage.
And there the patriarchal *ceiba* tree
Offered its canopy to pondering chiefs
Counciling war or peace beneath its boughs.

And there is Pindar's oak, and there the tree
Of Lebanon, and the mahogany,
Whose fragrant wood in European courts
The cunning craftsman polishes and shapes
To thrones of kings and marriage-beds of queens.

Woods of my fathers, sovereign deity,
To whom the Incas and the Aztecs bowed,
I greet you from the sea, and breathe this prayer:
That with the night, the close approaching night,
You may entomb me in your sacred dusk
Like some dim spectre of forgotten cults,
And that, to fire my eyes with savage light
And wild reflection of your revelry,
To burn upon the tip of every tree
That points into the night, you set a star.

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

IV HISPANIC NOTES

SUN AND MOON

Between my agéd mother's hands gleam bright
Her grandson's locks; they seem a handful fair
Of wheat, a golden sheaf beyond compare—
The sun's gold, stolen from the dawn's clear light.

Meanwhile her own white tresses in my sight
Shed brightness all around her in the air—
Foam of Time's wave, a sacred glory rare,
Like spotless eucharistic wafers white.

O flood of gold and silver, full and free!
You make my heart with gladness overrun.
If hatred barks at me, what need I care?

To light my days and nights, where'er I be,
In my child's curls I always have the sun,
The moon in my dear mother's silver hair!

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

A SONG OF THE ROAD

The way was black,
The night was mad with lightning; I bestrode
My wild young colt, upon a mountain road.
And, crunching onward, like a monster's jaws,
His ringing hoof-beats their glad rhythm kept,
Breaking the glassy surface of the pools,
Where hidden waters slept.
A million buzzing insects in the air
On droning wing made sullen discord there.

But suddenly, afar, beyond the wood,
Beyond the dark pall of my brooding thought,
I saw lights cluster like a swarm of wasps
Among the branches caught.
"The inn!" I cried, and on his living flesh
My broncho felt the lash and neighed with eagerness.

And all this time the cool and quiet wood
Uttered no sound, as though it understood.

Until there came to me, upon the night,
A voice so clear, so clear, so ringing sweet—
A voice as of a woman singing, and her song
Dropped like soft music winging, at my feet,
And seemed a sigh that, with my spirit blending,
Lengthened and lengthened out, and had no ending.

And through the empty silence of the night,
And through the quiet of the hills, I heard
That music, and the sounds the night wind bore me,
Like spirit voices from an unseen world
Came drifting o'er me.

I curbed my horse, to catch what she might say:
"At night they come, and they are gone by day—"
And then another voice, with low refrain,
And untold tenderness, took up the strain:
"Oh love is but an inn upon life's way";

"At night they come, and they are gone by day—"
Their voices mingled in that wistful lay.

Then I dismounted and stretched out my length
Beside a pool, and while my mind was bent
Upon that mystery within the wood,
My eyes grew heavy, and my strength was spent.
And so I slept there, huddled in my cloak.
And now, when by untrodden paths I go,
Through the dim forest, no repose I know
At any inn at nightfall, but apart
I sleep beneath the stars, for through my heart
Echoes the burden of that wistful lay:
"At night they come, and they are gone by day,
And love is but an inn upon life's way."

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

JULIO HERRERA REISSIG

(1875–1909)

THE *CURA*

JULIO HERRERA REISSIG was born at Montevideo, Uraguay, of a family of distinction, which however did not preserve him from a bitter end. His really remarkable work was not collected until after his death, and only the first collection, *Los peregrinos de piedra*, has yet made its appearance.

He is the Cura—Long the silent peaks
Have watched him breast his hardships
on his knees,—
Risking the passes when the winters
freeze,—
Taking the lonely routes the midnight
seeks.—
As though by magic, 'neath his blessing
hand
A plenteous harvest its responses speaks;

His very mule indulgenced graces leaks
That lift the parish to a heavenly land.

From his asperges to his clogs and hook
He turns in readiness to drain his brook
  Of mountain gold to deck his altar rude;
His preaching through a breath of basil sounds,—
  A nephew is his only turpitude—
His piety with cowlike airs abounds.
—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE PARISH CHURCH

In blesséd silence vegetates the place;
  The wax-faced Virgins sleep in their attire
  Of livid velvets and discolored wire,
And Gabriel's trumpet wearies on his face.
A marble yawn the dried-up font would trace;
  There sneezes an old woman in the choir;
  And in the sun-shaft dust the flies aspire,

As though 'twere Jacob's ladder for their
grace.

The good old soul is starting at her chores;
She shakes the poor-box, and in reverence
pores
To find how the Saint Vincent alms are
going;
Then here and there her feather-duster
hies;
While through the vestry doorway, come
the cries
From out the barnyard and the gallant
crowing.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE CARTS

Long ere the noisy barnyard sounds, or ere
The dusky smithy strikes its morning
lay,—
Ere chemist wakes, or barber starts his
day,
A single lamp burns,—lightless on the
square.
Athwart the melancholy dawning fare

The oxen, throwing up their furrow way;
Beneath the gloom of the unsettled gray
The ploughman mutters rustic curses there.

Meantime the lordly manor dreams.—The jet
Through its old marble speaks the fountain's soul;
And where the tranquil shepherd's-star is set,
Waking the lone path's yearning for its goal
Of old, slow breathing airs in echo roll
From tinkling carts the daybreaks ne'er forget.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

JULIO FLORES

(1875–)

GOLD-DUST

JULIO FLORES is a native of Colombia, whose poems have gained him great popularity, and whose literary touch is characterized by an unusual lightness.

HYMN TO AURORA

Thou heavenly butterfly
Whose great and tenuous wings
Their gold and rose spread high;
Thou that in ample heaven's sight
Over the Andes' mighty summits flings
In bland and radiant flight!—

From what far garden-place,
O butterfly divine, dost race?—
What heavenly branch or vine

Gives thee sustaining wine?—
Perchance the gardens of the night
Strengthened thy wings of light?—

What gleaming flower shall ease
Thine infinite thirst?
Perchance the golden leas
Where heaven's star-blooms burst?—
Perchance the bright horizons filled
With glorious rays
Where gold-dust of thy wings is spilled
O'er seas and mountain ways?—

Thou heavenly butterfly,
Come on my breast to lie;
From thy transcendant sphere
Seek out our poor world here,
Ere thee in winging turn
To ashes day shall burn!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

MANUEL MAGALLANES MOURE

(1875–)

MY MOTHER

MANUEL MAGALLANES MOURE, is a native of Chile, who in his volume *Matices* sings of her brilliant countryside.

I feel like a small child, lost
In a scene of gaiety.
Where are you, mother mine?
Not there—that is not she—

Nor this one. . . . Mother mine,
How can I search? I do not know
Which you are! Vainly seeking,
My tears fast flow.

Just like a little child
I weep in misery.
Is your cheek dark, O Mother?
Or fair to see?

This is not you, nor that. . . .
Where are you, Mother mine?
To lighten my dark soul
Your eyes must brightly shine.

Your hands must be soft,
Gentle with tenderness;
Your lips must drip honey
To sweeten my bitterness.

Your kind breast must be
Oblivion of grief;
You must be, O Mother,
Love beyond belief.

Your love must be
A vivifying breath,
And your caresses
Sweet as sweet death.

Are you my mother?
To each woman I pray
Some sigh, some laugh, not knowing
The thing that I say.

—*L. E. Elliott.*

THE RENDEZVOUS

She will come? She will not come?
The passing cloud declares she will;
The quiet tree, no longer dumb,
Beckons,—She comes not; wait her still.

She will come? She will not come?
The sunlit paths with promise thrill
And file away; but waters drum
Across the lake—No, wait her still.

She will come? She will not come?
My heart is resolute she will;
But, hush, these murmurs troublesome—
She will not come—Await her still.

—*Garret Strange.*

FRANCISCO VILLAESPESA

(1877-)

THE HESPERIDES

FRANCISCO VILLAESPESA was born in Spain at Almería. He is considered a disciple of Rubén Darío in his many fine sonnets and other poems to be found, in part, in *Tristitia rerum* (1907).

Garden of Hesperides, divine
And golden garden shining in mine eyes,
Dream or reality?—what paths shall twine
Unto thy shores, O Paradise of mine?
So to his dream the pilgrim makes repine
Falling in mire and blood amid his sighs.
To seek this garden—destiny is thine,
But never shalt behold it anywise.

Never to see it, for it lives alone
Within the bosoms that have sorrow known,
The treasure-house of all their fantasy—

In vain thine arid eye its gates would find;
The prose of life is all too near the mind,—
And far—too far away—is Poesy!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

AFTER *LAS ÁNIMAS*

The aged castellan beside the fire
Bends o'er his parchment leaves, in his desire
To learn the wise old proverbs of the past
That speak of gerfalcons' and hawks' wild cast;
The chatelaine her rosary unwinds
In sleepy fingers; and the buffoon binds
His bells in imitation, for a laugh,
Shaking his ruddy hood and tinkling staff.

In silence the fair damsel draws the threads
Of silk and gold; beneath her lashes sheds
Her glances on the ruddy page who stands
Below her daïs smiling half in glee,
The while he plucks the hound's ear aimlessly,
Until a hollow growl sounds 'neath his hands.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

SOME MODERN BRAZILIAN POETS

I

ANONYMOUS

THE CANDLE

That I might read my page, I lit thee. Sought thy light
To bring to my dark room, and to my inner sight,
Radiance of knowledge. In vain. Immersed in dreaming
I saw naught but thy glow, perceived no other gleaming.
Then I regarded thee. Thy flame, to the still night given,
Ros like a sentient soul, rose like a passion, driven
Upwards in strength and might, seeking heaven with its fire,
Crying aloud to me: "Here rises thine own desire!

Here is the page immortal knowledge holding,
The book of books all ancient lore enfolding;
Wisdom of Thales, Plato, Paul and Christ anointed,—
To that true light is my small flaming pointed."

—*Lilian E. Elliott.*

II

FAQUNDES VARELLA

LIFE IN THE INTERIOR

The rocking of a hammock, a cosey fire
Under a humble roof of thatch,
A talk, a song, a tune on the guitar;
A cigarette, a tale, a cup of coffee.

A robust horse, pacing more lightly
Than the wind blowing from the plains,
With a black mane and eyes of fire;

His feet scarcely touching the ground as he gallops.

And at the end a smile from a pretty country girl
Of gentle gestures, kindly words;
A girl with bare neck and bare arms, her curls free—
A girl at the age of blossoming.

Kisses, frankly given under the open sky;
Gay laughter, light gossip;
A thousand jests in the evening when the sun sinks
And a thousand songs at dawn when the sun rises.

This is the life of our vast plateaus!
Of the great uplands of the Land of the Cross,
Upon a soil that yields only flowers and glory;
Under a sky that sheds only magic and light.

—*L. E. Elliott.*

IV HISPANIC NOTES

III

BULHAO PATO

THE TWO MOTHERS

Two mothers met one day at the door of a church.
One entered, full of radiant joy,
Proud and triumphant, carrying in her arms
Her little child for baptism.

The other, the unhappy one, leaving the threshold,
Also carried a child, but this poor mother
Brought it, dead, for burial.

A few more steps and the two met—
She who bore in her happy arms
The child of her love;
The other, bathed in tears,
Who followed her dead baby.

Their eyes met. And at that moment
It was the happy mother from whose eyes

Tears broke, while the stricken woman
Who had lost her child—
Oh, miracle of love, smiled, forgetting her grief,
At the rosy baby.

—*L. E. Elliott.*

SAMUEL A. LILLO

TO VASCO NÚÑEZ DE BALBOA

SAMUEL A. LILLO, is a Chilean poet, whose volumes, *Canciones de Arauca* and *Chile heroico*, are vivid pictures of nature and primitive life in his country.

If in the night a herd of savage buffaloes
Suddenly plunge into a quiet backwater
Beating there into ripples the sleeping water
With their great bodies,
And blot out all the shining reflection
Of the great moon, trembling and luminous,
That lies like a silver flower upon the water,
Then the once peaceful pool turns ferocious
Restless and troubled, leaping and tossing;
But when the herd has passed on its way
Once more the heavens gently send
The moon's shimmering image,

Unstable as the faint hue announcing
A pallid dawn,
But at last it shines with the radiant clarity
Of a diamond glowing from its dark bed.

So in this world it may be, that ignorant or perverse
Men may pass, troubling the even current
Reflecting the glory and fame of some hero
Of Mars or Minerva; and then, when no longer
The sounds of the caravan are heard in the distance,
Then in the calm waters of history,
Like the silver flower from the feet of the herd
There rises, pellucid and bright,
The illustrious memory once lost
In the stir of the crowd.

Thus, across the long years,
In this fair land of Columbus
Now, free from mistakes and illusions,
Thou unfortunate Captain of Spain!
There glory shines, lighting thy valiant face,

Sent to thy grave by envy, because thou gavest
Splendor and kingdoms to Spain,
And because, conqueror in terrible conflicts,
Thy sovereign courage drew from the depths
Of the mysteries of earth a great ocean,
That doubled the size of the world.

His was a spirit audacious, adventurous,
Given the wings of the condor, the eyes of the kite,
A mixture of bully and knight
With a trace of the Spanish hidalgo. . .
—*L. E. Elliott.*

CARLOS PEZOA VÉLIZ

(1879–1903)

AGE

CARLOS PEZOA VÉLIZ was a native of Santiago de Chile. He devoted his short life to periodical literature. His works, collected after his death, were published by his friends under the title *Cárlos Pezoa Véliz, Poesías líricas* (Santiago, Valparaiso, 1912).

Few my years, when hopes were many,
Dreams were gay, and I sang any—
Now my hopes are few, and older
Griefs pile up, and sighs grow bolder.

I have seen but few hopes tarry
On the road where the far years carry;
Mine, it seems, by age were frighted,—
For Hopes are maids that scorn the white-
head!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE HOSPITAL, ONE AFTERNOON

Athwart the fields the drops are falling,
Softly, gently, on the plains;
And through the drops a grief is calling,—
It rains.

Alone amid my sick-ward spacious
Where I my bed of weakness keep,
There's naught to fight my grief voracious,
But sleep.

But mists are gathering around me
With choking hold upon my veins;
I wake from out the sleep that bound me—
It rains.

Then, as if in my final anguish,
Before the landscape's mighty brink,
Amid the mists that fall and languish,
I think.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

VIRGILIO DÁVILA

(1880–)

HOLY WEEK

VIRGILIO DÁVILA is a native of Puerto Rico. He has gained great popular esteem by his book of sonnets dealing with the actual life of his people, entitled *Pueblito de antes—Versos criollos* (San Juan, 1917).

I

Here's Holy Week!—How very different
We spent it in our native town at home!
Where everybody still and pious went
And hushed as though beneath some convent dome.
The merry tinkle of the belfries stilled,
The rattles had begun their hollow roll;
The entrance to the village church was filled
With pious folk grown anxious for their soul.

The women had put off their colored dress
And gaudy flowers and ribbons, to confess
In mourning garb their Jesus' death and loss;
The men suspending labor now attend,
Dressed in their best, awaiting to the end
"The Seven Last Words" and "Stations of the Cross."

2

Then the procession—from the crowded nave—
Moves solemnly, a mighty multitude,
With sacred hymns and attitudes most grave
As though with mystic powers it were imbued.
Saint Antony's Sodality is there—
Old women who have made the church their home;
Each "Child of Mary" and each urchin bare—
How many in God's honor thither come!

The Cura forth 'mid chants and incense files
Beneath the canopy borne down the aisles
By parish notables with airs that brag;
But haughtiest of all, the village-mayor,
In broidered coat pre-eminently there,
Goes first to bear the patriotic flag.

3

'Tis Holy Saturday; the sunbeams smile
As though some sweetheart saw her love appear;
Crowds in the church are waiting hopeful while
The Lord prepares to rise—for ten is near!—
The linen sheet across the chantry parts—
"*Gloria in excelsis*"—scarce the priest has prayed,
When the high belfry's jubilation starts,
The organ roars—the "Royal March" is played.

At once the rattle of old musketry,
The sounds of children shouting in their glee

To chase old Judas down the crowded
way!—
Life seethes in alleys that before were bare,
Anew the shopkeepers display their ware,
And each heart patters—"Resurrection
Day!"

—*Thomas Walsh.*

LUIS FELIPE CONTARDO

(1880–)

HOME OF PEACE AND PURITY

LUIS FELIPE CONTARDO is a native of Chile, and a priest whose education was completed in Rome. He is author of *Cantos del camino* (Santiago de Chile, 1918).

In the little room where the day was dying,
Children bend above their books, their mother at her toil;
And on the little table within the lamplight lying
There was set a spray of lilies snowy from the soil.

Like a peaceful vase of purity, the dwelling,—
"Here there is no touch of life upon its troubled way!"—

So the snowy lilies, fresh and pure are telling,
This is what their subtle perfume to young hearts would say.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE CALLING

Lord, Thou dost know with what implacable hand
Life cut its wound across my inmost breast:
How I was lost amid the worldly band—
How I have suffered where its blade was pressed!
Lord, Thou dost know how from all healing banned,
No cure I found in all the world possest;
How I in gloom would walk, and trembling stand
Before Thy mystery with doubt confest!

Thy words came then unto mine ear—so sweet,—
Yea, sweeter far than mother's lullaby.

Unto the path, O Lord, Thou drew'st my feet;
My wounded wing against Thy breast did fly,
And there, as in predestined grief's retreat,
Within Thy heart, as in its nest did lie.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

LUIS C. LÓPEZ

(1880–)

RIVER-FOLK

Luis C. López was born at Cartagena, in Colombia, where he has been intimately identified with the culture of his native land. His poems are very popular.

I

The Village Barber

The village barber, in his old straw hat,
And dancing pumps and waistcoat of piqué,
Plays sharp at cards, and on his knee-bones squat
Hears mass, and rails at old Voltaire all day.

An "old subscriber" to *El Liberal*
He works and sparkles like a merry glass
Of muscatel, his razor's rise and fall
Timing his gossip of what comes to pass.

With mayor and veterinary, pious folk
Who say the rosary, he speaks no joke
Of miracles by Peter Claver wrought;
A tavern champion, and a cock-pit sage,
Amid the scissors' clip, his wars he'll wage,
Sparkling like muscatel the light has caught.

2

THE VILLAGE MAYOR

The village mayor, in a soiled panama
With a tricolor ribbon at its crown,
Stout as Hugh Capet, in his loose eclát,
Glitters with bull-dog face across the town.
A doughty neighbor, ruddy as the tow,
His dagger's point his only signature,—

When at the night the garlic soup will
flow,
He makes his girdle strap the less secure.

His wife, a nervous, pretty, little thing,
Holds him as in an iron fastening,
Cheering herself the while with Paul de
Kock;
Decked in glass-beads, her eyebrows
painted clear,—
The while her spouse through the back-
town will steer
With stomach jewels and a face of rock.
—*Thomas Walsh.*

VERSES TO THE MOON

O Moon, who now look over the roof
Of the church, in the tropical calm
To be saluted by him who has been out all
night,
To be barked at by the dogs of the suburbs,

O moon, who in your silence have laughed
at
All things! In your sidereal silence

When, keeping carefully in the shadow, the
Municipal judge steals from some den—

But you offer, saturnine traveler,
With what eloquence in mute space
Consolation to him whose life is broken,

While there sing to you from a drunken
brawl
Long-haired, neurasthenic bards,
And lousy creatures who play dominos.

—*William G. Williams.*

EMILIO CARRÉRE

(1881–)

THE *MANTILLA*

EMILIO CARRÉRE was born in Madrid. He received his education at the University of Madrid, later publishing many books. Among them are *El caballero de la muerte*, *Románticas*, *El divino amor humano*, and *Dietario sentimental*.

Black
As though it were a very breath that blows
From Madrilenian shadows, in its play
And nightly flutter, the mantilla shows
The street-girl duchesses of Goya's day.
In the light carts by Manzanares' tide
The black mantilla held its gallant reign;
In Holy Week Sevilla caught its pride
Amid her patios and her orange train.

To the blue-shadowed eyes of maids distressed
As their own heart-songs, its soft folds brought rest
In the infuriate passion of their love;
Under its midnight was a lurid glow
Upon the breast—a ruddy brooch to show
Like a red rose, a gloomy heart above.

White
Silken mantilla, in whose snowy woof
Lurk the dark lashes, with their Moorish spell,
Of eyes whose midnight gives a deeper proof
When the bull's bloodstains on the plaza tell.
Tangle of pearl and moonlight, blossoming
Of snow and swan and silver sails that shine,—
White flowers of Holy Thursday in a ring
About the Seven-Dolored Virgin's shrine!

Blossom of gallantry, snow-tipped mantilla,
With graceful ripples of the seguidilla,
Blason of Goya's festivals of old,

Song, clear and joyous as the vanished strains
That shower from silver orange groves like rains
Upon our beauties with the flesh of gold!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

JUAN RAMÓN JIMÉNEZ

(1881–)

ONE NIGHT

JUAN RAMÓN JIMÉNES was born at Moguer in Huelva, Spain. He has gained recognition through several collections of poetry revealing a very melancholy nature. He has recently admitted free-verse as a vehicle for his poetry. His publications include *Arias tristes* (1903), *Melancolía* (1912), *Diario de un poeta recién casado* (1917), and *Poesías escojidas* (Hispanic Society of America, 1917).

The ancient spiders with a flutter spread
Their misty marvels through the withered flowers,
The windows, by the moonlight pierced, would shed
Their trembling garlands pale across the bowers.

The balconies looked over to the South;
The night was one immortal and serene;
From fields afar the newborn springtime's mouth
Wafted a breath of sweetness o'er the scene.

How silent! Grief had hushed its spectral moan
Among the shadowy roses of the sward;
Love was a fable—shadows overthrown
Trooped back in myriads from oblivion's ward.

The garden's voice was all—empires had died—
The azure stars in languor having known
The sorrows all the centuries provide,
With silver crowned me there, remote and lone.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

GRIEF-WEARINESS

In the dark my grief increaseth;
A grimmer phantom grows my old remorse;

The shadowy finger never ceaseth
To trace its "Mene, Tekel's" bloody course.

My bosom, shaken by its weeping,
Is as a mountain sad and drear,
Where clouds are black illusions heaping;
Where dream is chill, and glory, fear.

What hand is there to undo the portal—
To blunt each thorn-point on a rose;
With peace at twilight, and the mortal
Bosom melted to a star that glows!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

FROM *ETERNIDADES*

Let me draw rein,
Let me put a curb upon
The steed of dawn;
And let me enter—white—upon life.

Oh, how they stare at me,—
The mad
Flowers of all my dreamings,
Lifting their heads unto the moon!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

NOCTURNE: FROM *PIEDRA Y CIELO*

My weeping and the starlight
Together met, and joining swift,
Became as though one tear,
Became as though one star.

And I grew blind,—and heaven
Grew blind of love—And all the world
Was nothing more than sorrow
Of a star, and glitter of a tear,
—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE PARK

The ancient spiderwebs of all the halls
  Reflect the twilight fires of amethyst;
Each balcony 'mid rains and trees recalls
  In faded hues some story time has missed.

It seems as though a dance of long ago
  Would waken in this twilight lone and fair;
The soil is wet; from the chill branch below
  There sounds the muffled sob of love's despair.

A hush—the scent of trampled roses—night,
Wherein the golden lustres gleaming throng;
Down the long avenue there fades from sight
An old coach bearing off—alas!—what song!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

VICTOR DOMINGO SILVA

(ca. 1883–)

BALLAD OF THE VIOLIN

VICTOR DOMINGO SILVA was born at Tongoy, Chile. He has published *Hacia allá* (1906), *El derrotero* (1908), *Selva florida* (1911).

This youth, suffering, weak,
Plays the violin in the sun
For a drink of rum
And a handful of tobacco.

And listen! While he ripples
A Spanish roundelay
Or some Slavic song.
This youth, suffering, weak,

Goes out to seek the sun
To fill his shabby sack
To get a drink of rum
And a handful of tobacco.

Goes out to kill despair
When he plays the violin,
Comes out to seek the sun
As a snail creeps from its shell.

This weak and suffering boy
Died playing the violin.
What of it? He came to his end
With a drink of rum
And a handful of tobacco.

They found him in the sun
Clasping his violin.

—*L. E. Elliott.*

THE RETURN

I have come back to the old home—therein
To weep my childhood gone, my father laid in death;
Days, months and years have passed upon their way,
And all the house in ruin lies, from roof
To cellar, oh, what bitter change o'er all,—
How everything I knew has met decay!

I come again in weeping for the hours
(Bright-shining mornings, evenings filled with dreams
And slumberous afternoons!) I once have known,
Where "he who has returned to us so changed
With rounded shoulders and his hair like snow"—
Seems now so different from his young days flown.

Awaiting ever, ever his return,
We are not quite surprised; we feel his kiss
Upon our foreheads as in days of old;
My mother sighs; the grave domestics gaze
With reverent mien, and the old dog begins
His barking as if back the years had rolled.

How long the voyage, Saviour, oh how long!—
And in my years away, how many drouths,
How many mountain glooms and fogs of dread!—

A silence falls; it seems each other reads
Sorrows in each, and weariness in some,
And worlds of dream and grief o'er every head.

How long the voyage, Saviour, oh, how long!—
Here by the frigid hearthstone of my home,
With all surrounding me, I bid them tell,
If I look older?—They reply to me;
"Yes, father dear, we find you very changed."
And I:—"Poor children, you are changed as well."

—*Thomas Walsh.*

ANTONIO PÉREZ-PIERRET

(1883–)

MY PEGASUS

ANTONIO PÉREZ-PIERRET was born in San Juan, Puerto Rico. He is equally well-known in the United States and the Antilles as a poet of distinction and charm.

My mount is Arab-English, firm and strong,
With slender, agile legs, and lengthened throat;
The nerves upon his flanks in network throng,
His beauty has a strange and curious note.
The blooded stock to which his sires belong
Shines on his forehead with its tangled coat;
He paws and curvets 'neath my bridle's thong,

And sniffs eternities in breaths that gloat.

In pastures calm he grazes,—but on high
His crest of light goes singing toward the sky,
His mouth athirst for azure depths afar,
As though to gulp the starry spaces down;
When sudden, with a brutal hand, I drown
His frenzy, and the reins a-trembling are.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

R. ARÉVALO MARTÍNEZ

(1884–)

FROM *LAS IMPOSIBLES*

(*To the Students of Honduras and Nicaragua.*)

R. ARÉVALO MARTÍNEZ is a native of Honduras, whose work in metre and in prose shows extraordinary imaginative and dramatic qualities. His poems possess a beautiful clarity and great depth.

I am the first love. I am the enchantment.
I am the pain of that white form
the time you wrapped yourself in your cloak
and studied here or in Salamanca.

Woman is pain. But of all,
I am she who worst wounds and blinds and maims,

I am the first night of the nuptials
of the soul, to which none ever came.

I launch my glances like falcons
to all those virgin souls
that give easy prey to women.
I am she who smiles on the balconies
full of the moon, in the outskirts,
to the poets and the freshmen.

Sometimes I was the cousin, cousin mine,
white as the flower of the lemon tree
and when you brushed my hand
you gave me more than a body entire.

Perhaps I gave you my mouth. But be sure
that if you kissed it, it was only once
astride the wall
and I so closely wrapped against the moon
that when I saw you go you went drunk,
forehead high, in your smile a prayer
and you kissed the air; and you went
blinded by me as by a light shining in all things.

Students, you whom Honduras
or Nicaragua sends to Guatemala
and who mingle dreams and penury
and live three or four in a room;

Crimson immigration of youths
half bohemians and half singers
sonorous with the preludes of lutes,
luminous with the blood of stars,

Who all know the mad cup
and stand two months in your landlord's debt;
I am that golden-haired school girl
who, with a kiss which she left on your mouth,
pinned a wing to your shoulders
and put the sun in your hearts.

—*William G. Williams.*

THE CONTEMPORARY SANCHO PANZA

Today Sancho cloaks himself in various disguises,
Sancho Panza criticises, Sancho Panza writes verses.

His bearing is the dominie and his speech
dogmatic.
From two crutches hangs his great plethoric
paunch.
He has the puerilities of grammar
and loves the adolescences of rhetoric.

If modernist clothes dress the ideal,
in he thrusts his grammatical incisive.

He writes the classic sonnet; turns to the
estrambote
and laughs in his sleeve at Don Quixoté.

And the sad and curious thing is that the
insane Don Quixoté
opens a new trail into unknown lands
and when it is beaten by him, comfortably
passes the bell-shaped figure of his squire.

He has left his ass, he wears fine clothes
and shouts in a loud voice at inns and
upon highways:
"Praise with me all those who renew the
tongue;
I open new pathways for the young."

Never could I tell by what strange accordances
Behind a madman always walk a hundred sane ones.

Sancho, good Sancho, I admire your rustic prudence
and I cannot deny that you have in abundance
a sense of life which laughs at madness,
and which is of a hundred thousand Sanchos the common sense.

Complete, to its very full, your derision
laughs at the adventures of knighthood,
but when peace comes after the battle
you listen to the rebukes of your master and are silent.
For the ball-men, life is forever lovely
since if it slopes they know how to roll down it.

Oh, rotund squire of easy soul and broad face,
without Don Quixote the Good, what would become of Sancho?

Your master misses a hundred times; but once he hits
and that sole time is worth more than all your dead life.

In opening to the mind a sealed path,
thus history combines the divine pair;
in front, the thin master dragging his squire;
and behind, the fat servant, laughing, but he comes.

—*William G. Williams.*

GABRIELA MISTRAL

(ca. 1885–).

FROM THE "SONNETS OF DEATH"

GABRIELA MISTRAL, or Lucilla Godoy, is a native of Chile where she has given her life to the education of children and the creation of poetry to be sung by them. Her works are as yet uncollected.

The hands of evil have been on your life
  Since when, at signal from the stars, I sowed
It 'mid the lilies. Beauteous was it rife
  Till hands of evil wrecked the fair abode.
Unto the Lord I said: "From mortal paths
  Oh let them bear him,—spirit without guide—;
Save him, O Saviour, from the grip of wraths,
  And plunge him in the dream Thine arms provide!"

Lament is vain—in vain I strive to follow;
Black is the tempest that drives on his sail;
My breast for him, or mow away his flower!—
Woe! Woe!—the seas his bark of roses swallow—
Is pity in my heart of no avail?—
Thou that shalt judge me, Lord, speak Thou this hour!

—*Roderick Gill.*

FERNANDO MARISTANY

(1885–)

FERNANDO MARISTANY is a native of Barcelona where he still continues to reside. He has republished his original poems under the title of *En el azul* (Barcelona, 1919). His contributions to international letters may be studied in his volumes *Poesías excelsas de los grandes poetas; Las cién mejores poesías de la lengua francesa; Las cién mejores poesías de la lengua inglesa; Las cién mejores poesías de la lengua portugesa.*

(*My Soul sings*)

My soul is distant, with a crystal note,
As virginal waters in a hidden moat.

My soul is hushed in haughty solitudes,
As some old lordly manor in the woods.

My soul is frank and simple in its ways,
As the light rain that flecks the rose with sprays.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE PENALTY

Fourteen years old—
And in the study-hall,
Broad and unfurnished, at the school I stayed
Alone and friendless, though some other lads
Were with me.—It was six o'clock, but we
Were kept till eight.—
It was October's close,
And the first chill—and down the garden walks
The tossing trees were shaking off their robes;
Amid the rustle of dead leaves, a hush
More silent than a hush,—amid the sway
Of fluttered curtains, struck the deep-voiced clock
The hour of six—
The class in violin—

Adown the staircase broad, the broken notes
Of tuning—then, O God, arose and lifted me
To heights undreamt of—trembling, exquisite
Sweetness and bitterness—a pure *nocturne*—
Chopin, my brother, oh, my brother, now
For twenty years I bear within my heart
Your melody divine!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

ERNESTO MONTENEGRO

(ca. 1885–)

TO MODERN POETS

ERNESTO MONTENEGRO is a native of Chile, where he is well known as a poet and writer for the reviews. He has spent some years in the United States.

Truce to the hunt of gold,
O brothers strong and bold;
Life hath a beauty far
Beyond this traffic jar;
In vain trade's towers on high
Blacken against the sky—
The wind, a wild thing—blows—
And bluer, purer now the heaven shows.

From factory, wharf and wall
Some pallid flower may crawl;
Take it and from your soul
Put off the childish rôle,

And, though across a grill,
Let sun your ruins fill.
Fear not, your little song
Can stay machines not long
From their gigantic beat;
The meadow-lark with fleet
Sweep to heaven from the soil
A shaft of song is, for the son of toil.

Ye heralds of the suns,
And swallow-myrmidons,—
Lend courage to me now
This hour of solemn vow;—
That here amid our rude
Metropolis may brood
Forever fruit of song;
That artists, poets, long
Their refuge here may find,
Comfort and peace of mind;
That here all work, all thought,
All song, to harvest brought,
May see the grim tower to a blossom wrought!

—*Roderick Gill.*

JOSÉ MANUEL POVEDA
(1885–)

THE MANUSCRIPT

José Manuel Poveda is a native of Cuba where he has become an associate editor of *El Fígaro*. His *Versos precursores* (Manzanillo, 1917) have won him great admiration as a poet.

It rests within its crystal royally,
With ceremonious bareness set apart;
Subservient ribbons mark its sovereignty;
A seal is sign of its authentic heart.
No fingers dare to turn its pages o'er;
No modern reader comes to study there;
Its object now is to be read no more,—
Its mission sole is but to last fore'er.

In all the *coro* not a single thing
Displays such haughty air or blazoning
As does the boast of its antiquity;

Antiquity that ne'er can be destroyed,
Which, while it treasures ages, is employed
To assert abroad its own supremacy.
—*Thomas Walsh.*

SONG OF THE CREATIVE VOICE

I turn unto the demiurgic nights
Of cruel, male fecundity;
I turn amid creative, squandering wights
Exultant where the cities be.

The spreading cities feel my anxious passion
In penetration 'gainst their heart,
Forming the letters that at last shall fashion
The word of Song apart.

The city gloats upon its silence dire,—
And shall I then be silent,—no!—
For Destiny would of me song require,
Bidding the city hearken low!

For this I brave the brows of its disdain,
Persistent, in my sorrow strong,
Faithful unto mankind amid my pain,
Till mine shall be his song!
—*Thomas Walsh.*

MONTOTO DE SEDAS
(1888–)

SPANISH EYES

SANTIAGO MONTOTO DE SEDAS was born at Seville, the son of Don Luis Montoto Rautenstrauch the poet. He is a graduate of the College of San Hermenegildo, and has become Archivist of Seville. His poetical works include *Última hora de Torcuato Tasso* (Seville, 1910), *Poesías* (Seville, 1911).

"Trust not black eyes' smile or frown,
And be coy of eyes of blue;
Glances of the chestnut brown
Are the only good and true."

Street Song.

Thinkst thou I can trust thy pleading
With such singing in the town,
When in thy clear eyes I'm reading
Trust not black eyes' smile or frown?

Nor in thine whose eyes are shining
Starry for a love-clasp due,
Other warning they are signing,—
And be coy of eyes of blue,

One alone my heart entrances,
One with pining bends me down,—
She who turns the mellow glances,
Glances of the chestnut brown.

Hers that hold no trace of scheming
Nor cajoling in their hue;
Eyes that meet me in my dreaming
Are the only good and true.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

RENÉ LÓPEZ (*Cuban*)

THE SCULPTOR

Sculpture's great mother was the rock-
crowned crest:
The frozen granite was her prophet old;
In blazoned bronze her lyric praise was
told;
With molding clay was her fair body
dressed.

My chisel is of steel whose flash is manifest
As arrows flying past a sun of gold.
I am the God of Art: the athlete bold,
Proud chiseler of beauty pure and blessed.

Time crumbles not the shapings of my
hands.
Under the feet of my great Moses stands
Man, trembling as before a presence
mighty.

'Tis I whose hammer-blows, mid hurtling chips,
Out of the block made rise from heel to lips
The curves implacable of Aphrodite.

—*Joseph I. C. Clarke.*

MARTINA PIERRA DE POO

(*Cuban*)

LOVE'S MIRROR

"Girl, gazing in the crystal pool,
What see you there to make you merry?"
"I see within the waters cool
My image—very like me, very."
"You find it beautiful?"
"Indeed I do."
"And that is why you're glad?"
"Why, certainly.
"My beauty, 'tis,—face, form, and hue—
That holds Sebastian dead in love with me."

"Girl, so fair and frank and pure,
Sebastian's dying now to net you:
God grant that he may not forget you
If dies your beauty as the lure." . . .

"Poor woman gazing in the crystal pool,
What's there so saddening to see?"
"I see mine image shining cool
In its transparency."
"And is it beautiful?
"No longer; no."
"And that is why it makes you sad?"
"Yes; even so.
Sebastian's love lifts up to fret me:
My beauty gone, he doth forget me."
"Poor woman! Tho' you weep and weep,
Tho' life may of your peace take toll:
Learn that the only love that's deep
Is that which rises from the soul."

—*Joseph I. C. Clarke.*

DMITRI IVANOVITCH

(1888-)

THE CHILD ASLEEP

DMITRI IVANOVITCH is the pen-name of José Betancourt, the son of Don Julio Betancourt, born at Cartagena, Colombia, and educated at the College of the Pious Schools at Seville, Spain. He is the author of many poems, and one of the editors of *La Prensa*, New York.

In the hushed dwelling, where the plaintive ray
Of one poor candle's light on roof and floor
Weaves in its flickerings fantastic store
Of shadowing, a little head doth lie
Upon its snowy pillow while the play
Of rhythmic breathing calmly stirring o'er
The couch mysterious and pure and more
As with a wavelet—sets its depths a-sway.

There watching at her side, I gently feel
Her light breath stir and move against my own
That pauses with the awesome thoughts that steal
Across me,—stricken to my very soul
With the vague dread of life that I have known;
I yearn to be her shield, her cloak, her stole.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

ALFONSO GUILLÉN ZELAYA

(1888–)

LORD, I ASK A GARDEN

ALFONSO GUILLÉN ZELAYA is a native of Juticalpa, Honduras, who was educated at the Escuela de Derecho. His principal poetical works are contained in *El agua de la fuente* about to appear and *De la luz ignorada* (in preparation).

Lord, I ask a garden in a quiet spot
Where there may be a brook with a good flow,
An humble little house covered with bell-flowers
And a woman and a son who shall resemble Thee.

I should wish to live many years, free from hates,

And make my verses, as the rivers
That moisten the earth, fresh and pure.
Lord, give me a path with trees and birds.

I wish that you would never take my mother,
For I should wish to tend her as a child
And put her to sleep with kisses, when somewhat old,
She may need the sun.

I wish to sleep well, to have a few books,
An affectionate dog that will spring upon my knees,
A flock of goats, all things rustic,
And to live of the soil tilled by my own hand.

To go into the field and flourish with it;
To seat myself at evening under the rustic eaves,
To drink in the fresh mountain perfumed air
And speak to my little one of humble things.

At night to relate to him some simple tale,
Teach him to laugh with the laughter of water
And put him to sleep thinking that he may later on
Keep that freshness of the moist grass.

And afterwards, the next day, rise with dawn,
Admiring life, bathe in the brook,
Milk my goats in the happiness of the garden
And add a strophe to the poem of the world.

—*William G. Williams.*

JUAN GARNERO CÍVICO
(1889–)

THE VISION

JUAN GARNERO CÍVICO was born at Seville and graduated from the College of the Escolapios. His poetical work includes *Cantares* (Seville, 1916).

Between the cloister grates I have had glimpse
Of her—her brows beneath the snowy coif concealed;
Yet through the veils, her eyes of azure clear
Like ardent coals of fire were revealed.

Then came again the vision mystical
Of that strange day she took the cloistral white;
And lone I peer athwart the snowy veils
Into the heavens of her blue eyes of light.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

SOME YOUNGER POETS OF CHILI

I

DANIEL DE LA VEGA

(ca. 1890–)

THE DOOR

My door is always closed and always dark,
My old door, crossed and recrossed with bars,
Is harsh and hostile—nobody would believe
That safe behind it songs and bright raptures glow.

Before it sleep, silent, three steps of brick,
That lead from the earth into my solitude,
The sun of my innocent days rose up them,
And knocked at the door with heavenly humbleness.

Up to my door, one misty and quiet day,
Two little hands of a woman came to knock,

And the leaves opened with the impetuous haste
Of a bird opening its wings for sudden flight.

Her little feet hurried and tripped up the steps,
Traversed the threshold with light and gentle tread,
And the two halves of the door shut themselves, dumbly,
Seeming like eyes that do not wish to look.

Then perhaps there was heard a light laugh of joy,
And the faint sound of a kiss—then the silence of love,
But the old door, obstinate, selfish, concealed
Even the most shadowy echo within its heart.

Slowly I move through life. In the restless
Depths of each day, comes the future to knock
And I say smiling: It is too soon!

IV HISPANIC NOTES

Living and singing have still the same sweetness!

But some day Death will draw near to my door;
He will enter and silently give me his hand,
While still the future calls with the call of a brother,
Poets wail for you! This is the final day!
And I, as a poet will cry with my dying breath:
"It is too soon! Death, you are still too soon!"

—*L. E. Elliott.*

II

JUAN JOSÉ VELGAS

THE AZURE SKY

What is the blue of the sky? It cannot be Thy mantle,
For things corruptible are naught to the Almighty,
But when on its calm beauty we rest our tired eyes

There comes the blessed solace of quick tears.

At close of day, painted with flaming clouds,
The sky is a dread vision of the City of the Lost,
And at dead of night it broods with such veiled mystery
That we must fain prostrate ourselves before it.

The calm blue of the morning is a sign of Thy omnipotence!
For this hast Thou created its pure beauty,
For this hast Thou permitted the arts of man
To penetrate its depths—and for this, O God!
I crave that some day in my sad and restless life
Blue eyes may shine upon me with the love of woman.

—*L. E. Elliott.*

IV HISPANIC NOTES

MARIANO BRULL

(1891–)

INTERIOR

MARIANO BRULL was born at Camaguey, Cuba, and after a long sojourn in Andalusia returned to his native land where he was graduated from the University of Havana in 1913. He became Secretary of the Cuban Legation at Washington in 1917. He has been a frequent contributor to *El Fígaro* of Havana and has published a volume of poems *La casa del silencio*, Madrid, 1916. A new volume is in preparation, entitled *En el peñón del vuelo.*

Here in her little room all still and lone
The things that made her life are greeting me.
It seems as though her body as it went
Had left a spirit footprint, mindfully.

'Twould seem as in the mirror-moon were shown
The shadowy glimpse of what she used to be;—
And sing more sad her bird its caged lament,—
And through the room her absence whisper free—

Her gilt-edged book of prayers is lying there
Upon the table; and it says: "The care
Is small of worldlings,—Upon God, thine eye!"
I raise my glance, and in my grief I moan:—
Oh, had I but, that final hour, known
The anguished sweetness of her last goodbye!

—*Roderick Gill.*

TO THE MOUNTAIN

Just as soon as Mass is over,
Put our pious airs away;
And with luncheon in our baskets,
To the mountain! To the mountain!
To the mountain, for the day!

Hark, the bells of glory ringing
From the belfries of the Spring!—
Sun and sky!—oh, what a blessing
After gloomy days, they bring!

How the water o'er the mill-wheel
Rumbles furious and fast,
Bursting through a thousand echoes
Until—there—'tis gone at last!

For the woods our hearts are hungry;
Every bird hears us reply;
Incense seems to sweep our bosoms –
To the mountain! To the mountain!
To the mountain, let us hie!

Every grotto holds a secret;
Every cleft its creed and rite;
On the slopes is scattered grandeur—
Hawthorn flowers and crags in sight!

On the peaks the wind is hymning,—
Heaven is nigh—the town, far down;
Ah, why should not human dwellings
All the free-world mountains crown?—

At the nightfall—with our baskets
Empty—to the town we haste;
All the mountain fills with shadows,—
Spirits of the dreaded waste!—
—*Roderick Gill.*

PEDRO REQUENA LEGARRETA

(1893–1918)

IDYL

Pedro Requena Legarreta was born at Mexico City of a well-known family. He received his education at the Jesuit schools of Mexico City and Washington, D. C., graduating at the National University, Washington, in 1911. Later, political conditions in his native country forced him to take up his residence in New York, where he devoted much of his leisure to literature. He has translated some of Rabindranath Tagore's works into Spanish. His poems are in preparation for publication.

The opal-breasted morning of the spring
Scarce o'er the meads her luminous urn
can swing.

When from the nests the tremulous light flute
Of songs comes thawing, and the echoes mute

Awake and mingle with the distant brawl
Of lowing cattle and the shepherds' call:

'Twould seem that, falling from the morning's urn,
Each ray of light would into singing turn.—

Alone amid the pasture's splendid breast
There stands a tree, a shadowy poem blest.

Among its prescient leaves there lurks a trace
Of old-world sadness and of pastoral grace;

And bending o'er the field, the green gargoyle
Of one long branch from out the trunk would coil.

A-straddle on the branch a maiden rides,
As though a nymph some haughty centaur guides;

Blonde is the maid, and naked, tall and fair,
With glow transparent as the morning air.

A sudden breath along the meadow grass
Stirs with a kiss the branch ere it would pass.

And she, whom hasty breaths of fever seize,
Grips the bough tighter with her snowy knees.

The while the icy jewels of the dew
Send a sharp chill her silken body through.

Her locks float back in airy coronal
Above her shoulders, as the dawn rain's fall;

And green and rose the shifting boughs appear
Like some great butterfly her lips a-near.

She sways a moment, then, as some divine
Young nymph that Jove enamored would entwine,

Her scarlet kisses all the green bough cover,—
And the tree trembles,—as it were her lover—

—*Garret Strange.*

I WOULD ENFOLD YOUR DEATH AND MINE

I would enfold your death and mine, as close
As our two lives have been together bound;
To your dire scar I would conjoin my wound,
And bind with yours my fate of joys and woes.
I would entwine our wills, until yours chose
To be my partisan forever found;
For I have gained your love, and sorrow-crowned,
You have shown courage to a world of foes.
Like the simoon I gather up your dust
And heap on high a little pile of trust
And hope and pain on pain, to call it ours;

Here at the gates of an eternal rest,
As all our dreams have known the self-same bowers,
So shall my soul and yours have but one breast.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

LUIS G. ORTIZ
(1896–)

MY FOUNTAIN

HARD by the cottage, innocent and free,
Where swayed my cradle,—near that hidden cot,
Its ripples overflowing from their grot,
Bursts forth my fountain, lost in greenery.
When the new moon was mirrored radiantly
On its clear wave in that sequestered spot,
How oft I cried, "Oh, happy is their lot
Who cross the vast expanses of the sea!"

It was God's will that I the deck should tread
And find my wish to full fruition grown
Amid the billows of the tossing sea.
God in the deeps I saw, and bowed my head;
And now, upon the sea, I dream alone
My humble, sweet and murmurous fount, of thee!

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

MUÑOZ MARÍN

(1898–)

SYMPHONY IN WHITE

MUÑOZ MARÍN, the son of Muñoz Rivera, was born in San Juan, Puerto Rico, in 1898. He was educated at Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., and his published works are *Borrones* (San Juan, 1917), *Madre haraposa* (San Juan, 1917). His *La selva del siglo* is in preparation.

'Twas midnight when she died; her body lay
White as the wheaten wafer of the priest,
What time the heavens were weeping. Let us pray,
O friend and servant, for her soul released!

Good Chaplain, seeing thus her body fair
And white as was the maiden soul it hid,

How shall they know in heaven, the angels there,
If welcome to her soul or flesh they bid?

Her hair was as the gold on sunset heights;
Her body framed as vaguely as the dawn;
It seemed that God to form its pure delights
Merely a copy of her soul had drawn.

There in her casket-boards I saw her lie,
The purer even without Ophelia's love,
Stretched all agaze upon the star-lit sky
In the close shaft that shuts me from above.

Now it is morning, Padre, and the sun
Is up—the sun that hid behind the rain,—
The sun that yester's holocaust has done,—
The sun you know so well,—my sun again—

I fall to meditation, how whene'er
Some bureaucrat or alms-dispensing dame
Passes away, the sun is always there
With share of gold the same!—

If justice be in God, as light in stars,
Green in the fields, and in the heavens blue,—
Why for her death across the morning bars
Comes not a double dawn or sun in view?

The Padre bowed his forehead white and old
Into the breast of his soutane of black,
And on his eyelids a slow tear unrolled
And hung, reflecting the new sunlight back.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

INDEX OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
Alcázar, Baltasar de	212
Aldana, Francisco de	250
Alonso X.	351
Álvarez Gato, Juan	80
Álvarez Quintero, Joaquín Álvarez Quintero, Serafín	637
Andrade, Olegario Víctor	506
Anonymous:	
Abenamar	143
Flight from Granada	137
Gentle River	140
Lord Arnaldos	130
Río Verde	126
Razón de Amor	17
Siege and Conquest of Granada	132
The Black Glove	59
The Candle	694
The Lay of the Cid	3
To Christ Crucified	261
Vientecico Murmurador	146
Villancico, Three Dark Maids	581
Arévalo Martínez, R.	729
Argensola, Bartolomé Leonardo de	284
Argensola, Lupercio Leonardo de	263
Argote y Góngora, Luis de	267
Arguijo, Juan de	289

PAGE

Arteaga, Fray Hortensio Felis Paravicino de 306

Bécquer, Gustavo Adolfo . . . 495
Bello, Andrés 389
Berceo, Gonzalo de 24
Betancourt, José (*Dmitri Ivanovitch*) . 749
Bilac, Olavo 572
Blanco-Fombona, Rufino . . . 617
Blanco White, José María . . . 387
Borja, Francisco de (*Prince of Esquilache*) 318
Boscán Almogaver, Juan . . . 113
Bretón de los Herreros, Manuel . . 401
Brull, Mariano 759

Calderón de la Barca, Pedro . . 333
Camoëns, Luis Vaz de . . . 177
Campoamor, Ramón de . . . 444
Caro, José Eusebio 452
Caro, Rodrigo 299
Carpio, Sister Marcela de . . . 349
Carrasquilla, Ricardo . . . 465
Carrère, Emilio 715
Casal, Julián del 564
Castillejo, Cristóbal de . . . 109
Castro, Rosalía de 502
Castro y Anaya, Pedro de . . . 148
Cervantes Saavedra, Miguel de . . 237
Chocano, José Santos . . . 671
Cívico, Juan Garnero . . . 754
Contardo, Luis Felipe . . . 708
Cota de Maguaque, Rodrigo . . 108

PAGE

Dávila, Virgilio 704
Dávalos, Balbino 635
Darío, Rubén 595
Díaz Mirón, Salvador . . . 535

Elcina, Juan de la 119
Ercilla y Zúñiga, Alonso de . . 221
Escrivá, Juan (*Comendador*) . . 116
Espinel, Vicente 258
Espronceda, José de 421
Esquilache, Prince of (*Francisco de Borja*) 318

Fernández de Moratín, Leandro . . 374
Fiallo, Fabio 591
Figueroa, Francisco de . . . 235
Flóres, Julio 687

Gabriel y Galán, José María . . 623
Gaspar de Jaën (*Gasparillo*) . . 352
Gómez de Avellaneda, Gertrúdis . 434
Gómez Restrepo, Antonio . . . 619
Góngora, Luis de Argote y . . . 267
Gonzáles Martínez, Enrique . . 640
Gracián y Morales, Baltasar . . 341
Gregoria Francisca (*Sister*) . . 363
Guillén Zelaya, Alfonso . . . 751
Gutiérrez Nájera, Manuel . . . 551

Hartzenbusch, Juan Eugenio . . 417
Heredia, José María 405
Hernández Míyares, Enrique . . 538
Herrera, Fernando de . . . 226

PAGE

Herrera Reissig, Julio . . . 683
Hita, Archpriest of (*Juan Ruíz*) . 42

Iglesias de la Casa, José . . . 368
Imperial, Micer Francisco . . . 601
Iriarte, Tomás de 370
Ivanovitch, Dmitri (*José Betancourt*) . 749

Jiménes, Juan Ramón . . . 718
John of the Cross (*Saint*) . . . 244
Jordi de San Jordi, Mossén . . 38
Juan II of Castile 70
Juana Inés of the Cross (*Sister*) . . 357

León, Fray Luis de 188
Lillo, Samuel A. 699
López, Luis C. 711
López, René 746
López de Ayala, Pero . . . 50
López de Mendoza, (*Marquis of Santillana*) 54
Lugones, Leopoldo 664
Luna, Alvaro de 52

Machado, Antonio 663
Machado, Manuel 659
Magallanes Moure, Manuel . . 689
Manrique, Gómez 76
Manrique, Jorge 82
Marcela de Carpio (*Sister*) . . . 349
Maristany, Fernando . . . 737
Martín de la Plaza, Luis . . . 295

IV HISPANIC NOTES

PAGE

Martínez de la Rosa, Francisco . . 395
Medrano, Francisco de . . . 255
Meléndez Valdéz, Juan . . . 372
Melo, Francisco Manuel . . . 347
Mena, Juan de 72
Mendive, Rafael María de . . . 457
Menéndez y Pelayo, Enrique . . 562
Menéndez y Pelayo, Marcelino . . 547
Mistral, Gabriela 735
Montenegro, Ernesto . . . 740
Montoto de Sedas, Santiago . . 744
Montoto y Rautenstrauch, Luis . . 524
Muñoz Marín, Luis 769
Muñoz Rivera, Luis 589

Nájera, Manuel Gutiérrez . . . 551
Nervo, Amado 626
Núñez de Arce, Gaspar . . . 484

Ocaña, Francisco de 328
Ortiz, Luis G. 768
Othón, Manuel José 549

Padrón, Rodríguez del . . . 106
Pagaza, Joaquín A 516
Palacio, Manuel de 467
Palma, Ricardo 469
Paravicino de Arteaga, Hortensio Felis de (*Fray*). 306
Pardo, Felipe 415
Pato, Bulhas 697
Perés, Ramón Domingo . . . 570
Pérez-Pierret, Antonio . . . 727

PAGE

Pezoa Véliz, Carlos 702
Piferrer y Fábregas, Pablo . . . 454
Pierra de Poo, Martina . . . 747
Pimentel Coronel, Ramón . . . 648
Plácido (*Gabriel de la Concepción Valdéz*) 431
Pombo, Rafael 471
Poveda, José Manuel . . . 742

Quevedo y Villegas, Francisco de . 311
Quintana, Manuel José . . . 379

Requena Legarreta, Pedro . . 763
Rivas, Duke of, (*Ángel de Saavedra*) 397
Rodríguez de Tío, Lola . . . 559
Rodríguez la Órden, J. (*Carrasquilla*) . 540
Rosas Moreno, José 513
Ruíz, Juan (*Archpriest of Hita*) . . 42

Saa de Miranda, Francisco de . . 124
Saavedra, Ángel de (*Duke of Rivas*) . 397
Saldaña, Diego de 123
Sánchez Talavera, Ferrant . . . 63
Santillana, Marquis of (*López de Mendoza*) 54
Segura, Juan Lorenzo . . . 40
Selgas y Carrasco, José . . . 463
Sellén, Antonio 519
Silva, José Asunción 581
Silva, Victor Domingo . . . 723
Silvestre, Gregorio de . . . 174

Tablada, José Juan 644
Tallante, Mossén Juan . . . 118
Tassís, Juan de (*Count of Villamediana*) 320

PAGE

Tejera, Diego Vicente . . . 521
Teresa de Ávila (*Saint*) . . . 166
Terrazas, Francisco de . . . 326
Torre, Bachiller Francisco de la . . 232
Trueba, Antonio de 461

Unamuno, Miguel de 578
Urbina, Luis G. 614

Valdéz, Gabriel de la Concepción (*Plácido*) 431
Valdivielso, José de 265
Valencia, Guillermo 652
Valenzuela, Jesús E. 541
Varella, Faqundes 695
Vaz de Camoëns, Luis . . . 177
Vázquez de Leca, Mateo . . . 253
Vega, Daniel de la 755
Vega, Garcilasso de la . . . 152
Vega Carpio, Lope Felix de . . 278
Velgas, Juan José 757
Venegas de Saavedra, Pedro . . 291
Vicente, Gil 163
Villaespesa, Francisco . . . 692
Villegas, Esteban Manuel de . . 322
Villamediana, Count of (*Juan de Tassìs*) 320
Violante do Ceo (*Sister*) . . . 343

White, José María Blanco . . . 387

Zorilla, José 439

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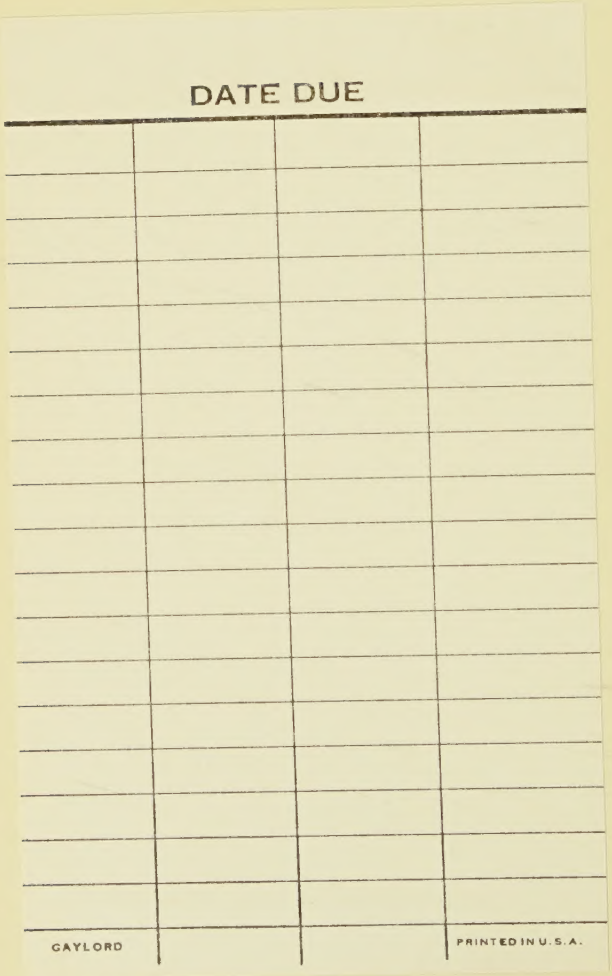

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